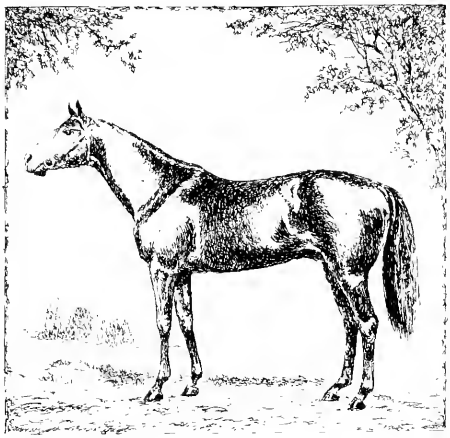

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RACING REMINISCENCES

VOL. I.

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RACING REMINISCENCES

AND

EXPERIENCES OF THE TURF

BY

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, BART.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

SPORTING PUBLIC

PREFACE

The reader has doubtless observed, as I have, how much interest is often aroused by a glance at an old 'Racing Calendar' which revives memories of bygone celebrities and of the events which made them famous. We seem to hear again the thunder of their hoofs as they dash past the Rowley Mile Stand, see the flash of the bright jackets, and listen to the roar of the crowd that follows the hoisting of the number which proclaims that the good thing has come off—or, as more frequently happens, has just been beaten on the post. But in a 'Calendar' there is necessarily an absence of detail; it is in its nature a dry record of fact; and I have ventured to think, therefore, that a somewhat fuller account of the most interesting events of which I have been a spectator—in which, not seldom, I have been an actor—would perhaps possess interest for my readers.

During my racing career I have also gathered—and on many occasions paid dearly for—experience of various kinds; and this, it has struck me, is likely to be of service to those who have a taste for the 'great game.' Many men whose names live, and will live, in Turf history have been my friends, and sketches

of them from the hand of one who knew them well may I hope tend to preserve their memories; moreover, I have come across not a few curious characters whose doings may be entertaining, and instructive rather as a warning than as an example; and of some of these I have been tempted to speak. Practical hints on various subjects, about some of which opinions differ, are included in the volume. Of these I can only say that the advice is that which commends itself to me after careful study of the matters treated.

One other object I have had in view: to preserve a record of the facts connected with an action which I felt it my duty to bring against a nobleman who had traduced my character. The verdict was in my favonr, as it was inevitable it must be; but the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who sat as Arbitrators, failed to award me damages which would have marked the magnitude of the wrong I suffered, and I have felt bound therefore to vindicate myself by printing as an Appendix a report of the trial. I regret its length if the reader finds it long; but for reasons which I state in the remarks preceding it I could not make it shorter.

For some assistance in the, to me, unaccustomed task of writing a book, I am indebted to my friend Mr. Alfred Watson, the Assistant Editor of the Badminton Library.

GEORGE CHETWYND.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME

PAGE

PREFACE v

RACING REMINISCENCES

	PAGE		PAGE
1869	1	1880	191
1870	18	1881	198
1871	35	1882	202
1872	63	1883	209
1873	79	1884	215
1874	94	1885	223
1875	120	1886	229
1876	141	1887	242
1877	154	1888	253
1878	163	1889	262
1879	181	1890	273

RACING REMINISCENCES

TURF history during the last twenty years has been of a notably eventful character, racing itself and its surroundings and associations having changed to an astonishing extent since, to fix a period, let us say Blue Gown's Derby. At that time the great Epsom contest was the event of the year *par excellence*, not only because of the fame which attended a Derby winner, but because the prize seemed, by comparison with the fifty-pound plate which often attracted fields good in quantity and quality, of very great value, no one dreaming that within the time mentioned, on courses that did not then exist, stakes of 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* would come to be regarded with perfect equanimity. No less remote from the imagination of the racegoer of twenty years ago was the idea that horseflesh would reach its present standard—that, for instance, 662 lots of foals and yearlings would be sold in a year and fetch such a sum as 195,358 guineas, or 300 guineas each. The sale of Kangaroo for 11,000 guineas to the late Marquis of Hastings had been mentioned with breathless wonder; whereas now we hear without surprise of the refusal of nearly twice that sum—20,000*l.*—for a successful two-year-old.

During the last twenty years the Turf has gained a stronger hold upon all classes of the community. Among men talk about racing generally interests a very much larger proportion of any given company than any other subject that could possibly be started. The talkers may know nothing about it, but they will talk; indeed, it sometimes appears that they do so in proportion to their lack of knowledge. And they gamble as well as talk, as also in most instances with no better judgment. Those who remember the haunts of the hole-and-corner betting men of two decades since, who saw how many of them there were, and how numerous were their 'clients,' may hesitate to believe that backing horses has increased to the enormous extent it has done; but there is no large town now without its larger or smaller circle of bookmakers, and there are few small towns in which those who know where to look for him cannot find someone who is always ready to lay them the odds.

Many wise reforms have been accomplished during these twenty years, since half-mile scampers were features in every programme, and, at the same time, not a few legislative blunders have also been committed; but with these matters I shall deal at length later in the book. As regards myself, I may perhaps be excused for remarking that throughout the period over which these reminiscences extend, I have not only owned horses, but have taken, I think, a more active and direct interest in their preparation, engagements, and trials, than is the case with the majority of owners. As a Steward of the Jockey Club, and very frequently of race meetings in all parts of

the country, I have necessarily made myself familiar with the system of Turf legislation, and I trust that the reader may consider these credentials as sufficient to justify me in the task I am now undertaking. With these brief introductory remarks I plunge at once into my subject.

As these are reminiscences, I shall perhaps do well to begin with the first thing that I remember in connection with horses and silk jackets.

My earliest experience of a race was when, at the age of eight or nine, I was taken with a large party staying at my father's house to see some farmers' steeplechases got up by the gentlemen of the Atherstone Hunt, the chief event of the day being a match, owners up, between Colonel Maddockes and Mr. William Oakeley, both of whom used to stay at Grendon for the hunting season with the late Lord Vivian, General Gipps, and others. The match was made at Grendon, one night after dinner, and there was great excitement over it, owing to the popularity of the two riders. It was won by Mr. Oakeley, but the result might have been different had not his antagonist called his attention to the fact that he had gone the wrong side of the flag, and refused to take advantage of the mistake, waiting while his opponent retraced his steps. If it were my purpose to be didactic I might here enlarge upon the multitudinous chances and accidents of racing—the result of which so often is to prevent the best horse from winning, a lesson which, happily for the betting ring, backers will never learn.

From Christchurch some of us used to go to small steeplechase meetings; but the first important flat

race meeting I attended was Ascot in 1868. I have good occasion for remembering it, as I had broken the small bone in my leg three weeks before, and had a boot with whalebone supports made on purpose; but it was a foolish thing to go, and I was in great pain towards the end of the day.

Here too, thus early in, at the very beginning indeed of, my brief career, I had my first experience of being welshed. I laid a man in the outer ring 2 to 1 on the Earl, when the proper price was 5 to 1, and gave him my 20*l.* beforehand. The Earl beat Restitution a neck; but when I went to collect the 30*l.* I had won I was surprised to find that my bookmaker had disappeared.

In August 1869 I went to Brighton races and saw Restitution win the cup for Baron Rothschild. Then were the days when 'Follow the Baron' was the watchword which backers so often found it fortunate to observe, and his lordship had justifiable confidence in his own luck. So much so was this the case at the time I am speaking of, that on seeing and admiring the cup in the morning he made a bet that it would be on his dinner table that night; and there the loser had the gratification of contemplating it during the evening.

From this time I began to take a great interest in racing, my one great desire being to possess a race-horse. The following Doncaster meeting I confided my wish to Captain Machell, asking him to buy a few horses for me; and after some demur, for I was not of age, he consented, and attempted to purchase on my behalf George Osbaldeston, which had just run third to Pero Gomez and Martyrdom in the Leger; but

the price asked was too high, fortunately for me, as the horse never won a race afterwards.

Well do I remember the race for the Leger of this year. Fordham, seldom as he made mistakes, was supposed to have laid off so far on Martyrdom, that he incurred the censure of Captain Machell, Sir Charles Legard (who would have won 10,000*l.* on him), and others in the box from which we saw the race. From the Red House he began to make up his ground, but could never reach Pero Gomez, who won cleverly by a neck, and the subsequent performances of Martyrdom make me believe that if Fordham had laid up with him he would not have been so near the winner at the finish. Sir Joseph Hawley won little or no money on the race; his horse defeated Pretender many a length, but the latter had turned roarer and was fast degenerating, in fact I do not think he ever won again, and it is wonderful he should have remained such a firm favourite to the finish, odds being laid on him at the start.

To show my ignorance of prices and the intentions of owners at this period, I will relate an amusing incident that occurred at this meeting. Mr. Jardine, now Sir Robert Jardine, who then ran his horses in the name of 'Mr. Johnstone,' who was his bosom friend and part proprietor of the animals, had two horses in the Cup, Lord Hawthorn and Good Hope. He declared to win with the former, starting the other to make running for him; but not knowing this, directly the numbers went up I took three fifties about Good Hope from a bookmaker named Berkeley who settled my account, and who if only for that reason certainly should not have been so sharp

on me, as I naturally trusted him to deal fairly with a gentleman who was in the habit of employing him. At the start the betting was six to four against Lord Hawthorn, fifty to one Good Hope, offered, but, as it happened, Lord Hawthorn fell and Good Hope won by a length from the second favourite Blueskin. How changed is Doncaster now from what it was in those days! Then, after dinner, you would go into the subscription rooms and back horses for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire at 100 to 1 to win large stakes, and even small bookmakers thought nothing of starting 20,000*l.* books. After making their bets people used to go into an inner room where hazard was being played. Hour after hour the game continued in full swing at a table crowded with punters, with green, black, red, and white ivory counters before them, denoting 10*l.*, 5*l.*, 25*l.*, and 1*l.* There was an impressive stillness in the room, only broken by the voice of Mr. F. Hall, one of the croupiers, who, rake in hand, gave vent to such utterances as, 'The castor is backing in at seven, gentlemen. I'll take on the nick.' Then came the rattle of the dice, the bang on the table of the box, the quick announcement of the point, and the raking in of the counters on the losing columns by the two croupiers, one of whom looked like a respectable tradesman or a magistrate's clerk. Behind the players stood the proprietor, a tall handsome man with carefully trimmed white beard and moustache, more like a General than the keeper of a hell; his countenance immovable, except when it relaxed as he replied courteously to any one who addressed him.

He is dead, so is one of the croupiers, so are

half the players, old and young, whom I saw at that table twenty years ago, when for the first time I was initiated into the mysteries of hazard, how to dash down a ten or dribble a four, as if really there was skill about a game which consists of rattling two dice in a box, and winning or losing by the points they declare when rolled out on the table.

A fortnight after the Doncaster meeting, I went to Newmarket for the first time, to stay with some friends near that famous town. I had heard very much of it, but at first it came very little up to my expectations. How delightful it was then, nevertheless, compared to what it is now! There was only a small stand at the Rowley Mile post, containing one large room for luncheon with a balcony outside, and a small room downstairs to afford shelter from the rain. The only possible way of 'doing' Newmarket with any comfort or satisfaction was to ride all day long. I well recollect how delightful it was on a fine bracing day to gallop up to the Birdcage, to hastily alight, and throw one's reins to one of the many men on the look-out for a shilling; take stock of the horses, remark the number of runners, and settle what to back; then came the hurried stampede of the riders to their horses, the mad race down to the Ring, the forcing one's way in to get at the chief bookmakers, the booking of the bets, and the rush to see the race. And what racing it was then, with Fordham, T. Cannon, F. French, Chaloner, Osborne, Custance, Daley, J. Adams, Grimshaw, Wells, Maidment, Goater, Kenyon, and many others, who are certainly not to be matched in the present year of grace. One event that

occurs to me as I write was the desperate race for what was then considered the 'rich' Buckenham Post Produce Stakes. Well do I remember that lovely September day when poor Tom French on Kingcraft beat Goater on Normanby a short head! Another reminiscence of the period was the scene in Tattersall's ring, just before the numbers went up for the 22nd Triennial Produce Stakes. Rumours had been current that Lord Falmouth, who could easily have won the race, as everyone felt confident, with Kingcraft, would depend on his second string, Linsey Woolsey. These rumours had evidently reached the ears of Steel, the 'Leviathan,' and in the hope that he would find a backer, as he regarded it less well informed, he shouted out 'Lord Falmouth don't win for a hundred!' Lord Royston (now Lord Hardwicke), supposing that he could get on Kingcraft at even money, promptly took the bet, which Steel booked with great satisfaction. What rumour does not get to the bookmakers if it is likely to do them any good? However, on occasions rumour is wrong, and so it was here. For once Steel had a very bad bet for himself on his book, and was unmercifully chaffed when Kingcraft's number was exhibited on the board, for not less than two to one on was the price, and a good price for backers it was, as the horse won in a canter by half-a-dozen lengths. In this year a young man called 'the Infant Plunger,' probably from his diminutive stature, caused some little sensation amongst turfites by the magnitude of his betting transactions, but he quickly disappeared from the ranks of the backers, as plungers infantile and otherwise have been invariably in the habit of doing.

From Newmarket I went to Bedford races with Captain Machell, he being as keen about racing as I was, but the meeting was not very remarkable and is one of the many country fixtures which carried on a more or less fitful existence twenty years ago and have since disappeared from the list. Mr. Watts's Mysotis, a Newminster filly and a rare stayer, carried off the Queen's Plate from Mars and Adolphus, the latter ridden by his owner and trainer, John Nightingall, who is still with us alive and as jolly as ever. From Bedford we proceeded to Leicester, a meeting ever memorable to me, for there I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Payne, which ripened into a friendship and continued to the day of his death. About this good sportsman I shall have more to say hereafter.

Here it was that I won my first race, the County Cup Stakes, with Ben-an, purchased the week before with other horses from Lord Calthorpe, and actually the first racehorse that ever carried my colours. He succumbed the next day to Mysotis in the Queen's Plate, but I was quite satisfied with his winning the first race, thus gratifying one object of my ambition. The next week took me to Newmarket, where on the Tuesday Mr. Naylor's Chérie won the Cesarewitch by a length and a half from old John Davis. I remember the race well, for Captain Machell, Sir Charles Legard, and all of us connected with the stable were beguiled into backing a horse called Phantom, ridden by our stable jockey. He was one of the first beaten in the race, and was a phantom indeed to us. An amusing story of this race is told of Mordan, who rode John Davis and was ordered to make the pace as fast as possible. Whether he saw

Chérie in front of him or not I do not know, but probably not, for the jockeys who were riding near him heard him chuckling to himself and saying 'Mrs. Samuel Mordan's husband will win the Cesarewitch to-day.' Fordham on Taraban was then hopelessly beaten, and yelled out to Mordan to go on, but to no purpose, as the old horse had no speed and it was then too late to catch Chérie.

Next day that memorable Middle Park Plate was decided, when in a desperate finish Chaloner on Frivolity beat Daley on the beautiful Sunshine a head, Tom French on Kingcraft third, only a short head from him. The subsequent Derby winner was close under the judge's box with Sunshine next him, and Frivolity on the Stand side. The excitement after the race was intense, but close as the finish was, I never heard either of the two beaten jockeys blamed for losing the race. The Houghton week of that year opened auspiciously for me, as I won the Maiden Plate with Stumps.

The next day Vestminster won the Cambridgeshire by three-quarters of a length from the French mare Cerdagne, who was giving the winner 18 lb. and not thought much of by her connections as she started at 66 to 1. Famous names occur at this period. In the All-aged Stakes we saw Rosicrucian and Wells beat Formosa and Fordham a neck after a good race, the course being too short for both of them.

On Friday I won another selling race with Fugitive, but did not back him, reserving myself for a dash on Mask in the next race. According to the very best advice that Newmarket afforded, Mask was

a certainty and could by no possibility be beaten. Nevertheless, he failed to get nearer than third, a position frequently occupied by certainties, if, indeed, they are not beaten out of a place altogether. Fugitive was claimed by the late Joseph Dawson, an excellent judge of form, who of course felt confident that the colt would win him races. Fugitive, however, never once got his head in front again, and he broke his leg in a race a year after.

Passing on to Liverpool, I won a couple of races with Mask, after a dead heat, and Zerlina, but the event of the meeting was the Liverpool Cup, won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Lictor, a race that will long be remembered as giving rise to an action for libel brought by Sir Joseph Hawley against Dr. Shorthouse, the founder of the *Sporting Times*, and a prominent Turf writer, who had published a scurrilous article based on the fact that Sir Joseph had scratched the whilom favourite, and accusing him of fraudulent design in so doing. The origin of this article is one of the most remarkable instances of journalistic enterprise that has come to my knowledge.

The staff of the *Sporting Times* was wont to meet at a weekly dinner to discuss the forthcoming issue, and at one of these gatherings the question arose of how best to push the circulation of the paper. The collective wisdom of the company ultimately decided that a series of attacks on well-known owners of racehorses would go down with the public, provided the men were of character sufficiently stainless to throw into strong relief such mud as might stick. Sir J. Hawley, General Peel, and Lord Derby were the three selected notables, and

it was very possibly by lot that the choice fell on Sir Joseph as the first victim to this nefarious bid for popularity. A young man, a junior partner of Mr. Tod Heatly, the wine-merchant, either volunteered or was delegated to carry out this precious piece of dirty work. How it was done and how terribly it recoiled on its perpetrators is a matter of legal history. They had, of course, contemplated a civil action being brought and damages being awarded, but an increased circulation was to pay for all that. What, however, the libellers had overlooked was that libel had just been made a possibly criminal offence, and great was their consternation, when, by Mr. George Lewis's advice, criminal proceedings—I fancy the first under the new law—were commenced against Shorthouse and his printer; while an offer was made to give up both actions in exchange for the writer's name. This was resolutely refused, for though the Doctor rather admired and respected Sir Joseph, and was not, I think, even present at this ill-starred dinner, yet he was too staunch a friend, too loyal an employer, to reveal the name of the actual culprit. Nevertheless, it was discovered, and included in the indictment, while counsel were instructed to press for punishment against editor and writer, and not against printer. The writer's wife did all she knew to get him off, and though she failed in moving the prosecutor to pity, she was, it is suspected, more successful with counsel, who, to the amazement and wrath of Sir Joseph, urged at the trial that an example should be made of Dr. Shorthouse, but said that his client did not wish the other two to be punished! So the poor Doctor paid in his own

person with a year's imprisonment, which, if it did not kill him, at any rate materially shortened his life, though he lived long enough to shake hands and make friends with Sir Joseph, assuredly the worst man that could have been selected for an experiment in calumny.

Stories of dreams about races are not uncommon, and at the Liverpool meeting I had one. The night before this race I dreamt that Lictor won, and that Lopez was second; and as the horses passed the post the following day I saw my dream *almost* realised, but Lopez was not actually second, having been beaten a short head for second place by Cocoanut. I had no faith at the time in my capacity for finding winners in the visions of the night, and did not profit by what had been revealed to me in my slumbers as probably most people would have done. Perhaps it is just as well, for I have often dreamed about races since, but do not remember that I ever dreamed correctly.

From Liverpool we went to Shrewsbury and Warwick, at both of which places there were large fields and good racing, owners being content in those days to bring out good horses to run for 50*l.* plates, or to match good or bad horses against each other for sums varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.* Many a time have I assisted at these match makings when the cloth has been cleared after dinner at the Rooms, the Admiral in the chair, supported by such men as General Peel, Mr. Henry Savile, Lord Annesley, Lord Falmouth, Lord Vivian, Lord Wilton, Colonel Forrester, and a host of others, all good men and true. After the snuff-box made out of Eclipse's foot mounted in

gold had been duly handed about, it was the custom to write down on paper the names of horses with which owners were willing to make a match. The Admiral after consulting two of the owners as to whether they were willing to run, after also due consideration, and sometimes a scrutiny of a well-thumbed handicap book (of which I am constantly reminded nowadays when asking Colonel Forrester's opinion as to the merits of two horses, for he invariably produces a similar one that would be so much Arabic to anyone else if it happened to fall into other hands, so curiously is it constructed), would stand up and say, 'Gentlemen, put your hands in your pockets. You shall run the last five furlongs of the Abingdon Mile for 100 sovs. 50 forfeit. The Blank colt shall carry 8 st. 10 lb., and the other 8 st. 2 lb.' All eyes were then turned on the two owners. If, on examination, it was found that both of them held money in their hands, the match was made and the half-crowns went to the Admiral, who smiled benignly on them and pocketed the coins; if one only held money, the non-content paid him; if neither held money, there was neither match nor exchange of coin. In 1869 and 1870 there is no doubt that Newmarket was at a very low ebb, and matches helped to swell a card that would have looked very weak for a day's racing without them. Indeed, I have known as many as four walks over in one day.

The Jockey Club were in debt, no funds were coming in, and it is really difficult to guess what would have happened if the Franco-German war had not broken out and caused a despatch to this country of many French and German horses with

their owners, all of whom were welcomed by English sportsmen, who never grudged them the many victories their good horses won.

In July of this year, by the way, I went over to Ireland with Captain George Goddard to stay with Mr. John Montgomery for the Down Royal Summer meeting, taking place on July 14 and 15, over Maze Course. Right well did this generous-hearted Irishman entertain us. There was a large party of men. At night the loo was rather high, and I won 500*l.* from my host, a sum which I immediately offered the next morning for a three-year-old horse he showed me, called Rufus. Most of my readers will remember what a good steeplechaser this horse turned out to be, and that his popular owner was called 'Rufus' Montgomery till the day of his death. Amongst others who formed our party were Viscount Massareene and his brother, the two Chaines, two Alexanders, &c. How little did we think whilst enjoying the races that on this very course in less than two years our dear friend and host was to meet with his death! He was riding a hot-tempered chestnut in a steeplechase, and just opposite the Stand he lost all control over the brute, who made straight for the rails of the enclosure; he just managed to keep the creature straight, and, wonderful to relate, the horse cleared them. Well would it have been if he had got off then; but instead of doing so, furious at the mishap, he turned the horse round, rammed his spurs in and put him at the rails again; but this time the horse caught the top and turned a complete somersault, throwing his rider on his head and falling on him. He was removed to the Ulster Club, Belfast, about

nine miles off. There he lingered for two or three weeks, and at one time great hopes were entertained of his recovery, but it was not to be, and he succumbed to his injuries.

A story was told me the other day, which I do not vouch for, about a gentleman rider at these races being annoyed at the short price he heard his mount was at in the betting. He was seen to put his knife in his pocket before mounting. Curiously enough the horse did not get a better favourite. Behind the clump of trees on the far side of the Maze racecourse the spectators lose sight of the runners. After holding a good position before disappearing from view, the backers of the favourite looked in vain for him as the horses came into sight. Some minutes after the gallant amateur trotted into the paddock openly displaying a broken stirrup leather, but as he dismounted he quietly remarked to his groom, 'Tim, you'll find my knife at the back of the ditch, behind the hill over there.'

The course was kept by a body of men dressed like the pictures of Napoleon's Old Guard; they came from Hillsborough Castle, the property of my uncle, which is close at hand. The racing calls for no comment, and when I and my friend said good-bye to our host, we started off to pay a visit to Lord Massareene. On arriving at Antrim Castle after rather a wet drive on an Irish car, I was much struck by the beauty of the place, the Castle being beautifully situated within half a mile of a magnificent lake. It contains, too, a wonderfully handsome room of carved oak, which was used as a council chamber many years ago.

The morning after my arrival, whilst dressing, I heard a shot outside my window, my room being on the ground floor just over the moat. On opening the window and putting my head out, 'ping!' went a bullet close to my ear, which caused me to retire with the utmost celerity, and afterwards I found out it was my host practising with a revolver at the tame ducks swimming in the moat. They were not very careful with firearms at Antrim Castle; at any hour of the day pea-rifles were taken out and fired at anything that afforded a good mark. A legend went that once Lord Massareene was aimlessly firing a shot with a new rifle in the direction of the lake, when he killed an old woman who was picking up sticks near the water's edge, but he gave her such a magnificent 'wake' as to excite the envy of all the other old women in the village.

1870

In the days of which I am writing racing began with the new year. A Club meeting was held on January 1 at Croydon. Lincoln Spring races took place on February 18, but two-year-olds were not allowed to run then, and the racing was poor, only ten horses competing for the Lincoln Handicap, won very easily by Lord Rendlesham's Royal Rake. Nottingham came before Liverpool then, and my first racehorse, Ben-an, was beaten a neck for the Spring Handicap.

The Colonel won the Liverpool Steeplechase for the second time, beating twenty-two other horses. The three-year-old gelding Sabinus, about whom I shall have more to say in the never-to-be-forgotten Cambridgeshire of the following year, beat twenty-seven horses easily for the City and Suburban at Epsom, carrying 5 st. 9 lb., and the next day, with a stone extra, won the Great Metropolitan in a canter, Rosicrucian the same day winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes with 9 st. on his back, which in those days was considered a great performance, though far eclipsed since by Thunder, Isonomy, Carlton, and many others, with whose achievements I shall deal in due course. Curiously enough the race before that which fell to Sabinus was won by

Allbrook, the curiosity consisting in the circumstance that Allbrook was favourite for the Cambridgeshire in the next year, which by dint of superb skill and judgment on the part of Fordham, Sabinus won by a short head.

During all this time I was racing under the assumed name of 'Mr. Mortimer,' a convenient pseudonym, as I was not yet of age, and to this name was credited the Anglesey Plate at Lichfield, which I won with Royal Lad; but in two other races that I expected to win, my horse could get no nearer than second.

At the following Craven meeting, Alexander and the Champion ran a dead-heat for the Biennial, so famous for its surprises, but neither was destined to shine on the turf. After the race both would have fetched a good price, for it would have seemed quite reasonable to entertain hopes of their future careers after this public trial; and the fact of their having subsequently failed so completely is worth mention as one of the innumerable instances that constantly arise of the disappointment of what seem thoroughly well-founded hopes with regard to certain animals.

Passing over the few plating meetings that took place in the interval, we come to the Two Thousand, won in a canter by that fast but unsound horse Macgregor, who appeared here for the first time in public, and defeated Normanby by five lengths, Normanby in turn being three-quarters of a length in front of Kingcraft, whose running here did not foreshadow the fact that he was to win Lord Falmouth his first blue riband within the month. A few years later the same might of course have been said of

St. Blaise. The Two Thousand performance of this well-named son of Hermit and Fusee never for a moment suggested his triumph at Epsom; but of such occurrences the Racing Calendar is made up, and, paradoxical as it will sound, it may be said that there is nothing so deceptive as form. Silvio and Sefton, it is perhaps worth while to add, ran third in the Two Thousand before winning the Derby.

The One Thousand showed the superiority of Hester over Frivolity, Malwina, and others (all moderate mares, in my opinion, except Agility, including the winner), and the last day's racing was only noticeable for the splendid race Fordham rode on Nobleman in the Newmarket Stakes, beating Cannon on the outsider Demidoff a short head. How many times and with what enthusiasm have I watched the marvellous riding of these two famous horsemen in a close finish, both perfect exponents of the art of race riding, and yet perfectly different in style! Fordham, with his little short legs looking almost pinned at the knee to the saddle, on which he appeared propped up rather than sitting down, his left arm rather high in the air, flourishing his whip, and riding more with his body and shoulders than his legs, yet getting every ounce out of his horse to the very last stride on the post; Cannon looking part and parcel of his mount, sitting perfectly straight yet right down in the saddle, with the reins in his left hand, driving his horse as it were before him, and raising his whip in his right hand as he goes with the animal in his stride, but rarely actually hitting him, unless as a punishment for some trick or exhibition of vice—never except in the last two strides

and then *never in the middle of the stride*, the expression on his face meantime convincing the observer that his whole soul was bent on reaching the post first. I feel the inadequacy of this description of both horsemen, whose fame will be kept alive in the annals of the Turf as that of Chifney and Robinson has been; but my words may recall memories to those who have seen them ride.

Lord Hartington, then racing under the name of 'Mr. J. C. Stuart,' won a selling race with the disappointing Cocoanut, and the meeting finished with Mr. Payne's rare stayer Musket winning a two-mile handicap in a canter.[1] I wonder how many entries and runners there would be now for a 200*l.* handicap last two miles of the Cesarewitch Course in the month of May?

This is a subject to which it behoves breeders and the rulers of the Turf to devote their best consideration, for unless something is done to revive long races we shall soon be without long-distance runners at all. At the time of writing one can count the number of genuine stayers on one's fingers. It has been the fashion to regard with something approaching to contempt the Turf policy and proceedings of our French neighbours, but I have no hesitation in saying that we should do wisely to take a leaf out of their book, and frame a few weight-for-age races after their model.

[1] Musket was not at the time regarded as anything approaching to a wonder; but besides siring a Two Thousand Guineas winner in Petronel, the horse was exported to the Colonies and there originated a long line of famous stayers, whose performances have made the name of Musket memorable. He has, indeed, founded a race of horough-breds that have done and will do immeasurable benefit to the horses of New Zealand.

The next meeting of racing-men that occurs to my mind was at Chester, and here Our Mary Ann, a five-year-old carrying 6 stone, won the Cup by six lengths from Formosa and Sabinus who started favourite, and landed a large stake for Mr. William Day and the supporters of his stable. In the previous year she had not won a race, neither did she win again this year, but at Chester no mistake was made, and she did what was very confidently expected of her. At Bath the much-talked-of Macgregor gave us another taste of his quality by winning the Biennial by fourteen lengths, beating pointless Gamos ridden by Fordham, a mare that afterwards won the Oaks,[1] but was nevertheless a bad animal; and we now come to Epsom, when I saw my first Derby.

In the history of the great race there never had been so hot a favourite as Macgregor, and as it appeared with excellent reason. Odds of 9 to 4 were freely laid on him, and it seemed certain that at last Fordham would ride the winner of the race in which he had always been so curiously unfortunate. It was not to be, however, but it would be difficult to describe to those who do not remember, how impossible it seemed that Macgregor could be beaten, and the consternation which overwhelmed the plungers when, half the journey having been completed, it was seen not only that the colt was in the rear, but that Fordham was hard at work on him, Fordham who never began to ride till it was absolutely necessary. No one was a greater master of the art of 'kidding' and for a moment layers of odds may have tried to comfort themselves with

[1] In 1890 the old mare was sold for 10*l*.

the belief that he was not really beaten; but any such hopes must have been short-lived—the favourite had not a thousand to one chance. Kingcraft took up the running a quarter of a mile from home, and Tom French had an easy task in landing him a winner by four lengths. Although the horse started at 20 to 1 and few profited by his victory, it was most popular, and Lord Falmouth was warmly congratulated on all sides, as was French, then nearly as great a favourite with his master as Archer became subsequently, and for good reasons too, as he was a most unassuming, well-mannered fellow, and a fine horseman, his style reminding one at times of T. Cannon, though French may never have possessed the 'head' which serves the living jockey so admirably at critical moments.

There is little to be said about the victory of Gamos over Sunshine in the Oaks. Sunshine, who has since distinguished herself at the stud, was amiss, but the surprise of the race was the wretched figure cut by Hester who finished last but one, and ugly rumours were rife as to poison, &c. That she did not run within pounds of her form is certain, but the reason never came to light.

At Ascot on the first day, that good but unlucky horse Perth won the Two-Year-Old Biennial, Siderolite beat Formosa for the Gold Vase, King o' Scots defeated a large field for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and Judge, a four-year-old with 6 st. 6 lb. on, landed another well-planned coup for Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Alington, and William Day, beating 26 other horses. King of the Forest, after having succumbed to Bicycle at Epsom the first time out, won the Triennial, the

first of eight victories during the year, and Sabinus beat Trocadero by four lengths for the Gold Cup, the latter winning the Alexandra Plate the next day from Siderolite with odds of two to one betted on the latter. At Stockbridge Bicycle beat Digby Grand a head for the Hurstbourne, Cannon and Fordham again riding a wonderfully fine finish, and that good horse over all distances Mortimer won the Stockbridge Cup for Count Lagrange. Nothing calls specially for attention till the July week, when Baron Rothschild took the July and Chesterfield Stakes with those two beautiful fillies Hannah and Corisande, both destined to distinguish themselves in such a high degree during that and the following year. Goodwood opened with Rosicrucian cleverly beating Vespasian, the latter not being in such form as in the previous year when he so gallantly and triumphantly carried his welter weight of 10 st. 4 lb. to the front in the Chesterfield Cup and won easily by three lengths, to the intense delight of his owner, who threw his hat high into the air as the horse passed the post first. Nothing approaching to that welter weight had ever been carried in such a race as the Chesterfield, or indeed in any handicap, but his owner felt confident that the good horse would eclipse all previous records, and backed him to win nearly 10,000*l.* This performance of Vespasian will compare favourably with that of other horses in any year.

The next race, a selling plate, was won by Pandore, who was promptly claimed by Sir Joseph Hawley, in spite of the entreaties of Mr. Chaplin to let him have her back, he having only leased her for her racing career from Mr. I'Anson ; but Sir Joseph was inflexible,

and doubtless it cost Mr. Chaplin a good sum to make up to the breeder for the loss of his mare. Old Typhoeus won the Stewards' Cup for Prince Batthyany (Count he was then), and Lord Hartington was unfortunate enough to run second with Tabernacle for that race and for the Chesterfield Cup, besides seeing Cocoanut beaten a head by Tibthorpe, another ancient warrior with a heavy weight on his back, in the Chichester Stakes. Anton showed great speed in the Bognor Stakes, and Fordham steered Paganini home to victory in the Goodwood Stakes, cleverly beating Indian Ocean, who afterwards on many occasions betrayed his stout qualities of endurance. Mr. Smith, the owner of Paganini, and generally called 'Paganini Smith,' was supposed to have only given Fordham five pounds for his winning mount, and here I must relate an amusing story of the way Fordham is said to have avenged himself.

In the following year Fordham had the mount on Idus in the Newmarket Handicap, Snowden riding Paganini. A short distance from home, Fordham saw that it would be a desperately near thing between them, and indeed could not disguise from himself that, if anything, Snowden's mount was actually going the better of the two; so, without looking at Snowden, he said, 'Jem, I'll save five pounds with you?' Snowden, desiring to see how the chances stood, looked to ascertain how Idus was going, as Fordham had thought he would, for that was his artful plan to distract his dangerous rival's attention for a moment. Seizing the second, Fordham got first run, and won a short neck. Riding back into the saddling enclosure at the top of the town, the

victorious jockey saw Mr. Smith looking anything but pleased, and maliciously determined to vex him still more, so, leaning down to the boy who was leading Paganini in, he said in a whisper, loud enough for Smith to hear, 'Look sharp; I think I am a bit short of weight!' The bait took. Mr. Smith—hopes of winning yet by the disqualification of Idus flashing through his mind—rushed frantically into the weighing-room to watch with keen and eager eyes the process of weighing in. There he saw Fordham passed all right at the scale, as of course he knew he would be, and as he got out of the chair and passed Mr. Smith, he said with a smile on his face, '*Quits!*'

Harking back to 1870, Brighton as usual followed on Goodwood, and there old Reindeer showed his liking for the course by winning the Marine Plate. Custance got Border Knight home in the Brighton Stakes and Cup, both close finishes. At Lewes Perfume showed her fine speed in the County Cup, beating the unlucky Tabernacle and a two-year-old of mine, purchased from Captain Machell, which won the Nursery at Windsor the week after, and there Perfume beat Tibthorpe in the Berkshire Cup, after kicking Jewitt and breaking his leg. Jewitt, I may add, was then a light-weight jockey; he did good service for Blanton's stable, and after growing heavier and winning a number of cross-country events, became trainer to Captain Machell.

I should remark that I was now of age and my horses ran in my own name. At York Paganini showed what a good horse he was by just getting home in the Great Ebor Handicap (two miles was the distance then), carrying 9 st. 4 lb.; and the charming Gertrude

won the Great Yorkshire Stakes for Lord Falmouth. Bothwell, the future winner of the Two Thousand, beat Whaddon a head for the Gimcrack Stakes, a moderate performance which by no means foreshadowed success in a classic race; and then Platt won the York Cup by a head on Agility from Rosicrucian and Sabinus, but was disqualified for a jostle, Rosicrucian getting the race. At Warwick that good horse and rare stayer Dutch Skater made his first appearance on an English racecourse on which so many of his children have distinguished themselves, winning Her Majesty's Plate by 100 lengths, and thus heralding the approach of many victories for himself and the other French animals whose owners were all flocking to England with their horses, owing, as already observed, to the French and German war.

So fast do times change, and we with them, that it is difficult to realise how popular amongst leading racing men were the Warwick meetings, even up to a comparatively recent date. The railway accommodation was much the same thirty years ago that it is now, so there must be some reason, other than increased facilities for travelling, which has caused such a marked change in the character, and above all in the method of attendance. Nothing could be pleasanter than were those parties at the Regent at Leamington, for whose use a large coffee-room was exclusively reserved, and to which men used to look forward as a combination of fun and business rarely to be experienced during the racing year. Mr. George Payne and Captain Little were, so to speak, the president and vice-president of these festivities, and wherever they were, the tambourine was pretty sure to be 'kept a rowlin'.'

It was, I believe, at one of the Regent *réunions*, that the well-known Colonel Ouseley Higgins made his debût on English turf, and though not so poorly provided with this world's goods as he was described to be by the late Mr. George Vaughan, who hated him ('Ouseley arrived at Leamington with nothing but a carpet-bag and six couple of snipes,' the Welshman used to say in the most vicious manner), there yet can be no question that the Colonel never had cause to regret his self-imposed exile from Ireland. Many were the laughable incidents which took place during those Regency visits; for, as I have said, everything that George Payne touched tended to mirth. It was before my time, of course, but I have heard Lord Suffolk tell how at the meeting in September 1860 he was surprised one morning at breakfast in the long coffee-room by the waiter coming in and announcing in an undertone that *Mr. Brown* was waiting outside and anxious to speak for a few moments with him. Lord Suffolk, not having at the moment a racing friend of the name of Brown, began to make inquiries as to the appearance, business, &c., of the unexpected visitor, but failing to obtain any information from the waiter, who only became more and more mysterious, at last followed him out into the passage. Still more perplexed was his lordship when the lavatory was pointed out as the place where *Mr. Brown* awaited the interview, but wonder gave way to laughter when, on opening the door, George Payne stood revealed in a white heat of half-real, half-assumed impatience. 'Why the devil have you kept me waiting here all this time, why the devil couldn't you come at once?' 'My dear G. P., how the

deuce was I to know you were Mr. Brown?' 'Might have guessed it—d—d stupid of you—don't want all those fellows to know I had business with you. Look here, we want you to back St. Albans for us for the Leger, not that he's much chance, by ——, but we think he *may* have come back to his form. So we'll just have a few hundreds on at 100 to 6, not a point less, by ——' and so, with detail, instructions as to the first commission to back the no doubt highly re-tried St. Albans were given, and Lord Suffolk, having escaped the observation of his immediate associates, was, I believe, enabled to get on some at least of the money at the required price. At any rate the party were always credited with having won a good stake over the race.

It was at Warwick, too, that the big Cesarewitch commissions usually made their first appearance in the market, but after all it was the jollity of the party, more than the p. p. betting, though that was attractive enough, which bought the *jeunesse* and *moyen âge*, gilded or otherwise, of the Turf down to Leamington.

Coming to Doncaster, France was still in the ascendant. That sweetly pretty chestnut filly Sornette, the property of M. Lafitte, whose racing name was Major Fridolin, won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, then an ordinary weight-for-age race, not a selling race as it is now, and Border Knight beat some good horses in the Great Yorkshire Handicap. King of the Forest had a head the best of the uncertain Ripponden after a tremendous finish between Snowden and Maidment in the Champagne Stakes, and the outsider Hawthornden, trained by Joseph Dawson, beat the Derby winner half a length

for the St. Leger, Lord Falmouth running second and third with Kingcraft and Wheatear. Don Carlos, another French horse, won the Queen's Plate, showing that they could breed good stayers across the Channel, and the speedy Oxonian took the Portland Plate, the Leger winner starting favourite with 7 st. 10 lb. on his back, but failing to run into a place. They were a bad lot of horses that year. Sornette added to her laurels by winning the Doncaster Cup from Gertrude and Border Knight, thus proving no course came amiss to her, and Kingcraft again sustained defeat and lowered his prestige as a Derby winner in the Doncaster Stakes which resulted in a dead heat between the outsider Enterprise and Agility.

At the first October meeting, that rattling good horse and now successful sire, Sterling, won the Hopeful Stakes from a horse of mine called Herod, nicknamed in fun by a sporting writer of the day, 'the Terror of the Two-year-olds.' Lord Zetland's Fragrance gave backers a nasty rap in defeating Kingcraft (three to one on the latter) at weight for sex for the 22nd Triennial A.F.[1] And the German horse Flibustier, whom the ring called Flybuster, made his first appearance in England in winning colours in a handicap.

On Friday Ethus, marvellously patched up by the greatest trainer in the world, Matthew Dawson, won the Newmarket October Handicap, starting a hot favourite; indeed the rumour went round in the morning that he could not be beaten. Before the

[1] For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be observed that A.F. signifies Across the Flat, a course at Newmarket of 1 mile, 2 furlongs, and 73 yards.

race he was sold by Mr. Padwick for 3,000*l.* to a young gentleman who raced under the name of Mr. C. Rupert, who, however, did not stay with us long.

At the next Newmarket meeting Cardinal York won the Cesarewitch by six lengths, an exceptional occurrence being that Lord Falmouth, who so seldom ran horses in handicaps, owned the favourite in Wheatear, who, however, ran very badly. The French horses Gantelet and Somno were in winning form, and a curious circumstance happened when Steppe ran a good race home with Albert Victor for the Middle Park Plate, and actually beat Hannah, although not an hour before Steppe had run a severe race with Belle of Holywell for the Windsor Stakes in which she was beaten by a length. There was terrific howling from the Ring when for a few strides it almost appeared as if Cannon, who was riding the mare which started at odds of a thousand to five offered, was going to win. The Ring must, however, have won by the winner, as his starting price was 20 to 1. The same day the German horse Adonis showed people what a good chance he had for the Cambridgeshire, by winning the Oatlands Plate over the Cambridgeshire course, and I well remember Admiral Rous's lamentation that he had let him far too lightly into the big handicap, owing to the fact of his having confounded him with a bad English three-year-old of the same name. I profited by the French incursion, for at this meeting I claimed rather a smart horse, Gourbi, by West Australian, from M. Lafitte, and he won me several races. An exciting event of the meeting was the desperate finish which took place for the Prendergast Stakes between Digby Grand and Hannah, and I recall that the betting of

even money practically foreshadowed the result, for it was very nearly a dead heat, the judge's verdict however being that Fordham on Digby Grand beat Wells on Hannah a short head. The first day of the Houghton meeting saw Blue Gown, purchased by Prince Pless for 5,000 guineas from Sir J. Hawley, win a handicap plate for his new owner in a canter with the top weight on, and starting at a remarkable price too.

Général, bought from Count Lagrange by the Duke of Hamilton for over three thousand, won the Criterion by a neck from the dead-heaters, Bothwell and Noblesse. Mr. Gerard Sturt, now Lord Alington, beat my mare Lizzie Cowl in a canter with Allbrook, but I never rested till I made another match with him, run on the Derby day of the following year, with the same mare against another horse of his, Michael de Basco, who had previously run second to the symmetrical Cymbal in the Spencer Plate; and this time I turned the tables on him.

Adonis justified Admiral Rous' suspicion that he had made a mistake by letting the German horse in too lightly, by winning the Cambridgeshire from Syrian and Bonny Swell, and he started favourite, though some days beforehand he was roughly treated in the market, and sinister rumours were current about him. Some people went so far as to say that Mr. Saxon's death was the cause of his recovering his position and again becoming a prominent favourite, but of this I know nothing beyond the idle talk at the time. Mr. T. Valentine, the assumed name of Mr. G. E. Clayton, owned a favourite in Podesta, and it was but natural that that versatile,

witty, and popular all-round bookmaker, Mr. Charles Head, should make his book for a horse who carried the colours in which Lozenge had come to the front in the same race a year or two before. On that occasion—the Cambridgeshire of 1867—Head wore a lozenge in his hat prior to the race, he having executed the stable commission and standing to win a good stake himself, the landing of which brought him into prominent notice as a bookmaker. The Wednesday after the Cambridgeshire retains a hold on my memory from the fact that Captain Machell believed that our stable would win six races that day, the only ones in which any of our horses were engaged. Five of them we did win off the reel, Lord Calthorpe and Mr. T. E. Walker taking one each, and three falling to me consecutively by the aid of Curieuse, Herod, and Echo, and we were much disappointed when Gourbi, the horse I had claimed from M. Lafitte in the second October meeting, succumbed by three-quarters of a length to the favourite Prince Henry in a plate Across the Flat. Verdure, a beautiful mare, sold afterwards to Mr. Lefevre for a large sum, and then the property of Mr. H. Delamarre, one of the best judges of racing I ever met in England or in France, won the Rowley Mile Nursery with 8 st. 2 lb. on her back, beating a good field of horses.

At Liverpool I won a handicap plate with the two-year-old Herod, actually giving 4 lb. to the six-year-old horse Satyr, who had won the Hunt Cup two years before, and repeated the victory on Friday with a welter weight on in the Free Nursery. Countryman, whom I had just bought for a thousand pounds, was second to Knutsford, who received

1 st. 12 lb. from him, but I got back my losses with a good balance to spare in the following week at Shrewsbury, where he won a three-furlong handicap and easily defeated Tullibardine, a very fast two-year-old of Mr. Matthew Dawson's. In spite of his only running at 7 lb. with my horse, this accomplished trainer and admirable judge believed that day that defeat was impossible. A step in the right direction was certainly made when such absurdities as races, and perhaps especially handicaps, over such a distance as three furlongs were abolished. The race could test practically nothing except the combination of skill and luck in a jockey which enabled him to get well away, for if a horse secured a start, it is unnecessary to say that he could not be caught. Musket won the Queen's Plate anyhow from Dutch Skater and Sonnette, and the remembrance causes one to ask mournfully where two such stayers would now be found, and running moreover for 100 guineas!

1871

It used to be the custom to distinguish the year by the name of the Derby winner, and 1871, Favonius' year, opened as regards its important business with the Lincolnshire Handicap, which resulted in a dead heat between the aged Vulcan and the three-year-old Veranda. Lucky it was for Mr. Delamarre—who told me at Long's Hotel the day before that his mare had a good chance—that the stakes were divided, as assuredly the old horse would have won the run off, and I pay tribute to the sagacity of Mr. Thomas Jennings, sen., in buying the veteran for the owner, a gentleman who was just beginning to race under the assumed name of 'Mr. Lombard,' and was destined to play a conspicuous part on the Turf for many years to come; for 'Mr. Lombard' was soon afterwards known to the whole racing world as M. Lefevre, the many victories of whose popular tricolor, generally worn by Fordham, endeared him in the hearts of all backers of favourites, and indeed of all who took pleasure in seeing a man run his horses so straightforwardly.

My first appearance at a flat race this year was the day of the Liverpool Steeplechases, but I had been previously to Croydon Steeplechases, when Lord Poulett took me aside and told me I must back The Lamb. He was too good a judge of the sport for

his advice to be disregarded, and I proceeded to take 800 to 100 and 8 fifties. I watched the race from a box with other friends, amongst them a gallant colonel, himself no mean performer across country, and I well remember his asking for my glasses as The Lamb came by in his preliminary canter, his coat shining in a marvellous way for an iron-grey horse, with Mr. Thomas Pickernell quiet and confident in the saddle. 'The Lamb's fat as a bull. If he wins the Liverpool Steeplechase I'll eat him!' was the colonel's exclamation as he handed me back the glasses. Enough to relate that The Lamb held a good place all the way, and took up the running before jumping the last hurdle but one; at the last obstacle he was challenged by Hall Court, ridden by Captain Tempest, but Mr. Pickernell just showed his horse the whip as he cleared the jump, and going on they won by three-quarters of a length. The colonel did *not* eat him.

At Nottingham Vulcan got back a portion of his purchase-money by winning the Spring Handicap for his new owner the first time his colours appeared on a racecourse, a noteworthy and very encouraging piece of luck; but the racing at Northampton calls for no remark except that my Countryman won the first of a series of seven off the reel, proving what a horse may do if he is in the first instance at his best, and in the second well placed. Cymbal showed amazing speed in the Spencer Plate, winning with the top weight. He was ridden by Wyatt, whose death is announced as I am writing these pages. On the reasons which led to that jockey's disappearance from the pursuit of his profession I will not dwell. He

had not sufficient mental stamina to resist temptation, and incurred the displeasure of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Perhaps others were as much to blame as he was, but the offence was too glaring to be overlooked.

Preferring to go to the home meeting at Lichfield, where I won four races with Countryman and Curieuse, I missed seeing the grand finish for the Biennial between Albert Victor and Favonius, an historical event in which Custance's great strength stood him in good stead, as he dropped his whip at the critical moment and only just managed to land Albert Victor by a head from Baron Rothschild's colt, who carried silk for the first time, and whose subsequent Derby and other victories stamped him as the better horse. On the Wednesday Vulcan, with Fordham up, won two more races, and then came the finish between Idus and Paganini that I have before referred to. Custance no doubt was a very good jockey. People were inclined to think that at times he was too determined at a finish on two-year-olds—'squeezed' them too hard—but this is a matter of opinion. He was, and is now, one of the finest riders to hounds a man could wish to see, and popular with all from his respectful unassuming manner, though happily gifted with a quaint humour, as the following story will demonstrate. While standing talking to some gentlemen on a racecourse one day, one of them, an owner of horses whose name need not be mentioned, was trying somewhat vaguely to explain the precise nature of a mishap that had befallen one of his animals, a prominent favourite for a handicap. The injury necessitated the scratch-

ing of the horse. 'Such a trifling matter, too,' the owner said, 'I can hardly describe it to you, it was so insignificant. Just a sort of——'

'Was it anything like this?' asked Custance with sly humour, producing a bit of pencil from his pocket. The question evoked roars of laughter from the discomfited owner's companions. I do not know if I need explain to the reader who does not 'go racing' the significance of the observation, which implied that the owner had not been able to use his pencil to his satisfaction in making entries in his betting book.

M. Lefevre had added considerably to his stud since his purchase of Vulcan, having bought Dutch Skater, a rare stayer (who was considerably improved by his new trainer afterwards), for about 2,000 guineas. Eole II., the model of a 14 st. hunter, he also obtained for 1,000 sovs., besides Cherubin, Prince Henry, and others. He was bidding to become what he very soon did, one of the staunchest supporters of racing on the English Turf, particularly at Newmarket, which sadly wanted recruits at that time, or rather entries and subscriptions to its races.

Vulcan opened the ball at the First Spring meeting by winning the Rowley Mile Plate, beating Idus a neck, in another pretty finish between Fordham and Cannon, on the same day that Bothwell won the Two Thousand Guineas for Mr. J. Johnstone by a length, beating Sterling and King of the Forest, both of whom would always have beaten him afterwards; but such inexplicable occurrences are common in racing. On the Wednesday, Mortemer,

purchased by M. Lefevre from Count Lagrange, beat two fast horses in Normanby and Typhoeus on the T.Y.C., and exactly a week after ran second for the Chester Cup, carrying 9 st. 3 lb., and giving 3 st. 1 lb. in heavy ground to the four-year-old Glenlivat, thus demonstrating himself capable of doing well at all distances, the best criterion of a good racehorse. Hannah won the One Thousand Guineas in a canter from a moderate lot, and Countryman continued to win small races for me. At the second spring meeting that rattling good horse Cremorne carried colours for the first time in the Two-Year-Old Plate with twenty runners, and won it in a canter from a mare of mine, Niochi, to whom he could have given three stone instead of merely sex allowance; and the Rous Stakes produced an exciting race between six very fast horses, Vulcan, Cymbal, Countryman, Chopette, Tibthorpe, and Normanby, all finishing in the order written. It was a splendid performance of old Vulcan's, to be eclipsed, however, later on in the year at Brighton. On Thursday I had a match, Gourbi against St. Pancras, Across the Flat. It ended in a dead heat, which may perhaps be accepted as a proof that the match was well made.

Large fields faced the starter at the Epsom summer meeting, when Cremorne beat Mr. 'Burton's' (Mr. Padwick's assumed name) Landmark easily for the Woodcote; and then Favonius won the Derby in good style, turning the tables on his Biennial conqueror Albert Victor, who could only manage to run a dead heat with King of the Forest for second place. Fordham on Digby Grand, who liked the course, as

he showed in the following spring when he won the City and Suburban, was only beaten a head from the dead-heaters. I ran my match this day with Lord Alington, and was somewhat annoyed when Steel sent to me to say he had laid Lord Dudley 2,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* on my mare, and politely inquired 'Whether I should like any of it?' I expected that the other would have been favourite, and was disappointed accordingly; however, I had the consolation of winning.

Hannah followed up her One Thousand victory with an easy three lengths' win in the Oaks, the Baron as in the previous race declaring to win with her in preference to Corisande, who was, however, to do excellent service later on by winning some good stakes for him, notably the Cesarewitch. At Ascot the three-year-old Christopher Sly won a good race from Sonnette, ridden by W. Gray, who had a very different ride from his next one when starting a good favourite for the Northumberland Plate; the horse fell at the turn and severely injured his jockey and himself too; at least this seems to have been the case with the horse, as he was never able to win another race, though at Ascot Sonnette, Gertrude, Idus, Captivator, Dutch Skater, and other useful animals were behind him. Cremorne easily accounted for the Biennial Stakes, King of the Forest carried home his penalty gallantly in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and Rosicrucian won the Ascot Stakes in a canter with 9 st. on his back. The two-year-old Chopette made mincemeat of her opponents in the Queen's Stand Plate, showing how she had come on by defeating Vulcan, Cymbal, and Countryman, who had

all finished before her in the spring, and to the surprise of everyone Normanby beat Kingcraft at even weights for the four-year-old Triennial Stakes, while Sterling easily polished off King of the Forest in the Biennial, run over the old mile. The six-year-old horse Valuer again proved the astuteness of William Day and his patrons, and their partiality for the race in question, by winning the Hunt Cup with the identical weight 6 st. 6 lb. that Judge in the same confederacy carried to victory the year before, good stakes being landed by the stable on each occasion, though the Admiral did not relish the fact that he had let off both horses with too light a weight; and here the City and Suburban winner, Jack Spigot, showed to advantage, as he was giving the winner three years and two stone all but a pound, and only succumbed by a length and a quarter.

Corisande easily accounted for the rich Coronation Stakes, the unlucky Steppe finishing second; and old Mortemer showed us what a good horse he was by winning the Gold Cup in a canter for M. Lefevre, whose delight at his victory in an historical English race will be still remembered by some of his friends. Helmet, a Trumpeter horse, came out with a great reputation for the New Stakes, and a wonderful future was predicted for him, but this he very signally failed in securing; and Rosicrucian showed what I consider was his best performance by winning the Alexandra Plate, giving 7 lb. to that fine stayer Musket, to the chagrin of poor Mr. Payne, who, for a wonder, was very sweet on his horse's chance. As a rule, when discussing the merits of his or his friend Mr. Crawfurd's horses (they trained together in Alec

Taylor's stable on the beautiful downs at Manton), it was 'beaten a hundred yards in his trial,' and his familiar expletive followed. This was so much the case that many of us were hoping for the appearance of the marvellous trial animal on a racecourse to recoup ourselves for the money lost on other horses when these outsiders were victorious, and much amusing and good-natured chaff arose on the subject of that mythical trial horse. It is a pleasure to look back on those days and to remember the fun and jokes, almost all originating with Mr. Payne. No man knew better how to tell a story, and, if there was not much substance in the anecdote, he always contrived to make us laugh, the expression of his face and his comical manner giving point to the narrative. I associate his name with that of Mr. Henry Savile (one of the kindest-hearted and truest gentlemen that ever lived), for we used to be often together. Mr. Savile occupied a prominent position on the Turf in his day, but, besides some good horses, he owned many bad ones, though nearly all were stayers. Many of them, however, were very slow, and it became notorious that he used to give his jockey orders to come through from start to finish. When the flag dropped it was his almost invariable habit to say, as through his glasses he caught sight of the runners, 'Here they come—my devil's leading!' Mr. Payne and I would go up to him on these occasions if we happened to be near him, and with a wink at me Mr. Payne would say, 'Henry, what's in front?' The anticipated reply almost invariably came.

Passing over Windsor, where I won a couple of

races, one with Royal Lad, trained by my groom at Grendon, which pleased me much, we come to Stockbridge, where Mr. Payne won the Andover Stakes with Departure, ridden by Mr. William Bevill, one of the best gentlemen riders of his day, who I fancy now devotes his time to the superintending and training of his friends' horses, and acts as surveyor of steeplechase courses, to see that the National Hunt Rules are properly carried out. Cremorne won the Hurstbourne, but only by a head from Nuneham, who was a better horse than most people imagined. Mr. 'Gillman' won two matches he made with Sir F. Johnstone, always a strong supporter of the Stockbridge meetings, and what delightful meetings they were, taking place at the end of June, the downs covered with a carpet of old turf intermingled with moss and wild flowers, with John Day receiving all the owners of horses almost as if they were his guests, and holding a kind of levee during the races in the little enclosure which contained the number board! He was half-blind when I first had the pleasure of knowing him, but always recognised men at once by their voices, and was still an excellent judge of racing. Mr. Crawshaw, also one of our best amateur jockeys, who was good enough often to steer my horses to victory, won the first of the two matches by a neck on St. Pancras, the horse I had run a dead heat with in the spring, beating Colonel Knox on Comet. Lord Anglesey had a well-deserved turn of luck, winning three races consecutively with Sir Amyas, a smart Trumpeter two-year-old (that, however, failed to stand training, and it is an extraordinary fact that so often the stock of Trumpeter

would not stand), Gopsall, and Merry Agnes, a Thormanby mare I bought from him afterwards.

At the July meeting M. Lefevre won his first match against Lord Falmouth's Wheatear, and here I may as well state that with one or two exceptions the leading owners were about this time all introduced to M. Lefevre, and made fast friends with him. Gentlemen had held aloof from him on his first appearance at Newmarket, because several French visitors circulated rumours prejudicial to him; but no one could ascertain anything for certain about these stories, and at last Mr. Payne took the bull by the horns, went straight to Count Lagrange and others, and simply said, 'What is it you have against M. Lefevre? Tell me, otherwise I shall certainly be introduced to a man who runs his horses so straightforwardly, enters them in every available race, and whose friends say he is in all respects a worthy associate for gentlemen.' He could ascertain nothing definite, and accordingly was introduced to him, as were many prominent members of the Jockey Club, and we all constantly dined with him. The detrimental rumours were supposed to be about his Stock Exchange transactions, but I only desire to speak of him as a notable figure in the Turf world of his day; I found him a straightforward gentleman, always good-tempered and pleasant, in spite of being a martyr to gout, which I believe is saying a good deal. I wish he were racing with us now.

Sir Amyas won the July Stakes, and Cremorne the Chesterfield, in a canter, with five to two on him, and then I won a race with a little Maccaroni mare, Nudel. In those days there were no selling races

where the winner was to be sold by auction; indeed, it was with great difficulty in after years we could get Admiral Rous, Mr. Alexander, and other of the older members of the Jockey Club to try the system of selling by auction at Newmarket, a practice which has added so largely to the funds of the Club since it has been adopted; and therefore Nudel could have been claimed for 300 sovs. by Baron Meyer Rothschild, who insisted on my giving him 50*l.* not to claim her, when Captain Machell asked him on my behalf not to assert his rights. I got back that fifty before the numbers went up for the Brighton Cup, as will presently be related.

Sterling won the Summer Handicap on the last six furlongs of the Bunbury Mile in a canter, giving heaps of weight to everything in the race; and, after a bad week, my stable confederates and I had a dash on Countryman in a handicap the last day; but he caught a tartar in Faith, a sweet mare of Mr. Lethbridge's, who, with his wife, never missed a Newmarket meeting. Poor Captain Beecher, who also had a bad week, and went to get home on Countryman, was flabbergasted when he heard he was beaten, as he had not left the ring, whose dead silence, as he thought, proclaimed the victory of the favourite.

At Goodwood the Stewards' Cup was won by the speedy Anton, and by fifteen lengths. He belonged to a charming fellow, Tommy Case, who afterwards went blind, but continued racing as long as he lived in spite of his infirmity, and remained a good judge.

The result of the Halnaker Stakes was a disappointment for me and Captain Machell, from whom I

had purchased half of Vanderdecken, who he believed would turn out a smart colt, for he was beaten a head by Prince Soltykoff's Peak—one of Fordham's heads, of course, that generally counted against the owner he did *not* ride for. However, Vanderdecken made up for this race by securing two others at the meeting, one of them more than double the value of that in which my horse was defeated. Fordham found old Taraban in the humour to go when the flag fell for the Goodwood Stakes, and he cleverly disposed of William Day's Cedric the Saxon, a three-year-old that, judging of the way he was backed for races—including the Cesarewitch of this year, when he all but started favourite and was nowhere—must have been a better horse in home trials than in a race.

My experience has always gone to show that public form is infinitely more trustworthy than private trials. I have learnt that lesson by experience, and religiously accept it, for I have trial-books containing scores of trials, I was going to say even hundreds of them, in which, beside stable lads who could ride well, the very best jockeys of the day have ridden; and I do not hesitate to say, looking back at the performances of many animals, that seventy per cent. of these trials were delusive. Some horses try at home, and will not do their best in public; others decline to gallop at home, and want the shouting and excitement of the crowded course to induce them to exert themselves to do their best, and these are the ones for my money, as if you do not win enough, at any rate you ought not to lose by them, and there is the pleasant surprise of their running better than you anticipated. There are some horses,

again, that will not struggle either at home or out, and the sooner an owner gets rid of them by selling them for what they fetch (or shooting them, the favourite method of the late Lord Glasgow) the better it will be for responsible pockets.

The eccentric nobleman just mentioned was notorious for never naming his animals, and the number of horses he ran by Brother to Rapid Rhone, or some other of his stallions, dam by something else out of sister to something else, must have caused great confusion both to the man who entered his horses for him, his trainer, and the publisher of the 'Stud Book.' Mr. Payne used to relate that when he went down to pay the last tribute of respect to his old friend—the two famous owners trained in the same stable—when the funeral was over, they all went into the drawing-room to hear the will read. Not unnaturally he expected his name would be mentioned as one to whom a legacy had been left, and this suspicion was raised to conviction by the way in which the family lawyer handed him a chair in a prominent position in the group already collected. He was not disappointed, as besides a sum of money, the whole of Lord Glasgow's stud was left to him and General Peel, who both sold the produce for many years afterwards as yearlings at Doncaster, the stud farm being at Enfield. Lord Glasgow's language was often strong, but perhaps its strength was justified on one particular occasion. His lordship was taking his ticket for some town where a race meeting was about to be held, and tendered a five-pound note. The booking-clerk asked him to write his name on the note, which Lord Glasgow did. After scrutinising

the signature, the clerk rudely handed the note back to him, and said, 'It's your name I want; I don't want to know where you come from!'

Turning back to Goodwood, backers received a severe blow when Helmet went down in the Findon Stakes with odds of five to two on him, and the consternation was great when Fordham, who had been hard at work with his hands on the favourite for some distance, took his whip up and waved it as a signal to Page to come on with the second string, Germania, who was just able to get up and defeat Mr. Padwick's Liverpool in the last stride by a head. The winner was moderate, being well beaten by Vanderdecken the next day, and failing to finish in the first three the only other time she ran that year. King of the Forest won the Bentinck Memorial in a canter from his solitary opponent Cincinnatus, and I cannot help thinking he had 'a leg' at the time, and that it was a case of his making hay while the sun shines. Onslow, a very fast but unsound Cambuscan horse, beat Bethnal Green for a valuable two-year-old sweepstakes, and was the only two-year-old capable of lowering the colours of Cremorne all the year till the latter succumbed in the Criterion to the great Prince Charlie. Gourbi won the Visitors' Plate for me by four lengths, carrying the top weight, and proved a remunerative claim; and then came the surprise of the meeting, or rather of the year, when the three-year-old Shannon, starting at 50 to 1, and making all the running, won the Goodwood Cup from the two cracks, Favonius and Mortemer, beating the Derby winner by half a length, whilst he in turn was only a neck in front of Mortemer, who was

giving him 21 lb., an extraordinary performance for a six-year-old horse. I can only repeat that much which happens in racing is quite inexplicable. Botheration won the Chesterfield Cup with the 7 lb. penalty, Mornington finishing second, and Sterling, with the great weight of 9 st. 6 lb., third—beaten a length. When the jockeys returned to scale, Chaloner objected to the first on the ground of a cross, and rightly too; but, unfortunately for him, it was the second who caused the interference, and, although he was promptly disqualified, Sterling had to occupy the barren honour of second place; but it was a most meritorious and noteworthy performance.

On Friday Fordham came out of the paddock on the filly by Thunderbolt out of Francesca, who had previously won the Bognor Stakes, and was a good favourite for this race. Suddenly she tried to bolt, threw Fordham clean up in the air in front of the stand, then galloped off up the hill and away to her stables at Singleton, and of course was not caught for some time. Fordham was greatly mortified at the mishap, which gave rise to much mirth when everyone saw that he was not hurt by his tumble.

In brilliant weather, the first day at Brighton began, and Gourbi could only get third for the Bristol Plate. He was entered for the Brighton Cup, for which, of course, he had not a thousand to one chance, knowing, as I did, that Favonius and Manille were going to run, hence my astonishment when Baron Meyer came to me and said, 'Of course you are going to run Gourbi in the Cup to-morrow?' And on my replying, 'Oh, no; he couldn't have any chance,' the Baron hastily said, 'But you won't

scratch him?' This set me wondering, and on my telling Captain Machell, whom I always consulted, he laughed and said the conditions of the Cup were that five horses, the property of different owners, should start, or the Cup would not be given. We then determined to get back the 50*l.* we had to pay the Baron for the claim of Nudel, and eventually he had to give it us, and I started Gourbi in the Cup to complete the necessary number of runners.

I must now chronicle the most extraordinary race I ever saw, considering the weights, the age, and the respective merits of the performers. Two numbers went up for the Champagne Stakes of one mile, Vulcan and Sterling, ridden by Fordham and Chaloner, the old horse having to concede the young one 18 lb. All good judges of racing deemed it an impossibility. Eleven to four were the odds laid on Sterling, and I remember contenting myself with a fiver on Vulcan, simply because I liked the gallant old horse. I am certain Fordham thought he had no chance unless he stole a march on the enemy; but this he was always on the alert to do, with results which were often simply marvellous. Knowing what beautiful shoulders Vulcan had, when they reached the top of the hill Fordham dashed him down it at an alarming pace, getting many lengths away from his opponent, and, sending him along to the bitter end, he just reached the winning post a neck in front of Sterling, who naturally had made up an immense quantity of ground, but too late. How the ring cheered! Of course they would as they won a lot of money; but losers and winners alike must have been impressed with this magnificent piece of horsemanship, the

result of careful forethought, thorough knowledge of the animal and the course, and ability to carry out the scheme so cleverly devised. Favonius won the Brighton Cup in a canter, the Baron starting Corisande to make up the necessary runners, and the Committee gave the Cup—they ought to have done so for two runners of that class. Old Vulcan, none the worse for his Tuesday's effort, beat Chopette in the Sussex Cup on the T.Y.C., Fordham again pursuing the same cutting-down tactics.

After this I went abroad till Doncaster, where the speedy two-year-old Chopette led old Vulcan a merry dance, and beat him by two lengths in the Fitzwilliam Stakes. Cremorne won the Champagne Stakes cleverly, not easily, from Bethnal Green, and this race ought to have prevented us from laying odds the following day on the rheumatic Onslow, when Bethnal Green turned the tables on his Goodwood conqueror by a head at 3 lb. difference of weight in his favour. Sometimes 1 lb. will alter a race, and at others when, on all previous public running a horse has 10 lb. in hand, he will fail to run up to that form, and help to swell the field of glorious uncertainties in the annals of racing. Hannah won the Leger easily from Albert Victor, both of them much the superior of the rest of the field, which included the moderate Two Thousand winner, Bothwell. I never could understand why colts were called on to give fillies 5 lb. for sex in what is always termed 'the mares' month,' September; but the common sense of modern days has altered this, reducing the allowance to 3 lb., and it may be noted as an instance of the effect of weight that

in the days of the 5 lb. allowance mares won an exceptional proportion of St. Legers. Chopette scored in the same colours in the Bradgate Park Stakes, but the three-year-old Amor, a Stockwell horse, took the bottom out of our winnings by beating Dutch Skater single-handed in the Queen's Plate, the last race of the day, with 5 to 1 on the loser. The odds showed what, in the judgment of the vast majority of experts, ought to have taken place; but how often experts err!

Mr. Bowes's popular black cap and jacket were to the fore in the Doncaster Stakes; and the mention of his name puts me in mind of Fordham going to see a girl tried for poisoning people—I think it was called the Brighton poisoning case. Describing his experience afterwards to a friend, he said: 'Poor thing! I could see it was all up with her when the judge put Mr. Bowes's colours on.'

It was about the year 1871 that Mr. Bowes paid a visit to Newmarket. I am almost certain it was the first October meeting, when Fordham had showed his marvellous knowledge of the winning post by landing Nobleman a short head in front of King Cole, over the severe Ditch In Course, in the Triennial Produce Stakes. Mr. Bowes, the owner of Nobleman, that day for the first time made the acquaintance of Fordham, though the latter had ridden his horses for years. I believe neither knew the other by sight, and it was pleasant that Mr. Bowes should have such a specimen of his jockey's marvellous skill the first day he saw him ride. He expressed himself much gratified. But I must hark back to the First October meeting, where on the Tuesday Queen's Messenger

sported colours for the first time, and won the Buckenham Stakes for Lord Falmouth, who always seemed to win this race! Queen's Messenger was by Trumpeter out of the famous Queen Bertha, and was one of the gamest horses that ever looked through a bridle, which was astonishing, as he was a 'stargazer,' with a trick of always finishing with his head up in the air. Poor Tom French, whose lungs were in a delicate state, was Lord Falmouth's jockey at the time, and by his puffing and blowing after the race showed how much riding this honest horse took. He was not a success as a sire; but some years afterwards, Lord Falmouth took me over his paddocks and showed me the horse, then furnished and let down as a stallion, and I remember being particularly struck with the beauty of his small Arab-like head and tiny ears.

The Great Eastern Railway Handicap turned out an exciting race. Sterling, carrying the prohibitory weight for a three-year-old of 9 st. 6 lb., was nowhere, and an equally poor show was made by Allbrook, the sensational horse of this year's Cambridgeshire—of which more anon—who started first favourite; but this event was remarkable for the fact that it first brought Archer into notice, though not into a prominence that was at all agreeable to him. He was riding Lord Falmouth's Ortolan, 5 st. 10 lb., and was reported by the starter for misconduct at the post, no doubt trying to show that ability to jump off for which he was afterwards so famous, the result being, however, that he was suspended from riding for a fortnight. Corisande gave us the Cesarewitch tip (which I for one did not avail myself of) by

winning the Grand Duke Michael Stakes across the flat—always an interesting race.

The next day's racing is only marked in my memory by one small event, a selling race on the Rous Course. Two runners only went to the post, Badsworth, Fordham up, and Meleurge, ridden by Hunt. After the Cambridgeshire of this year, this was the most marvellous race I ever saw Fordham ride. The betting was even. Badsworth was a curious tempered horse, and Fordham jumping off with him never ceased to ride with whip and spur from start to finish. The old horse tried to swerve from left to right, and from right to left, but Fordham never gave him a moment's rest, changing his whip from one hand into the other twice during the race, and finally landed him the winner by a short head, to the ecstasy of his backers and all admirers. For Fordham to ride thus severely was the rarest of occurrences, as need hardly be said; but he knew the horse he was on, and the only way to deal with him. The next day there was a dead heat for the Triennial Produce Stakes between Madge Wildfire and Khedive, the latter of whom was sold two years after to Mr. Chaplin, at the sale of Lord Zetland's racehorses after his death, for 1,500 guineas. Mr. Chaplin would have bought King Lud, sold at the same time to Lord Lonsdale, the present peer's father, but Mr. Williamson ('Billy Williamson' as he was always known to his old friends in the north) a judge to whom everyone listened with respect, persuaded Mr. Chaplin to buy Khedive, as he believed at the time that he was the better horse of the two. This was hard lines on Mr. Chaplin, as whereas

Khedive hardly won a race, if, indeed, he ever did so, King Lud turned out an extraordinarily good horse, and lowered the colours of the great Boiard in the Alexandra Plate, besides winning the Cesarewitch and other important races. Admiral Rous won a match this day, and I made a foolish one with Countryman against Tibthorpe and lost it, and paid forfeit in another during the meeting. I was buying my experience in those days.

The Wednesday of the Second October was interesting from the fact that we were introduced to the winner of the Middle Park Plate in the shape of Prince Charlie, a magnificent horse, who must have won a great name among the great had he not turned roarer. His magnificent shape and carriage in the Birdcage, where he was walking round for some time prior to the hoisting of the numbers, were the objects of general and cordial admiration, but very few people backed him. Sent to the United States, I may remark here that he has become the sire of many famous horses, notably of Salvator, declared by many to be the best animal ever produced in the States. Salvator in September 1890 galloped a mile (with a flying start, however) in 1 min. 35½ secs., the best time ever made. To return to Newmarket, however, Prince Charlie won an exciting race by a head from Laburnum, that gay deceiver Helmet starting a hot favourite; but even Fordham could make nothing of him, and the inference is that nothing could have been made. At the Jockey Club meeting on the same day I had the honour of being elected a member of the Club. Looking back now at the list of the seventy-eight (not including honorary

members) who then composed the Club, it is sad to find that exactly half of them have joined the majority, among them many valued friends of mine. I was the youngest member of the Club at that date.

Backers made Cremorne a warm favourite for the Criterion, in the belief that Prince Charlie, who even thus early in his career was supposed to make a noise, would not stay the course; but the latter romped home, Nuneham dividing the pair. On the morrow was decided that memorable Cambridgeshire when Fordham on Sabinus snatched the race in the last stride. The night before the race he and some convivial companions were assembled together not far from the White Hart Hotel, and he took a bet of a thousand to thirty about his mount; but he retained no clear recollection next morning of what had happened the night before, and could not remember the name of the bookmaker who had laid him the wager. He was made a member of Tattersall's expressly in order that he might recover it, and I think he did so from Mr. Charles Head. A remarkably good field contested the race, Favonius the Derby winner, and the French horse Henry, who had won all his races this year, being favourites, though curiously enough neither showed prominently at the finish. Allbrook, who was greatly fancied by his friends, served by his light weight, made the running to such good purpose that he was leading a good four lengths at the red post, when it appeared impossible for Sterling, who was lying second, to catch him, and out of the question for Sabinus, who was at the head of the remainder on the sheep-track near the rails, with Fordham sitting crouched like a

monkey on the horse's neck. 'My horse wins! Allbrook wins!' excitedly screamed out Lord Alington, galloping madly along the rails by the side of the leader, his covert coat open and flying in the air. 'Allbrook wins!' he shouted. 'I stand to win twenty thousand pounds on that horse, and I wouldn't take nineteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds for it!'

Alas! hope told a flattering tale! Another few strides and the extreme pressure his jockey had put on him from the start began to tell; Allbrook rapidly compounded, and fell back to Sterling, on whom Chaloner was hard at work, but who was running gamely on. Hardly were the words 'Sterling wins!' out of the mouths of his backers, when a perfect yell went up from the Ring as Fordham, who had scarcely been noticed, so close on the rails was he, riding with desperate determination, his whip in his left hand, got up to the other two, who were locked together, and, after as exciting a struggle as ever was seen, won a short head on the post, Sterling and Allbrook finishing a dead heat. Poor little Jarvis (he is a big fellow now) was much blamed for riding Allbrook down, and no doubt was thoroughly disgusted himself, as after the race he said to a friend, 'No more of this infernal Newmarket for me; I'm off to Bromley and the postesses.' (He had had a nasty fall at Bromley, and been thrown against a post some few weeks before; but he preferred that to the censure he received at head-quarters.)

I forgot to say that before the race I was on my hack at the Birdcage, and rode with Fordham part of the way to the starting-post, and he then told me

that the old gelding was so well he thought he should just win. I galloped back to the Ring and took a thousand to thirty four times about the horse, after which, meeting a lady in the stand who had backed about twenty horses in the race, Sabinus not being one of them, I persuaded her to stand five hundred to fifteen with me, which just saved her on the race. I also parted with the same bet to a gentleman who was well on Allbrook. Thus ends an inadequate description of a race I have many a time seen in my mind's eye since.

Queen's Messenger had to put his best foot first to get rid of the attentions of Eole II. and Fordham in the All Aged Stakes. Sterling got back some of the Cambridgeshire losses by winning the Free Handicap in a canter from Shannon. (I wish we had a few such certainties at the present time with only 6 to 4 on instead of 3 to 1 on, as it would be now.) Modena won the first of the four Nurseries she was destined to take, and this was a well-planned coup of Wadlow's stable. She could have won the race with 2 st. more on her back. On Friday we were treated to the unusual sight of two horses running a dead heat twice over; this occurred between Joseph Dawson's Marquis of Lorne and Captain Machell's Curtius, ridden respectively by Tom French and E. Martin. Joe Dawson was much disinclined to run off a third time, but Captain Machell wished it, and although it was nearly dark we all went down to the T.Y.C. post to see the third and final struggle, which was won by French by a neck. I remember it was very difficult to distinguish the horses, as both were brown and both jackets white, one cap being

red and the other blue. These severe finishes did both horses harm: with the exception of a Maiden Plate at Warwick, which Curtius won, neither took another race. Horses, especially two-year-olds, will not stand these terribly severe tests.

This was the first time of the Great Shropshire Handicap, which developed into a good betting race, and was a great success in this and after years. It was won by Cleveland, who beat Gertrude a head. Mr. John Frail was much elated by the success of the race, and I remember his satisfaction at the circumstance that two such sportsmen as General Peel and Lord Falmouth should run first and second. Mr. Frail was a very agreeable entertaining companion, and full of anecdotes. He told me that once he went down to Liverpool with three thousand pounds in notes for electioneering purposes (what sort of purposes we had better not inquire), and that he occupied a double-bedded room in the hotel with Palmer, the notorious poisoner, then a friend of his. When he woke in the morning, he found that Palmer, always an early riser, was already dressed and had gone out.

As he was finishing his own toilet Palmer came into the room, just as Mr. Frail was putting his hand under his pillow to take out the waistcoat that contained the money. 'What have you got there, John?' Palmer asked.

'I hope to find three thousand pounds in notes,' was Mr. Frail's reply in his peculiar measured tones. 'Good Heavens!' said Palmer, 'why didn't you tell me so last night?' The remark came back to Mr. Frail's mind, with unpleasant significance, when he

afterwards found that his friend was a wholesale murderer. Mr. George Payne, too, told me that he saw Cook the morning after he had won the Shrewsbury Cup, and, knowing him, congratulated him on his victory. Cook replied, 'Oh, Mr. Payne, don't wish me joy, I am so ill and have had such a fearful night; I am going away now with Palmer; there he stands,' and on looking round Mr. Payne says he saw Palmer 'standing with his hands behind him intently regarding them.' It was proved afterwards at the trial that the night before this conversation took place, the landlady of the Raven Hotel saw Palmer holding a tumbler under the gaslight in the passage and stirring something up in it with a spoon. This was supposed to be the first dose of antimony he gave Cook. 'What are you mixing, Mr. Palmer?' the landlady asked. 'What am I mixing?' he replied (he had extraordinary command over his looks, as Cook's uncle testified when travelling with him from Rugby to Rugeley to ascertain if Cook had met with his death by foul play), 'why, some whisky and water and sugar.' What a scene for a drama, these three men standing on the Shrewsbury racecourse, Cook the intended victim, the poisoner who meant to finish him off that night (Palmer administered strychnine pills to Cook that evening at Rugeley, and then sat up in his own house opposite the inn to await the result, and when he was summoned, made the foolish remark that told so against him at the trial, 'I never dressed so quickly in all my life'; for he could not possibly have got half his clothes on in the time), and Mr. Payne, little knowing what a fearful tragedy was being secretly devised. In racing circles it was firmly

believed that Mr. Padwick would have been Palmer's next victim. William Saunders, of Hednesford, who was my trainer in 1872, told me he knew Palmer well—in fact his horse, the Chicken, was trained at Hednesford—and that he believes one day Palmer put something in the tea as a test; at any rate he and one or two friends were very ill after drinking it.

But to return to the racing at Shrewsbury. On the last day Mr. Sydney Jacobs was badly treated by his jockey. He ran two horses, Bluebeard and Queen of the Chase, in the Wrekin Nursery, and declared to win with Bluebeard, who started second favourite to Niochi. In spite of the declaration, and the fact that Bluebeard had taken the measure of Niochi and was winning easily, Loates on Queen of the Chase challenged Bluebeard and beat him a neck. The case was reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who ought to have dealt more severely with Loates than they did. Rather an amusing incident occurred during this year at Newmarket. Mr. H. V. Wilkinson, familiarly known in his day as 'Peter,' entrusted Mr. Charles Hambro with three commissions, viz. twenty-five pounds on a horse in the first race, if he won the winnings on another in the next race, and if that won, so much on a certain animal in a third. 'Peter' was of course riding a hack, as everyone did in those days, and saw with delight the three animals he had backed win their races—I think two of them carried the popular tricolor of M. Lefevre. He then thought it time to find his commissioner, whom he had not seen during the

afternoon. As he made his way towards the Bird-cage he heard someone had been kicked in the stomach by Typhoeus, Prince Batthyany's old horse, when walking round the enclosure. Going into the weighing-room, to his horror he saw Mr. C. Hambro bent double, holding his stomach with both hands and groaning. Rushing up to him, 'Peter' anxiously asked without thinking of the sufferings he must be enduring 'Was it before so and so's race?' naming the first of the three winners he so fondly thought he had backed, and on poor Mr. Hambro groaning out '*Yes*,' Peter's language was wonderful to listen to!

After the finish of this season I thought I should like to train at Hednesford, which was within easy reach of my home. Another reason I had for wishing to do this was that I felt if I continued to train in the stable presided over by Captain Machell, although I should always have the benefit of his advice and management, I could never be my own master without interfering with him if we did not agree; accordingly all my horses left Bedford House for Saunders's stables, except Vanderdecken, for my half of whom Captain Machell gave me 1,250*l.*, and Chandos, a yearling I had bought at Doncaster for 600 guineas, whom I sold to the Captain for 800. I shall always feel that Captain Machell did his best for me, entering my horses and advising me as if they were his own, and I am quite sure no one on the Turf has ever run his horses in a more straightforward manner than Captain Machell always has done; indeed, it would be impossible to follow a more honourable policy.

1872

THE year 1872, therefore, saw me the sole manager of my horses, and it began well, as the first animal I ran, Knutsford, whom I had bought for 160 guineas at Shrewsbury the year before, won a little handicap in a canter at Liverpool Spring, this being, I think, the first time that superb horseman, T. Cannon, ever rode for me; but with the same horse we had to play second fiddle the next day to Disturbance, sold after the race to Captain Machell by Mr. Barber with the emphatic remark, 'He'll win the National for you some day, Captain!' Many of my readers will recall to mind Mr. James Barber's black swallow-tail coat, open waistcoat, and brown travelling rug, with a hole cut in the middle of it for his head to go through, worn, in fact, as a cape. For many years he was partner with Mr. Saxon, 'who knew how many beans make five,' as the saying goes, and never got the worst of any transactions with his friend. One of the latter's favourite sayings was: 'If a man does James Barber the first time, I says Shame on that man; but if a man does James Barber the second time, I says Shame on James Barber.' This reminds me of a story of the late Mr. Fred Swindell, when a friend came to him for advice and asked him what he ought to do, as a man had paid him twice over 100*l.* for some bet. '*Do*, lad?' replied the 'Napoleon of the

turf,' 'Look hard at him next time thee meets him, and perhaps he'll pay thee a third time.' This is quite on a par with his ideas of what people ought to be in sharpness of intellect, as when he heard that some man who could ill afford it had been robbed of his watch he said, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, 'I 'ates people as loses their watches. Give me the man as can pinch one when times is bad.'

Talking of Mr. Fred Swindell, one day he was very ill, and Mr. George Payne met a great friend of his, Mr. Armstrong, in London, stopped him and asked after the sufferer. 'He's very queer, Mr. Payne, very queer,' was the grave reply. 'You don't mean to say he thinks he is going to die, do you?' asked Mr. Payne. 'Well, Mr. Payne, it isn't quite that; what he is afraid of is that if he does, he *might not be asked up into the drawing-room.*'

At Northampton that charmingly compact French horse, Hamlet, won the Spencer Plate for 'Mr. Dudley,' the assumed name of Colonel Carleton, now Lord Dorchester. This was, I believe, the first time his colours, blue and white stripes, were carried to victory, but Jock of Oran, also a three-year-old, was giving him 19 lb.

At Lichfield Spring I rode one of my own horses and finished second, and afterwards won a match; but it was more for the fun of the thing than with any idea of riding races, as I could only do 11 st. 1 lb. in a three-pound saddle, and very uncomfortable I found both rides. In the Craven week Eole II., a great favourite of mine, beat Albert Victor very easily for the Claret Stake, run over the severe Ditch In Course, and on the last day of the meeting

we had great chaff with the Admiral because he had by mistake handicapped the French horse Scylla a stone too lightly in a small handicap. With odds of 5 to 4 on him he beat ten runners by five lengths. By the way, this race and the Queen's Plate in those days were run on the July Course, and a regular stampede of horses and carriages used to take place on the Friday of the Craven week to see these two events contested on the other side of the Ditch.

At Epsom Spring, Digby Grand won the City and Suburban, ridden by F. Webb, a very fine horseman, but whose increasing weight the last few years has prevented him riding as much as one would wish to see. I was fortunate enough to back the winner, and the next day with the extra weight Fordham rode him in the Prince of Wales' Stakes. Now Digby Grand was a horse of very uncertain temper, and his owner believed that stimulant before a race was good for him. Fordham was adjusting his saddle preparatory to mounting, when he observed Henry Woolcott, his trainer, with a black bottle in his hand. 'What's that, Harry?' he asked. 'A bottle of old port Mr. Graham has sent to give Digby,' Woolcott replied. 'Let's have a look at it,' said Fordham, and holding out his hand for the bottle he meditatively took a long pull at its contents. Silently he handed the bottle to Woolcott, who followed his example, and then Fordham regained possession of it, observing, 'I don't believe it would do him any good!' saying which he raised it again to his lips and tilted it considerably before he put it down. 'I believe it's generally bad for them!' rejoined Woolcott, who very nearly emptied it, and

Fordham, looking to see if any was left, found that there was a little and quietly finished that. Digby Grand looked on, and it is impossible to guess what he would have said if he could have spoken. However, the horse won his race, Fordham lying off on him and bringing him up at the Bell. Except one handicap, also at Epsom, this was the last race he won during the year, though he ran ten times more, and the fact is a striking instance of the partiality which some horses display for certain courses.

At the first Spring Meeting I beat Admiral Rous in a match, the betting being 6 to 4 on the loser, which was of course a very pleasing occurrence for me. The next day Prince Charlie, starting at 2 to 1 for the Two Thousand, beat Cremorne a neck, Queen's Messenger being a bad third. It must have been a relief to Joseph Dawson when this race was over, as at times—notably at Northampton—the horse had gone very badly in the betting. It was by the advice of Mr. Whittaker, who had done the stable commission, that J. Osborne was engaged to ride. There was one man who looked on at that race who knew that Prince Charlie would have been disqualified if he had chosen to open his mouth to say what he knew, and that man was Tom Jennings, senior. Eastern Princess, Prince Charlie's dam, had been sent abroad on a visit to Monarque; whilst in France Prince Charlie was born, and his certificate had never been lodged as the Rules of Racing demanded that it should be. It was not till the Houghton Meeting that Jennings sent to Joe Dawson to say he should object to Prince Charlie's running in the All Aged Stakes on the following day, and when, to Dawson's

great astonishment, he explained why, there was obviously no more to be said. Of course poor Mr. Savile was rather annoyed that he had not been told to object after the Two Thousand, as Cremorne must have got the race; but probably Jennings thought it was no business of his to interfere—there was no fraud, and he did not want to make enemies. I myself could have disqualified two horses last year—1889—but thought it was unnecessary to do so. One of them was the property of a lady to whom I have not spoken for several years.

On Friday I won another match with Faliero, a French-bred horse, a brother to Fantassin, who was successful in the match against the Admiral. This time I beat Colonel Mountjoy Martyn's colt by Glenmasson out of Bellona. Five to two was laid on the latter, and I owed my victory in a great measure to Tom French's splendid riding. Reine, the subsequent winner of the Oaks, started at an outside price and won the One Thousand, and M. Lefevre named his infant daughter after her.

At Epsom we were introduced to the flying Cantinière, who won the Woodcote in a canter for the popular Lord Ailesbury, and was never beaten during the year, though she 'let you know when she was coming'—a slang expression amongst racing men to explain that an animal is a roarer. Lord Falmouth bought her for a large sum at Lord Ailesbury's death, to the astonishment of supposed good judges of breeding, whose primary belief was, that of all possible mistakes a man could commit the worst was to breed from an animal that 'made a noise.' Cantinière was, however, the dam of Forager, and of

Bal Gal, who was a smart mare and fetched a large sum at Lord Falmouth's sale, though she has been of little use at the stud.

On the night before the Derby Lord Wilton entertained many of us members of the Jockey Club at dinner at his house in Grosvenor Square, and, as usual at this sort of gatherings after dinner, there were attempts at matchmaking. One of particular interest and importance was arranged, Colonel Forrester, on Lord Wilton's behalf, matching Wenlock, who had been well backed for the Derby, to be decided on the morrow, against Baron Rothschild's Favonius, to run over the last mile and a half of the Beacon Course in the Houghton week for 300 sovs., half forfeit—Favonius to carry 8 st. 10 lb. and Wenlock 7 st. 2 lb. Unfortunately Wenlock went amiss after winning the Leger, and had to pay forfeit. He ran badly in the Derby.

Cremorne avenged the Two Thousand defeat, winning, however, only by a head from the well-backed outsider, Pell Mell. I saw the race from Lord Anglesey's stand, and though Maidment did not appear hard at work on Cremorne, I was not quite certain which had won. Meeting Mr. Savile, and warmly congratulating him just after the excitement was over, he told me he had won scarcely anything on the race; and on my remarking what a near thing it was, he said, 'Oh no, Maidment says he won in a canter,' which proved to me he could never have seen Pell Mell till on the post, as they were on opposite sides of the course, Cremorne being farthest away from the judge, whilst Pell Mell was right under his box. The Stanley Stakes was the next race, and Mr. Merry

asked me to put him a lot of money on Marie Stuart —her first appearance in public. I was enabled to get on at a good price, but she was beaten a neck by Acropolis, who gave her 5 lb.—form that was maintained in the Acorn Stakes the last day—so she could not have been at her best this week. Reine beat a wretched lot in the Oaks, Roedeer and Balquiddar brought off two plunges in the same interest in the principal selling races, and T. Cannon nursed Acropolis' speed sufficiently to make a dead heat of it with Blue Light in the Acorn Stakes, winning the decider by a neck.

The first day at Ascot was very wet, and Fordham on Digby Grand nearly did Jewitt on Bertram in the Queen's Stand Plate, as he got on the path made by people walking up the course on the Stand side, which was of course firmer going. Fordham was always on the look-out for this apparently trifling advantage, the value of which, however, he well understood.

Hannah only managed to beat Ripponden by a head, in receipt of 5 lb., too, for the Triennial, and Baron Rothschild, carefully observing the race, and knowing how good his mare was, showed sound judgment in at once backing Mr. Savile's horse (Ripponden) for the Hunt Cup, which he won on the following day, the favourite for the race, Theodoros, again hailing from William Day's stable. He was 'thrown in' by the Admiral, because he himself had made a present of the horse to Mr. Sturt, as the latter had given him one to make matches with the year before, and said it was impossible so bad an animal could win. The horse was nowhere.

It is a curious fact that though Pell Mell was only beaten a head by Cremorne in the Derby, the former was destined never to win a race, and had to knock under to Khedive in spite of receiving seven pounds, and the explanation must have been that there was now a 'screw loose' with him, as he had beaten Queen's Messenger several lengths in the Derby, and the latter was seven pounds better than Khedive on the Tuesday here. At Stockbridge I stayed with my brother-in-law, Lord Anglesey, at two charming little fishing cottages he had, called Kimbridge and Aubridge, and a delightful party we had divided between the two houses. In the morning you could see the trout in the river from your bedroom window, and hard by in the mill hole under the arch lay a mighty big one, that came from his lair with a swirl of his tail if you threw a piece of bread near him. It was lovely weather, and a drive of some ten miles in the most comfortable break with a high-padded back used to bring us to Danebury an hour or two before the first race, to be welcomed by John Day, who always pressed his hospitality on every one. At this meeting, on the last day, Lord Anglesey sold his horses, and Sir F. Johnstone bought Somerset, to win the July Stakes with him a week after. I bought a pretty little mare, Merry Agnes, and for 800 guineas the two-year-old, Coronet, that won the Troy Stakes, with Fordham up, that very day. After Somerset had won the July, Sir Frederick sold him to Lord Lonsdale at a profit, and a good get-out for him it was, as the horse was infirm afterwards, and only won one other race.

Baron Rothschild was much annoyed at Mr. T. E.

Walker claiming his two-year-old, Faraday, in the July week after he had beaten Jock of Oran, and insisted on being paid on the spot. This unusual demand was promptly complied with by Mr. Walker, who procured a bank note for 1,000*l.* from Steel, the bookmaker, and the horse had his name changed to Bank Note by his new owner; but the Baron had the best of the deal, as Bank Note turned out very badly afterwards, and was a rogue into the bargain.

On the same day a curious fact occurred in connection with the Town Plate, walked over for by Mr. Padwick's Liverpool, as the Perram donation, value 10*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*, had not been claimed this year as a marriage portion, so it was paid to the winner of this plate, a very rare occurrence. The great Thunder, then little thought of, was beaten a head for a Maiden Plate at this meeting, starting priceless, too, in the betting. At Liverpool, Indian Ocean beat Albert Victor by half a length; but the latter was giving 20 lb., and struggled gallantly from the distance, where I thought he was well beaten, and said so to Mr. Cartwright, standing near me in the box, to which he replied, 'Thank you, Sir George, I can see for myself Albert wins in a canter,' to our great amusement. The last race of the meeting was won by Mr. 'Peter' Wilkinson, on old Surgeon. He had put all the ready money he could muster on his mount, displayed a laudable anxiety to get well off at the start, which he did, and made the best of his way home, grinning and laughing, with the old horse's tail going like a windmill. The next week, at Sutton Park, Wilkinson rode a really fine race on Chartreuse, having to do all he knew to win a short head, to the

delight of Captain Towneley, who had backed the mare for as much as he could afford.

At Goodwood Oxonian won the Stewards' Cup by five lengths, almost unbacked by his stable, and to the chagrin of Mr. Gerard Sturt, to whom the Admiral had shown the weights before they were published, and who had induced the famous handicapper to take 2 lb. off the horse, as he originally had 9 st. on him.

King of the Forest was patched up to win the Bentinck Memorial Stakes three years in succession, thus becoming entitled to the ten per cent. deductions, amounting to over seven hundred pounds; and although he easily beat his solitary opponent, the French mare La Tourques, he pulled up very groggy after completing the long course, and this was his last appearance on a racecourse. Favonius proved at his best when he gave 7 lb. and a ten lengths' beating to Albert Victor, his old Biennial opponent, in the Goodwood Cup; but Prince Charlie could only get third in the Chesterfield Cup; and Winslow, a beautiful Lord Clifden horse, won the Corinthian Plate by a head, Fordham having more up his sleeve than he cared to show us, so that a spectator who calculated public form on published results would have been far astray in his careful attempts to estimate the value of this race. 'The Book,' by which familiar title racing men know the Calendar, may prove either a perfect guide or an equally perfect will-o'-the-wisp.

The Eccentric Handicap at Lewes first revealed to Mr. Savile what a stayer he possessed in Lilian, who won anyhow, poor little Knutsford trying to concede

her 20 lb., when she could have beaten him at even weights. This was an interesting experiment, the idea of the promoter, well carried out by the conditions of the race, being to find stayers amongst horses that were reported to be sprinters only, and the result was to bring Lilian's capacity to light. She won many races, but had been rather a disappointment so far at the stud. Her best son, Savile, by Hampton, flattered to deceive on more than one occasion in England, and was then exported to the Cape, where he has failed to do anything noteworthy.

At Doncaster, Wenlock at length showed there was good reason for backing him for the Derby, as he won the Leger in a canter by five lengths, Prince Charlie, though it was out of his course, defeating the improving Vanderdecken by a length and half for second place. But for the Prince's infirmity of wind there is every reason to suppose that he must have won. At the first October meeting Gang Forward, beaten a head at Doncaster by Fontarabian, just squeaked home in the Triennial Produce Stakes—a race I have every reason to remember, as whilst standing with a crowd admiring the winner outside the weighing-room after the race, he lashed out and actually touched me. A bare inch nearer and my leg must have been broken. I have been pretty careful since under the same circumstances. Andred, a charming dark chestnut horse by Blair Athol, that ought to have been a better animal than he was, won another Buckenham Stakes for Lord Falmouth; and then Flageolet, one of the best horses M. Lefevre ever owned, made his first appearance in public in the

Hopeful Stakes, run on the last half of the Abingdon Mile, a bad course for such a big striding horse, and Fordham had to do all he knew to get up and win a short head from the German mare Amalie von Edelreich, who fairly bustled the favourite from start to finish, being better served by the easy course.

The Cesarewitch was notable for the fact that Archer, on Salvanos, won his first great handicap—the first of who can say how many? The owner was Mr. Radcliffe, a pleasant, cheery, easy-going man, whose fallen fortunes were for a time retrieved by this race, for he had gambled freely and lost heavily; but the result made him only more reckless. The career of this good fellow would be an instructive warning to the young men of speculative tendencies. Once carelessly losing hundreds or thousands by the short head defeat of a favourite who, perhaps, did not quite get off or changed his leg in the last few strides, Mr. Radcliffe finally worked desperately hard to earn an occasional guinea by his pen, for though he had not much aptitude for writing, he knew his subjects, and a few editors who were acquainted with his story did their best for him.

The Middle Park Plate was noticeable for the first defeat sustained by the flying Cantinière, who started favourite, that honest little horse Kaiser running a dead heat with Surinam; Montargis, who afterwards took so much money out of England to France when he won the Cambridgeshire, starting the outsider of the lot, and being beaten only half a length. Lilian, now running long distances, won the Newmarket Oaks by ten lengths from the favourite,

Louise Victoria, and (another example of the deceptive nature of public form) the Middle Park Plate running was sadly upset by Flageolet beating Surinam three lengths in the Prendergast Stakes at only 4 lb. difference in his favour, though he himself was beaten a head in a desperate race by Andred. This was a superb finish between Tom French and Fordham; and here again it will be seen how public form may apparently be proved incorrect even when jockeys are riding who may be trusted to do justice to their horses.

I have already related why Prince Charlie did not run for the All Aged Stakes at this meeting, won by old Vulcan—his last appearance on a racecourse. Coronet, my Stockbridge purchase, ran infamously, to my great surprise—but probabilities, as well as certainties, are constantly being upset—in the Troy Stakes, which was won by Tintern, owned by a man generally known as 'the Lurcher.' Being superlatively ignorant of racing and horses, he did not remain long on the Turf, and his estimate of his capacity having been ludicrously disproportionate to his capital, he hastily retired, owing many of us money. The amusing part of the story is that this eccentric personage, having failed on the Turf in a most abject manner, is believed to have obtained the position of sporting critic to a well-known weekly paper, in the columns of which he freely launches at men who hold their own year after year the most opprobrious terms in his singularly limited vocabulary; and so week after week those of whose proceedings he disapproves are stigmatised as 'muddy-minded,' 'anserous,' or 'mem-

bers of the gullish herd.' If he be the writer, people who have seen his sporting prophecies will readily understand that he was not likely to last long as a backer of horses.

Bertram, a good fair horse, though not of the stamp of Robert the Devil, his son, won the Free Handicap, in which the Cambridgeshire winner bolted to our disgust—another way in which the backer may unexpectedly be brought to grief. A horse, we hear, 'cannot be beaten' if he only gets off and runs straight; but then he does neither!

It was at this meeting, I believe, that the whole of the horses in training, the property of Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Gerard Sturt (now Lord Alington), were sold by auction, a rupture having taken place between them and their trainer, William Day, which report says had something to do with Nonius, an animal they had bought for 1,500*l.* from Mr. T. Parr. He was made favourite for the Cesarewitch and backed by them, till one day they discovered he was either lame or worthless. Mr. Sturt is credited with having had the double-event bet of 10,000*l.* to 10*l.* about Nonius for the long race and his other animal Kimbridge, who started third favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and was afterwards purchased at their sale by Mr. Henry Chaplin, whose colours he carried in the Liverpool Autumn Cup, in which race he fell and broke his back.

At Shrewsbury I remember Lady Atholstone winning a couple of handicaps in good style, which caused me to buy her early in the spring of the following year; and old Countryman, ably steered by Mr. 'Peter' Crawshaw, won the Wynnstay

Welter, after which it occurred to me to try a little racing abroad, and I sent him and Faliero out to Egypt under the charge of Mr. H. Manser, poor Tom French, whose lungs were affected and who was ordered abroad, agreeing to go with them and ride the two horses in their races at Cairo. They were both entered for the Khedive's Grand Prize, but unfortunately Countryman went amiss before the races. Some people say he was poisoned. Manser denied this to me afterwards, and said he was nearly choked from balling the litter in his box (the horse was a weaver) and swallowing it; anyhow, he was too unwell to run, so French rode Faliero. The horse ran very well in the big race, and an hour afterwards came out and won the hurdle race from sixteen opponents by four lengths, this being the only hurdle race French ever rode in, and very amusing his description of it was. The hurdles, he said, were made of cane, very high, not bound at the top, and they stung him up all round as Faliero swished through them—he was an extraordinary quick jumper. Both horses got home safely, but I regretted having sent them, though the trip did not cost me more than 300*l*., the race Faliero won being worth 200*l*.

Reverting back to Shrewsbury, some very smart horses competed for the Shobdon Cup, which was won by the two-year-old, Thorn, beating Hamlet a head; Jeffery, who rode the latter, objected to the winner on the ground of a cannon, and T. Cannon objected to both the first two on the ground of a cross. Colonel Carleton had to go to London before the objection was gone into, and deputed me to act

for him and state his case; the result of the investigation being that the Stewards gave Hamlet the race. I fear Mr. Batt, the owner of Thorn, regarded me with no very friendly eye for some time, but I was bound to act as I did in the interest of Hamlet's owner.

1873

In 1873 we were a large party assembled at Blankney; Mr. Chaplin as usual entertaining us for the Lincoln Spring. The sport was of less interest there than it is now, as two-year-old racing was not allowed so early. After the first day's sport we all went to inspect Ryshworth, whom Mr. Chaplin had purchased from Mr. Savile, and put to jumping, and had backed him to win a good stake for the Grand National that very week (Peech returning him 19,800*l.* to 1,000*l.*, the result of his commission). He was home-trained, and Boxall, senior, the stud groom in whose care he was, appeared very proud of him.

Very pleasant were these race parties at Blankney, as an onlooker would have thought if he had seen us all assembled at dinner in the great banqueting hall (where up above in a gallery is hung the life-sized portrait of Hermit, painted by Nightingale, who was one of the very few good painters of a horse I ever saw. He would have earned a great name if he had shown more application in his work. I have a very interesting picture of Countryman done by him, with a view of the old stand at Newmarket and the race-course as it was then), and seen the way the rare old Cabinet Steinberg was passed round and drunk by all of us, including the old Admiral, who after a glass or

two one evening broke out into melody and sang 'The Rhine, the Rhine, the jovial Rhine,' to our great amusement. After the races were over, special trains used to take us on to Liverpool, where for some years I stayed at the Adelphi Hotel with nearly always the same party, the Earl of Westmorland, Colonel Knox, Captain B. Coventry, Mr. Reginald Herbert, H. Crawshaw, Sir W. Milner, Lord Dupplin, Lord Maidstone, and Lord Anglesey.

It is curious to note how gentlemen of the greatest experience and knowledge of turf affairs are often ready to listen to the rubbish talked by needy touts, who have not a shilling to bless themselves with, but profess a knowledge which gentlemen must know they cannot have. Mr. Payne was on this occasion vastly impressed by the communication of a tout who approached him directly he arrived on the course from Croxteth, where Lord Sefton always entertained a party twice a year, his string of carriages, with their well-matched stepping horses, being, as indeed they still are, the admiration of all Liverpool race-goers. This tout implored Mr. Payne to back Ryshworth, saying with great solemnity, 'Mr. Payne, I came along of Boxall in the train this morning, and he vows by his Maker he can't be beat.' Mr. Payne, who would listen to every tout he met, rushed off to back him, and the tip proved better than most—but not good enough. Ryshworth ran remarkably well, but being ridden by young Boxall—who, although an admirable horseman, wanted practice, and did not know the course thoroughly—he went much further than any animal in the race (Tom Pickernell, otherwise Mr. Thomas, said a mile further at least),

and could only get second to Disturbance, on whom Mr. Richardson rode a very fine race, winning his first Liverpool. The fact was that Ryshworth was a coward, and Mr. Richardson, knowing this, got alongside of him in the run home and frightened him out of the race.

At Northampton, just before the Spencer Plate, I gave Henry Woolcott 1,000*l.* for Lady Atholstone, but at first she was a very unlucky buy for me and I lost a lot of money on her. The race was won by Colonel Carleton with The Colonel, thus repeating the victory of Hamlet in the same ownership the year before, and, oddly enough, he ran a dead heat with Reverberation in 1874, but, being beaten in the run off, just missed carrying off the race three years in succession. Luck does cling to owners on the same courses in a remarkable way. For instance, in 1880 and 1881 at Northampton, the very place I am writing about, I won the Althorp Park Stakes two years in succession, and in 1881 and 1882 I won the Spencer Plate with Œnone and Althotas.

At the Craven week again did the Biennial furnish a surprise in Negro beating Andred two lengths, as a fortnight afterwards, over the same distance, ridden by the same jockeys, carrying the same weights, Andred beat Fontarabian two lengths, Negro finishing a bad third—the varying nature of public form being thus again illustrated. I remember there was no excuse for either horse, and it was simply a slap in the face for those who kept handicap books and religiously believed in them. By the way, many racegoers of the present time swear by all that is past and deride the present. On the Friday of this meeting,

however, there were just four races. M. Lefevre won a handicap, and walked over for three other races. Lilian won the Queen's Plate; Lord Falmouth's Cecilia walked over for a small sweepstakes; and Mr. George Kruckenberg won two selling races with Mannington and Vesuvius, ridden respectively by Archer and Fordham. He had owned and run horses for many years before this, and had won the Queen's Vase, so that there was no great point or knowledge of racing in the question put to him by a learned counsel in a recent trial at law: 'When, may I ask, did you blossom out into an owner of racehorses?' At Epsom most people thought Cremorne was unlucky in being beaten three-quarters of a length by Mornington, but here once again—and readers have doubtless already perceived how often the lesson is taught—the uncertainty of the turf is demonstrated; for if Maidment on Cremorne had let him stride along, the chances are that the Derby winner would have won. Nevertheless, Mornington was a better horse than was generally supposed, and the following day beat Dutch Skater in a canter for the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Tom Cannon rode the winner, and on returning to weigh in was informed by telegram of the birth of a son, whom he afterwards had christened Mornington, and who is now doing excellent service in his father's profession.

For the second year in succession Mr. Savile had to put up with second place in the Two Thousand, when Gang Forward beat Kaiser a short head; but three better horses finished behind them, Boiard, Doncaster, and Flageolet, and why Doncaster started at 50 to 1 for the Derby I have never been able to

understand, as he was backward when he ran for this race, and I well remember hearing Tom Cannon at the door of the old weighing-room telling Mr. Merry that the horse ran very well with him. On Thursday Knutsford beat Houghton a head in a Plate, winner to be sold for 3,000*l.*, which shows how easy it was in those days to win races with very moderate horses. The One Thousand was won by Lord Falmouth with a rank outsider, Cecilia, the favourite; Marie Stuart, ridden by Tom Cannon, only managing to get fourth —no doubt she was dead amiss that day, but the fact was not made evident till she had shown her incapacity to gallop.

At Chester there occurred an incident which gave rise to much argument and some ill-feeling. After Niochi had won the Marquis of Westminster's Plate, beating a hot favourite in Fisherman, Mr. Johnstone, his part-owner, objected to the winner on the grounds of her being entered in the wrong age. The objection was well founded; but on Messrs. Topham explaining to Mr. Johnstone that the fault lay entirely with them, as they took upon themselves to fill up my nomination, and entered the mare incorrectly, he had the generosity to withdraw the objection, which would certainly have been fatal. Not many owners would have done the same thing, and his behaviour was most sportsmanlike, but backers of the second may perhaps be excused for having argued that rules were rules, and that according to the letter of the law they had won. To show how horses sometimes improve with time, on the Tuesday of the second Spring meeting, the great Thunder only contrived to get home a head from the speedy Tangible, and with

the bottom weight on too, receiving a stone from the second. A nice chance the rest of the field had with these flyers! though it is fair on the Admiral to say that Thunder's only appearance that year as yet had been in a 'selling race, winner to be sold for 500 sovs.,' his solitary opponent, Contraband, who was set to give him two stone, breaking down in the race, whilst Tangible had run three times without winning.

At Epsom the heavy topped Marsworth won the Woodcote for Baron Rothschild by a head from Kidbrooke, a great loosely-made young Melbourne horse, trained in H. Woolcott's stable, and afterwards my property. Neither horse was suited to the course, and the winner's next and last appearance in public here was when he ran a dead heat with Couronne de Fer in the Middle Park Plate. He was afterwards sold to go to Germany. F. Webb won the Derby for Mr. Merry on Doncaster, by a length and a half from those marvellously consistent runners and often opponents, Gang Forward and Kaiser, and as they passed under my brother-in-law's stand, from which I saw the race, I recollected too late the words of Cannon to the owner after the Guineas were run. In this race Montargis, a future Cambridgeshire winner, was ridden by Carratt, described by some as the 'Fordham of France,' but here termed 'the vegetable jockey.'

Dutch Skater won his last race when he defeated Lilian by a neck, after a good fight for the Queen's Plate; and Marie Stuart wiped out her One Thousand defeat by winning the Oaks easily, in the hands of Tom Cannon, this day being very noteworthy or

another brace of dead heats in a selling race, between Arcesilaus, a huge three-year-old chestnut horse by Lacydes, and Cranbourne, a compactly made bay. They were ridden respectively by Goater and French, and it will be remembered by many readers that the latter was on the back of the double dead-heater, Marquis of Lorne; but whereas the Marquis was favourite in both his heats, here the betting changed round from being odds on the young one to odds on Cranbourne in the final heat. He was easily beaten by two lengths, and it is remarkable how often in the run off of a dead heat the loser is favourite, notwithstanding the generally accepted idea that the animal which gets up and makes the dead heat is likely to win the decider. At Ascot, the great Lowlander ran third in the Trial Stakes, receiving a lot of weight from the first and second, and could have been claimed for 200 sovs. and the stake! If his capacity had been faintly appreciated, there would have been a rush to get hold of him. He, like Thunder, furnished an instance of a horse that improved stones from three to four years old, the third instance I particularly remember being that of my own horse Fullerton. After this race no one could have guessed that the following year, after being sold for over 3,000*l.*, Lowlander would sweep the board of the big handicaps at Ascot. The result of the Prince of Wales' Stakes was interesting, as it afforded a striking proof of the way in which horses sometimes run consistently up to their form. Thrice Gang Forward and Kaiser had met, and thrice they finished within a few inches of each other; but this time the sturdy little son of Skirmisher avenged his

Two Thousand defeat by beating Gang Forward a head, after a punishing race, though neither was the worse for it, and each won a couple more races before the meeting concluded. Their Derby conqueror did not put in an appearance, having been beaten by Boiard in the Grand Prix, the Sunday before, when Flageolet finished in front of him also.

On the morning of the Grand Prix, some gentlemen were driving to the racecourse and talking about the horses they had backed. 'How do you stand?' asked a well-known nobleman of Lord H. 'Oh, with me it is simply a case of "Switzerland or Victory,"' was the reply, and I regret to say the result was a journey to the land of Tell. Some years before I went racing, Lord H. was one of the 'Romeo Lords,' so called because they possessed a horse called Romeo. They never had cause to exclaim, 'Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?' Their Romeo was born with a distinct mission to act as a 'retriever' for them. When things had been bad throughout a meeting, the horse was brought out and put in a handicap, and sent to get back their losses of the week. Nobly, too, I am told, he was accustomed to fulfil his appointed task.

The Sixteenth Biennial introduced us to a beautiful Thunderbolt horse, Lemnos, whose dam afterwards became so famous by producing Petrarch. Lemnos was a bright chestnut, symmetrically, yet powerfully, built, and, although the outsider of the party, he won this race easily. Cremorne ran away from Flageolet, Corisande, Hannah, and the Gold Vase winner, Thorn, in the Gold Cup, and then the white-legged Blair Athol horse, Ecossais, coming out with a great

reputation, started a red-hot favourite for the New Stakes, made all the running, and won in a canter. He started in three races as a two-year-old, and was never headed in any of them, and I have always believed that Tom Jennings feared one of his legs might give way, as he always told Fordham to let him come through and not pull him about. Stockbridge racing was only noticeable for the success of Couronne de Fer in the Hurstbourne Stakes and Stockbridge Cup; and passing over the twelve lengths' victory of the flying Ecossais in the July Stakes, I come to a memorable finish between Tom French and Fordham for the Cheveley Stakes, when the former just got the mighty chestnut home a short head from Blenheim, to whom he was conceding a stone. His sides after the race effectively prevented any one from talking of a 'bloodless victory.'

The Perram Donation was again not claimed this year as a marriage portion, and was therefore paid to Trombone, winner of the Town Plate. At Goodwood I committed the folly of backing Countryman for the Stewards' Cup, for I was persuaded by the result of a rough gallop that he had quite come back to his form, but the race furnished me with a very expensive proof that the gallop was all wrong. He was never in the race, nor did he ever win another, although he got second several times. I sold him for a thousand to a Mr. Blackler, a gentleman who owned an estate in Australia enclosed in a ring fence sixteen miles round; there he reared thoroughbred stock, and if not a great success at the stud, at any rate Countryman sired a winner of the Melbourne Cup. This reminds me of a story of a gentleman

writing to the breeder of a horse he had bought from him for his pedigree. The horse had lost the breeder money, and in a somewhat laconic epistle, he wrote back, 'Dear Sir, your horse was sired by young Hercules and "*damned*" by his late owner, yours truly——'

The three starters for the Goodwood Cup included two Derby winners in Favonius and Cremorne, but Flageolet beat them by thirty lengths.

Passing on to Doncaster, the Leger produced a most sporting race, for Mr. Merry had in it his Derby winner, Doncaster, and his Oaks winner, Marie Stuart, and he determined to let colt and filly run absolutely on their merits and fight out the question which was the best of the year. It was a grand race, the result being that the mare just beat her stable companion a head. Kaiser finished twice as far behind Doncaster as he did in the Derby, but his old opponent Gang Forward could not renew antagonism, as he met with an accident on the way to Doncaster, and was struck out of the race.

After Winslow had just beaten Shannon for the Queen's Plate, an incident of a sort rare amongst our best jockeys occurred. Custance lodged a complaint against Chaloner for foul riding, and of course the charge acquired added strength because he had won the race. The Stewards ruled that he was perfectly justified in complaining, and whilst acquitting Chaloner of evil intention, they strongly advised him to be more careful in future. A parallel case happened years afterwards, also at Doncaster, when Cannon won the Cup on Isonomy by a short head from Jeannette, and objected to Archer, the rider of

the mare, after the race for similar behaviour ; but I shall refer to this later on.

Doncaster went sadly off after his race for the Leger, as he could make no sort of fight of it with either Flageolet or Andred when carrying 7 lb. extra for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and his last appearance was at the next Newmarket meeting, when he was hopelessly beaten by Kaiser at even weights in the Newmarket Derby. Nevertheless he did mighty service at the stud and has made himself an imperishable name.

The second October meeting was memorable for the circumstance that Sir Joseph Hawley, who had played so very conspicuous a part in the racing world, made his last appearance on a racecourse. I well remember meeting him in the little room under the Rowley Mile Stand, and his asking me to put him three hundred pounds on his mare Polyhymnia for the sweepstakes of three hundred sovs. each. I did so, but La Coureuse, her only opponent, beat her a neck. Probably this was his last bet, for although Polyhymnia did win a Maiden Plate at the Houghton meeting, long odds were laid on her. King Lud, who had only run once before in the Great Ebor Handicap this year, when not fancied by the stable, won the Cesarewitch easily from another outsider, Prince George, and this was the first race he won for his new owner, Lord Lonsdale, better known as Colonel Lowther, as he had only lately succeeded to the title. The good-looking Newry won the Middle Park Plate by a length from Spectator, and, as a matter of course, much was expected of him, as twenty starters went to the post, and though this

was only the eighth time the race was run, it was seen that it attracted the pick of the two-year-olds; but he turned out very moderate indeed, and this was the only race he ever won. The next race was a little handicap which was won by the favourite, Walnut, the property of Mr. John Foy, who was commissioner to the Marquis of Hastings and the Earl of Stamford, and who executed the famous Lecturer commission. No doubt at the time, so little can a man often perceive what is to his real advantage, the owner was very pleased to win this little race; but Walnut incurred a 3 lb. penalty for the Cambridgeshire, and there can be no doubt that this just cost him the latter important event which would have won his owner a fortune, as he was beaten only a head by the French horse Montargis, a three-year-old, who carried the respectable weight of 7 st. 13 lb.

On Friday Kaiser gave 7 lb. to Boiard, the Grand Prix winner and conqueror of Doncaster, and beat him four lengths in the Newmarket Derby, a very smart performance, considering this game little horse had been in training the whole year, and that this was his tenth race; but Mr. Savile, though the kindest-hearted and most gentle of men, had a great idea of what his horses ought to do for him, and very little hesitation in asking them to do it, so that he actually pulled out Kaiser for a paltry hundred pounds handicap in the Houghton week, to give weight and two years to Hannah, and to run Drummond, a good four-year-old, at 5 lb., and naturally he failed to beat either, Hannah winning easily. That horses can be asked to do too much is a fact of

which every season furnishes proof. The rule with regard to claiming is frequently the origin of much soreness, and I recollect that ill-feeling, which was not healed up for a considerable time, was caused after Thunder had won the Trial Stakes by three lengths from Laburnum, for Baron Rothschild claimed Thunder (as he was of course perfectly entitled to do) for a thousand for the Duke of St. Albans, then racing under the assumed name of 'Mr. Hedington.'

As for the Cambridgeshire, as just remarked, it was won by the shortest of heads on the post by Montargis, the French horse, ridden by Carratt. The animal started at fifty to one, and, as will be supposed, was not really fancied. He had only been beaten a neck by Sister Helen at Doncaster, and had won twice in Paris between that time and this race. Newhouse, a jockey who quickly made his way to a good position and lost it with still greater rapidity, had wasted hard to ride the second, who carried 6 st. 7 lb. No doubt he was a little weak, but, with the three pounds penalty off, the horse must have won. Sterling again ran a great horse in this race, carrying 9 st. 7 lb., but the Cesarewitch winner, King Lud, with only 7 st. 9 lb., could get no nearer than a bad fourth, not having speed enough to begin with. The old opponents, Blenheim and Prince Charlie, met in the All-aged Stakes at even weights. T. Cannon rode the big horse for the first time, and possibly he won easier than he looked to, or else his jockey did not understand him; this time the former managed to get to the big chestnut's neck. Friday's racing furnished an example of how horses that are little esteemed often 'come on.' Pageant, who afterwards developed into a grand

stayer, and was worth a large sum of money, was at this time running in selling races, and won one on this day, winner to be sold for 400*l.*, nobody claiming him. Where were our eyes then? This horse's career was very similar to that of Hampton, the latter's being the more extraordinary of the two, for at one time he was regarded as merely a plater, yet he not only won good races, but became the sire of famous horses, Ayrshire, Merry Hampton, Rêve d'Or, who gained 'classic' fame, and many others, including Sheen. Comment has just been made on the mischief of overworking horses, but different animals stand different quantities of work, and Prince Charlie had wound up a busy year by winning his tenth race off the reel. It was asking a great deal to set him to give a stone to Oxonian single-handed, and the ring fielded strongly; but in the hands of Tom Cannon he cleverly disposed of his opponent by a length. It was a treat to see this fine horseman sitting as firm as a rock and exhibiting the horse's magnificent stride to the greatest advantage.

The year had still to furnish proof of what a great horse could do in the matter of carrying weight —I refer to Sterling, who was set to carry 9 st. 4 lb. in the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Just before the race a very well-known man in his day met Mr. Chris. Fenning, and asked him what he had backed. 'I've got 1,000 to 80 about Sterling,' he said; 'but no one wants to stand with me. They are frightened of the weight, and the ring lay 20 to 1.' I happened to be near him in one of the boxes, while the race was being run, and still hear his voice ringing in my ears as I recall the scene, for he brandished his

umbrella, and lustily yelled, 'Sterling wins! Sterling wins! you devils!' and win he did a magnificent race by a short head from Louise Victoria, who was only a head in front of King Lud. This was one of the best races I ever saw Custance ride. Neither he nor his horse would take any denial. Both the winner and King Lud ran exactly to their Cambridgeshire form, as the latter received 6 lb. for the beating he got in the former race. Why Sterling went so badly in the betting I don't know. It may have been that Dawson feared the weight in the heavy ground, or that the horse was not quite up to the mark, or would not quite stay home. I thought the latter myself and backed King Lud.

Towards the end of the year my colours were, I remember, worn successfully by Archer, who in those days was more notorious for getting good starts and keeping them, than for the superb riding which afterwards gave him so great a name on the Turf.

1874

At the end of 1873, about the first week of December, I paid my first visit to Beckhampton with Sir William Milner, who owned some horses with me. The house is a comfortable old-fashioned farmhouse, with a long low-ceiling dining-room, at the corner of three cross-roads leading to Swindon, Marlborough, and Calne. The downs are half a mile from the house, and as the horses walk up to exercise they pass close to Beckhampton Gorse, a pretty sure find for the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, with the certainty of a merry gallop over the beautiful downs, as there is not a cover within two miles. It is charming to be out on these downs on a spring morning, where you see the plovers run off their nests just in front of your horse's feet. At the edge of the gallops they have innumerable nests, generally built on the little mole hillocks. On this occasion we were well pleased with our visit, for we tried a yearling which we thought was certain to develop into a flyer, Cat's Eye, who, however, showed himself the possessor of a temper of his own, that was fatal to his winning prospects as a two-year-old. Chypre and the Grey Palmer (who stood 15 hands 3 ins. as yearlings), were very promising, as was Royal, and I increased my stud during the year by buying most of Mr. F.

Fisher's horses in training there, these including Kidbrooke, Berryfield, Harpenden, Sugarcane, &c.

From Beckhampton Sir William and I went to Studley Castle, the seat of Mr. T. E. Walker, where a party of racing friends was assembled to meet us, including the Earl of Winchilsea. The castle, a picturesque Gothic building, had been purchased by Mr. Walker's father from Sir Harry Goodricke, brother-in-law of Mr. Payne. The owner told me the morning he came of age his father presented him with a sapphire and diamond ring. His face must have betrayed a certain amount of disappointment, for no doubt he expected something more than a jewel. His father, however, said encouragingly 'Look inside!' He did so and found 'Studley Castle' engraved on the ring—a magnificent present, for the castle included the adjoining lands.

The next morning we shot the covers, and coming to one close at home supposed to contain a good many pheasants, we were all stationed on the far side of the wood, a long narrow one, whilst our host only took Lord Winchilsea with him on the other side. The wind was in our direction, every pheasant came over our heads, and we had fine fun. When it was over, judge of our amusement when we heard Mr. Walker say to Lord W., 'What an extraordinary thing! It is the first time I ever saw them fly that way! They generally come straight over where we were standing.' Of course he had forgotten the wind, and was unmercifully chaffed the rest of the day by all of us; even Lord Winchilsea was highly amused at his giving himself away so readily.

When March 24 came I went to stay at Blankney,

in the full belief that my horse Cat's Eye had a good chance for the Brocklesby. I had, of course, what appeared to be good reason for my faith, but another example was supplied of the way in which the best-founded hopes are very frequently disappointed. Cat's Eye could, I believe, have won if he chose, that is to say would have won if the field had jumped off at once and all had gone well; but he showed a lot of temper at the post, delaying the start half an hour, got into a ditch by the old course with Jeffery, his jockey, and finally made a moderate show in the race. Tomahawk, trained by Mat Dawson, won the Lincoln Handicap, and still remains one of the few three-year-olds that has done so, the capacity of three-year-olds in the spring being a question which is creating much discussion at the time of writing.

Early in the year two Hungarian gentlemen, Messrs. Alexander and Hector Baltazzi, were beginning to form a stud of racehorses in England. It may be remarked here as an instance of the uncertainty of racing and the satisfaction or disappointment of hopes with regard to horses, Mr. Alexander Baltazzi promptly succeeded in winning the Derby with Kisber, success in the great Epsom race being an event for which many distinguished owners have vainly striven year after year to the end of their lives. Mr. H. Baltazzi, who raced under the name of Mr. 'H. Bruce,' was a gentleman rider of some repute. At Windsor Spring the onlookers were treated to the spectacle of a desperate race between Prince Charlie and my horse Tangible for the Stand Cup, the former giving the latter sixteen pounds and beating him a short head. The jockeys, Parry and Webb, appeared

level on the post, but Prince Charlie was a much longer horse than mine, and to this he owed his victory. He had been severely spurred, but it was a fine performance, his best, indeed, throughout the year, in which he won every race but one. I had a bad meeting here. Some idiot, who of course thought that he possessed exclusive sources of information, actually backed my moderately useful but in no sort of way remarkable colt, Kidbrooke, for the Derby; but he failed to win the Spring Handicap here, as did Lady Atholstone and Berryfield, all of whom had been tried good enough to win their races.

A notable feature of the Craven week was the extraordinarily fine race on the T.Y.C. between Roquefort and Oxonian, Fordham and Cannon, the former just outstaying the other by a neck, and I well recollect Fordham telling me before the race that he thought he should just win, '*because the T.Y.C. took such a great deal of running.*' This will be a surprise to some people, but let them remember how many two-year-olds, non-stayers, have failed to get home in the last hundred yards on this very course, and they will understand what I have never forgotten. Gang Forward, apparently quite recovered from his accident, was brought out for the Claret Stakes over the severe Ditch In and beaten a head by Flageolet. Fordham was always pleased to beat Chaloner a head. It is a curious fact with regard to Fordham that, although he never wasted and took little exercise, he never seemed to blow, even after such a finish as this in such a long race.

Coming to Epsom, the City and Suburban, won by Aldrich, will be chiefly remembered because of Lord

Vivian's dream. He dreamt that a horse called 'The Teacher' won the race. On looking at the entries he could find no such name, till someone informed him that Aldrich's original name was 'The Teacher.' The owner of the horse could give no one any encouragement to back him. Had not Lowlander (borrowed from Lord Huntly, who had just purchased him from Captain Gilbert Sterling for over three thousand after winning the hurdle races at Liverpool and the great Warwickshire Handicap) given Aldrich seven pounds and a ten lengths' beating? Of course Lord Rosebery was 'entertaining an angel unawares,' as no one then knew how good Lowlander was. Still Lord Vivian stuck to his dream and took a thousand to thirty about the horse; and to his delight saw him win a neck. After the race the owner of the winner wished to buy Lowlander from Lord Huntly, who wisely refused to sell. In the Hyde Park Plate that good mare Cachmere actually gave seven pounds to Galopin, his first appearance, and after a bustling finish beat him a head. She was objected to and disqualified—hard lines for her owner and breeder, Mr. Julius Alington, as I think it was partly the fault of Morris, who ought to have won on Galopin.

Mr. Alexander had an opportunity of claiming back Thunder after the decision of the Guineas Trial Plate at Newmarket, but he did not avail himself of it, and on this day for the first time was inaugurated the system of selling horses by auction publicly after the race instead of claiming them for the price they were entered to be sold for. Admiral Rous, Mr. Alexander, and several other older members of the Jockey Club were very adverse to the idea, but our

funds being then at such a low ebb, they at last gave way on the understanding that it was to be only a trial. From that day it was naturally a pronounced success, putting nearly 10,000*l.* a year into the pockets of the Club, and, of course, the idea of going back to the old claiming system never arose, although the latter races were far more favourable to owners of horses that ran at Newmarket, and the enormously increased income of the Club has been derived from dipping into people's pockets.

On the Two Thousand day Prince Charlie had a narrow squeak of being beaten by Blenheim, the pair running for a sweepstakes over the T.Y.C. and the big horse only getting home a head. The result of the next race was a tribute to the Admiral's handicapping, the top weight, Tangible, running a dead heat with Tintern, whilst Luisette and the Curaçoa filly, beaten a head from them, also ran a dead heat for third place. Then came the Two Thousand, for which Ecossais started a hot favourite, but probably Tom Jennings, his trainer, was never very sweet about his chance. Perhaps he had a suspicion of what afterwards proved a certainty—that the horse could not stay the course. He finished a bad third to Atlantic and Reverberation, the former, ridden by Archer, winning by a neck. This was a great triumph for so light a jockey. He had ridden 6 st. 1 lb. in the race before, so had to carry much dead weight, but he justified Lord Falmouth's confidence in him by riding a patient race—a far better one than he rode in the same event ten years afterwards on Paradox when at the height of his reputation. I remember his finishing close under the rails,

furthest from the judge's box, a great advantage in the opinion of many jockeys, which, however, was never shared in by Fordham, who constantly snatched races out of the fire by short heads under the box, notably in Sabinus's Cambridgeshire and Petronel's Two Thousand. On Friday that good mare Apology won the One Thousand, beating La Coureuse who was backed by all the Newmarket people. This was the second year only of this race being run over the Rowley Mile instead of over the Ditch Mile—an excellent change, there being no course in the world to compare with the 'R. M.' as it is tersely termed, and few more beautiful sights to a lover of the Turf than a field of horses streaming over it.

The Chester Cup again this year showed how indispensable it is to choose suitable courses for different horses, for it is constantly seen that horses have the strongest preferences, or rather, perhaps, that something in the make and shape of certain animals enables them to distinguish themselves on certain ground. Leolinus, a horse of good class and ability, receiving 12 lb. from Organist, an animal of the same age, was beaten two lengths; yet Leolinus won the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot and ran second for the Leger. Of course he could not act on the Chester course, and required a stronger jockey to get him out. At this meeting the Stewards disqualified the winner of the Sixth Beaufort Biennial, but afterwards allowed the case to be referred to the Jockey Club Stewards, who reversed the decision—not an uncommon occurrence. After Regal had won a selling race at the second Spring meeting, Captain Machell bought him for 360 guineas, and subse-

quently won the Liverpool Steeplechase with him. If that class of horse were put up to auction now, he would be quite certain to fetch from 800 to 1,000 guineas. I fear we did not half profit in those days by the chances afforded us, at least I know I did not. Hero, a great, fine, brown colt by Gladiateur, whom Tom Jennings had tried a clinker, beat Lady Love in a canter in the only race for which he ever started, or he might have done something to redeem the name of Gladiateur as a sire, for, mighty horse as the great Frenchman was on the Turf, at the stud he was a complete failure. Prince Charlie and Blenheim, old opponents, were to meet again here, and again the Prince won, beating Blenheim three lengths, thus altering the form of their last race; but Blenheim, honest, good horse as he was, was soon to have his revenge. About this time Lord Rosebery was very eager to win the great races and anxious to get hold of horses likely to enable him to accomplish his desire. When Mr. Padwick put up Couronne de Fer for sale at one of the spring meetings, Lord Rosebery gave over 3,000*l.* for him, and not unnaturally formed high hopes concerning the colt. A report got wind at the time that the horse 'made a noise,' and, unfortunately, this turned out to be correct, but, nevertheless, he ran second to George Frederick for the Derby, finishing in front of the Guineas winner, Atlantic. George Frederick was a very powerful chestnut horse, rather wide in the chest, and giving one the idea rather of a T.Y.C. horse than a Derby winner, but it is true that 'they run in all shapes.'

The most remarkable coincidence about this

Derby was that it should have been won by George Frederick on the actual birthday of the Prince after whom the horse was named. That the Derby Day and the Prince's birthday should coincide in date, and that there should be a three-year-old named after him entered for that Derby, and good enough to win it, was certainly extraordinary. If it had been a story described in a novel people would have derided the idea as too improbable. Miss Toto started a warm favourite for the Oaks, but was easily beaten by the One Thousand winner, and taking the line through the Biennial, when Reverberation ran a dead heat with Miss Toto, the Derby winner finishing two lengths behind them, this performance makes Apology the best three-year-old of the year. Why Thunder should have started the worst favourite of the eleven runners for the Epsom Cup, with Archer on his back, too, who was just beginning to be considered a lucky jockey, is incomprehensible, as he won it very easily from Chingachgook, a most symmetrical little chestnut horse, the beau-ideal of a park hack (which he afterwards became), but a most unlucky horse, running second half-a-dozen times for valuable stakes, quite a second 'Yellow Jack,' an animal supposed to have distinguished himself in this particularly unfortunate line more than any other racehorse. At Winchester, Kidbrooke won another Queen's Plate, beating a wretched lot; but he was beginning to get me back some of the fifteen hundred pounds I had given for him.

A well-known figure on the Turf about this time was Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, who presided over an establishment at Epsom that contained horses owned

by Lord Marcus Beresford and some others, and later on by Captain Arthur Paget. Mr. Rowlands was a most genial companion, and full of racing stories. He was very fond of relating incidents that happened when the King of Holland sent for him to superintend the races got up at the Hoo. One day, on the eve of one of the meetings held there, he had the honour of dining at a banquet given by the King. He sat next a great fat Baron of uncertain nationality, who maintained a dignified silence till a glass of wine or two had loosened his tongue, when he turned to Mr. Rowlands and said pompously, 'I tink, sar, your name is Rowlands?' The latter signified assent. '*Pray, sar*,' the Baron continued, '*any relation to de great Muckasah?*' (Rowland's Macassar Oil.) The Baron pronounced the name as if it was some important title.

Mr. Rowlands was a gentleman rider in those days, and perhaps he was a little inclined to draw the long bow about his riding exploits in Holland, judging from the following story:—One day, according to his own story, he went to the King and said, 'Your Majesty, I regret to tell you that it is a poor day's sport to-morrow, only three races. Fortunately I am going to ride in the last race, so I will make a dead heat of it, and your Majesty will then be able to see another race,' and he used to go on to relate that he really achieved this feat!

At Ascot, Leolinus, with the allowances, beat Atlantic very cleverly in the Prince of Wales' Stakes; and Blenheim, in receipt of 7 lb., was rewarded for his many unsuccessful attempts by beating Prince Charlie two lengths in the Queen's Stand Plate. It

was a muggy day, not at all a good one for a roarer, and Fordham, jumping off old Blenheim at score, came through as hard as he could with him, and was never headed; not improbably the weather had something to do with the result. Camballo carried silk for the first time when he won the seventeenth Ascot Biennial for his exceedingly popular owner, Mr. Clare Vyner; and Lowlander, starting equal favourite with Mr. Sturt's Mr. Fox, positively romped in for the Royal Hunt Cup, running as the property of Mr. 'H. Bird,' but really belonging to the Marquis of Huntly, who also won two more handicaps at this meeting. The French horse, Boiard, won the Gold Cup by three quarters of a length from the dead-heaters Flageolet and Doncaster. Marie Stuart ran in this race, but was not quite herself, yet when Lord Dudley offered to take ten thousand to two thousand about her, Steel, who generally laid those big bets, declined to gamble.

At Stockbridge Mr. Chaplin and I made a match with two bad two-year-olds, which resulted in a dead heat. Prince Charlie and Blenheim met once more, and this time the Prince gave his Ascot conqueror a good beating in the Cup, but they now met at even weights; and Camballo followed up his Ascot victory by winning the Hurstbourne from Claremont; it was the latter's first appearance, and much was expected from him, as will be understood when it is said that Captain Machell gave two thousand guineas for him at the Cobham sale of yearlings, a large price in those days. If he had been an easier horse to train he would have taken high honours, and I for one shall not forget the fright he gave the backers of Camballo

in the Two Thousand of the following year. At Huntingdon, with ten to one laid on him, Tangible had to knock under to the two-year-old Fairy King, to whom he was giving 3 st., but he would have done what he was asked if he had not reared up at the post and struck his knee heavily against his jaw, which upset him—and his backers.

My horse Kidbrooke would have done me excellent service about this time but that he was rapidly developing a very uncertain temper, and at Goodwood in the Visitors' Plate he refused to gallop at first when the flag dropped, and was quite twenty lengths behind; yet he managed to catch Caro on the post in time to make a dead heat of it. Curiously enough in the following year, in the very same race, he was quite 100 yards behind, and the ring offered 100 to 1 against him, but suddenly he took it into his head to try, caught his opponents, and won the race. The Brighton Cup was one of the most farcical of races. I ran Kidbrooke, who had not a ghost of a chance, and Mr. Savile started Lilian and Kaiser, declaring to win with the former. I remember hearing Colonel Forrester say 'Kaiser is very angry!' when the colt was pulled up to let the mare win.

At the conclusion of the Sussex fortnight M. Lefevre, Mr. R. Towneley, and I started for London, and, after a hasty dinner at the club, left Victoria for Paris and Deauville. Arriving early next morning in Paris, we drove across the city to the other station, where a special train, ordered by M. Lefevre, awaited us, and, after a hasty breakfast, off we started for Deauville, accompanied by Mr. Henry Morris, the

well-known commissioner and bookmaker, to whom our host had offered a seat in his compartment. I never shall forget the fearful pace that special went. However, we arrived safely at Deauville, and in plenty of time to wash and dress and have luncheon before starting for the races. The racecourse is situated on a flat sandy plain, and reminded me rather of Chantilly. Of course, all the *beau monde* of Paris was there, to say nothing of the others, and I was much amused at watching all the gay and startling toilettes. Macaron, a good-looking horse, took the first big two-year-old race of the season, and Peut-être, who won the Cambridgeshire this year, was beaten a length from Marmotte in a little mile and a half weight-for-age race. The winner, however, won thirteen races during the year. In the evening, after dining with my host and hostess, Mons. and Madame Lefevre, we drove into Trouville to hear Judic; and, as it was the first time I ever saw her, I was much impressed with her exceptional brightness and ability. The evening dwells in my memory for another reason. After going with some friends to the club and playing at écarté, I started to walk home. Anyone who has been to Deauville will know there are several villas situated in their own grounds all along the sea-shore, and very much alike, all resembling Swiss chalets. I came to what I thought was ours, and tried to open the large pine-wood entrance-gate, which was very much carved at the top. The gate was locked, and though it was quite dark, I proceeded to climb over it; but when on the top I caught my foot in the carving, which must have been rotten, as it gave way with a crash, and head

over heels I went into the little garden, which, to my horror, I found, on rising to my feet, was not ours. Suddenly I saw a light and heard voices in the house, so I thought the best plan would be to make a bolt of it the way I had come in—now made easier because the gate was despoiled of its ornamentation. I went over that gate pretty quickly, and our villa being the next one beyond, I was soon at home.

The shooting for the Grand Prix International de Deauville followed next day, and Sir William Call good-naturedly offered to lend me his gun. The Tir aux Pigeons was situated about a mile from our villa, and to the right of the racecourse as you approach it from the sea. The 'boundary' consisted of the usual sticks the French use to make a fence, sharpened and stuck in the ground with a wire fastened round each of them about four inches from the top. They always remind me of the sticks gardeners place to train up flowers, and are used all over France with equal impartiality, whether to protect a few fowls in a small garden or keep cattle out of a railway; it seems a matter of indifference, and rightly so, because they keep out nothing that wants to force its way in. A wonderful assemblage of all nations was there to shoot, so 'International' was a most appropriate term. I was much struck by the queer weapons used. Some of them had the stocks elaborately carved; many of them had a sort of green cotton strap fastened to two rings—one under the barrels, a few inches from the muzzle, and the other under the stock of the gun. The *demi-monde* were here in full force, and you would think with their gaiety and laughter that they would distract

the shooters; but nothing of the sort. Well but plainly dressed, they all sat together, the queen of them apparently being Mademoiselle Laura Hayman, a young lady of the Creole type, not beautiful, but with wonderful brown eyes and an arch expression. They occupied themselves the whole day with knitting, or rather crocheting, silk sachets to fill with lavender, appeared to take a great interest in the shooting, and were full of sympathy for those who missed (their name was legion) and admiration for those who killed. The ring was well represented, and that eccentric character, old Thorpe—'l'ancien' he was called afterwards—had come from Paris to preside over the American bar, which was well patronised. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with him, not having met him since I was in Paris in 1871, when he was full of stories of the siege of Paris and the horrors of the Commune, and when half the shop windows on the boulevards were still broken and all the statues in the Champs Elysées bore the marks of bullets. To make a long story short, only Mr. Arundell Yeo and I killed all our birds, and we agreed to divide the money, which amounted to a good sum, and to shoot off for the 'Objet d'Art.' This consisted of a silver bird, a cock who had got his legs entangled in the cord that a child was drawing a little cart with, and, judging from the child's face of anguish, he was the sufferer. I coveted the prize, but alas, it was not to be mine. My opponent was favoured with an 'owl,' that he could not have missed, whilst my bird, struck hard with both barrels, had just strength enough to rise to the top of those infernal little sticks that formed

the boundary, actually hit them, and fell dead on the wrong side. However, I had backed myself for several shots, and won a fair stake. The winner proved to be a good shot, as the next year he won the Grand Prize at Monte Carlo. I don't think I have ever shot pigeons in a public sweepstakes since.

I remained for one day's more racing, and then, taking leave of my kind host and hostess, set off by the midnight mail for Paris. The next evening, before starting for England, I dined at the Café Anglais in the public room. Seeing artichokes on the menu I ordered one, and when it made its appearance was fairly astounded at its size. After contemplating it for a few seconds, as did everyone else in the room, I nervously began to pull a few leaves out of it and eat them, or rather the bottom part. As I went on, there was naturally a huge pile of them on my plate; still the artichoke appeared enormous, and I suddenly became aware that all the people opposite and close to me were watching my efforts to demolish the vegetable. Was it amusement or pity I saw in their faces? I know not, except that I was seized with a fit of shyness, and the one idea in my mind was to get rid of the dish as quickly as I could. I seized the artichoke, tore off all the leaves on it, piled them up on the huge quantity already on my plate, and implored the waiter to take them away, which he did with a smile. I then tried to devour the 'fond,' but only ate one mouthful and pushed it away from me, so annoyed was I at those people staring. Why didn't they have something to eat that I might retaliate on them? However, when I lit a cigar all interest in

me ceased, and I was allowed to enjoy my coffee at my ease.

After my return to England, I went to York, and saw Cannon ride a wonderful race in the Great Yorkshire Stakes on little Trent, beating Apology by a head, which rather upset the Leger betting. The result was all wrong according to previous and subsequent running, but thus it happened there. Passing over Warwick, where I won four races, though one of them was only due to the fine riding of Webb on Berryfield, as on form he ought not to have given weight to Pageant and beaten him, we come to Doncaster, where I just heard of the scratching of the Derby winner George Frederick, and rumours of Apology's lameness made me very uncomfortable, as at Goodwood I had laid three thousand five hundred to twelve hundred on five horses, and had only Apology, Trent, and Glenalmond to run for me. Later on there was a report that she was scratched, and this gained such general credence that a prominent bookmaker offered a thousand to ten against her 'all in,' which means scratched or not. However, the rumour proved to be untrue; she actually started favourite and, lame or not, she won by a length and a half from Leolinus, who beat Trent five lengths, proving what a fluke the Great Yorkshire Stakes must have been. The victory was very well received, the colours of Mr. Launde (the assumed name of the Rev. W. King, a Lincolnshire clergyman) being most popular.

In the summer of this year I should mention that I went to Paris for Auteuil races, and a very good time we had there, my companions on the journey

being Captain 'Slippers' Wingfield, and Captain B. Coventry, both of whom I regret to say have joined the majority. On Sunday we all went to Chantilly, my first visit there, and we walked through the forest to the racecourse, the former containing the exercise gallops, on which the horses are trained. I was not much impressed with the racing, probably because I lost my money; of the jockeys, most of whom rode infamously, I preferred the riding of Carver and Hunter. I recognised many English faces, Messrs. W. Wright, Gideon, S. Haughton, J. B. Morris, Saffray, &c., all of whom were pleased to see us, and who then and at all other times on foreign racecourses showed me the greatest civility and attention. Talking of bookmakers, Mr. E. Collins, well known in Tattersall's Ring, was some years ago invited by a friend to come over and see the Grand Prix run for. On his return to England, I asked him how he had enjoyed himself. 'Very much indeed,' was his reply. 'It is the first time I have ever been on the Continent.' 'How did you like the French cooking,' I asked? 'Ah, that was the best of it, Sir George. When we came home from the races, I dined with my friend, and to my surprise and delight, he *put*' (pronounced to rhyme with 'but') 'the most beautiful English dinner on the table I ever set eyes on.'

In the evenings, after the theatres, we used to visit the American Bar in the Rue Scribe, formerly kept by Thorpe, very popular with all comers, but who had to give up the place after the war. At this time it was kept by J. Coney, driven from England in consequence of the closing of all the late houses in Panton Street and round the Haymarket. Some of

my readers will recollect a well-known counsel at the time, referring to 'the disfranchisement of Coney's burrow' in some case, which elicited roars of laughter in court. Here backers and layers used to assemble the night before races, and make bets. I myself took four thousand to one thousand from two bookmakers at this very place, about Mr. Baltazzi's Jackal, for the big hurdle race at Auteuil on the following day. The bet was between myself and the owner, and the horse, starting at a much shorter price, beat a small field very easily. The racecourse at Auteuil is charming. The stands are roomy and well built, the success and great popularity of the meetings there being entirely due to the increasing care and attention bestowed on the place by the Prince de Sagan, one of the most perfect of gentlemen, and highly popular with everyone in Paris. Auteuil is his hobby. He takes as much care of it as a collector does of his pictures and *objets d'art*, and he never misses a meeting there if he can help it.

The first race on the card for the Tuesday of the first October meeting was the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, which resulted in a match between Novateur, a French horse of M. Lefevre's, and Leolinus, the second in the Leger. It looked good for the latter on public form, but if any advantage is to be derived from these reminiscences it is to show that very often public form is exceedingly deceptive, and the wrong horse is just as likely to win when a man has a plunge as at any other time, particularly if you know nothing of how he is, as in this instance. Luckily for me on this occasion I came across Tom Jennings, who told me his horse was so well and had such good

speed that he thought he had a great chance in spite of the reputation of a Leger second. About this time some bookmakers did not care to be boxed up in Tattersall's Ring all day so far off the Stand and Bird Cage, and preferred taking up their position in a fly under the Rowley Mile Stand. As I emerged from the Bird Cage R. Howett, who had only quite lately come to the front amongst the bookmakers, was in his fly, and asked me if I would have a bet. To my reply, 'Yes, how much Novateur?' he said, 'Doesn't win for a monkey;' and after saying 'Done,' I had the pleasure of seeing Fordham ride what I call one of his 'stealing' races, and win a head in the last stride, Leolinus having made all the running and finishing with great determination with T. Osborne on his back, but not having quite speed enough to shake off the other. After this race Novateur became a prominent favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but something happened to him, and although he ran, he figured in the rear all the way. Balfe, a sturdy little horse, went too fast for Camballo in the Hopeful Stakes run over that hateful course, the last half of the Abingdon Mile, and the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, then rather an important betting race, was won by a charming little French mare, Aurore, one of the tiniest racehorses I have ever seen, and the joint property of Marquis Coumont de la Force and Harry Jennings—'Old Hat,' as he is nicknamed.

Mr. Crawford's Craig Millar deprived Lord Falmouth of his 'annual benefit,' as it was called then, the rich Buckenham Stakes, and on Wednesday Fordham rode another wonderful race on La Sauteuse, her

first appearance in public, over the Criterion Course, beating Jewitt on Balfe a neck. I think Jewitt was a bit flurried and would have won if he had not been in quite such a hurry.

The Cesarewitch was an exciting race between Aventurière and the Truth gelding, the former winning by a head. The second was a four-year-old gelding, trained by Matthew Dawson, and ridden by Archer, who had wasted hard to get down to the weight, 5 st. 12 lb., but did actually carry three pounds overweight. The Admiral must have had some suspicion that in this horse Mr. Fred Swindell had a rod in pickle for him, as before the weights came out at Warwick races the great handicapper sent a message to Swindell to say he really did not know what weight to put on his horse, and told the messenger to see if he could find out anything about the animal's merit.

'Tell the Admiral,' was the clever or cunning reply of Mr. Swindell, 'that if he puts over six stone on his back, he may just put the pen through his name himself.' The result of this was that the horse had 5 st. 12 lb. on him, and narrowly missed winning his owner a rattling stake. Poor Mr. George Hodgman was foolish enough some time before the race to ask the owner if it was worth his while to back the Truth gelding for a little. 'Back him, lad,' was the reply, 'no! *get a bit*!' The advice was taken, Mr. Hodgman laid twenty fifties, and had the mortification of seeing the animal creep up each day in the betting, as the commission was cautiously and deftly put on. He had something to say about it, too, before the race, and I believe stood the bet out

through sheer obstinacy, refusing the tardy offer of eight fifties from the owner, to whom he had spoken a bit of his mind.

The Middle Park Plate resulted in an extraordinary race between Plebeian, Per Se, and Galopin, who finished in the order named, a head only separating one from the other. An objection on the ground of a cannon at once followed, and so long were the Stewards deciding it that it was thought probable that the second, admirably ridden by Cannon, would be awarded the race, and thus land her supporters the large stake for which she had been backed; for Mundy, the bookmaker, had started a ten thousand pounds book on the race, and it turned out a great success. The Stewards, however, overruled the objection, though to this day Cannon strenuously affirms that their ruling was unjust. The winner, trained by Tom Brown, a wonderful judge of a yearling—he had picked this one up for 'a song'—was the property of Mr. R. Christopher, the Secretary at Tattersall's. Anyone who saw this race must have thought that with a little patience Morris would have won on Galopin, but Mordan for once rode a fine race. Plebeian never ran before or after, having succumbed to one of the many ailments which figure under the head of 'the exigencies of training.' He was rather a vulgar-looking horse, the sort one would select to breed hunters from.

On Thursday, Peut-être prepared us for his Cambridgeshire victory by easily beating Lily Agnes in Her Majesty's Plate, now amounting to three hundred guineas, owing to the fact that three were amalgamated into one; and he quickly followed up this

by winning the Newmarket Derby the following day, beating Lacy, Spectator, Leolinus, and Trent. On this day I had rather a good thing for a Free Handicap in Touche-à-Tout, own sister to Tangible, whom I had purchased, with Vengeresse, Highlander, and Stroller, for 3,500*l.* (too much money) from Mr. W. Blenkiron. I had hoped to get a good price, but when I asked what was favourite, the ring made the unwelcome reply, 'Yours is, Sir George. Mr. Mitchell Innes has taken a large bet about her.' Although he spoilt my market, I did not grudge it him. Lord Hartington won his first important two-year-old race when Chaplet got home in the Prendergast Stakes this day. His horses were then, and for many years afterwards, trained by George Bloss, one of the most honest men that ever breathed, a good trainer and stableman, and the horses were under the able management of Lord Westmorland, one of the best judges of handicap form alive, who spared no pains in trying and placing the horses (unfortunately for the most part moderate animals) over whose destinies he presided.

Lord Falmouth ran first and second, with Garterly Bell and Lady Love, a sweetly pretty chestnut mare, in the Criterion, both of them easily beating the favourite, Balfe. This was one of the few occasions that Archer rode the wrong one of his employer's horses, but perhaps he had not the choice as in after years.

Forty-two horses started for the Cambridgeshire, the favourite being supplied by Mr. Chaplin in Khedive, but the difficulty of picking one out of two score and two was obviously extreme. As a matter

of fact, Khedive ran wretchedly, and turned out a very bad bargain, considering that his owner bought him at Lord Zetland's sale at Tattersall's, on the strength of the information that he was better than King Lud. Peut-être always held a good place, and won very easily from an outsider in Chieftain. The winner was an example of the 'latest best public form,' and consequently the victory was popular. It will strike many as a notable circumstance, that at this meeting Sir Frederick Johnstone landed a 'pot' with Duke of Parma, who however only just got home a head, through Cannon's desperate riding, from Nasturtium and Little Boy Blue, who ran a dead heat for second place, and no one who saw the winner knocked down to Blanton at auction for 220 guineas, on behalf of Prince Soltykoff, ever dreamed that he was looking at the winner of next year's Cesarewitch. I have described the race as notable, because, at the time of writing, the horse on which Cannon then wore silk has come into the possession of that famous trainer-jockey, and now carries him or his friends about the Downs at Danebury to see the horses at work, or does excellent service after such few straight-necked foxes as the Tedworth now find.

A feature of this meeting was the last appearance of Prince Charlie, who won the All Aged Stakes in a canter, and triumphantly wound up the meeting and his career as a race-horse by giving Peut-être twelve pounds in their match, which is still discussed by racing men, for a 'monkey' over the Rowley Mile; beating him easily amidst great cheering from all the Newmarket folk. So delighted was his breeder, Mr. Jones, an eccentric old gentleman, that, carrying

a huge bouquet in his hand, he insisted on getting on the old horse's back, and riding him to Bedford Lodge, where he was trained. Joseph Dawson, however, prevailed on him to get off again, fearing the enthusiast might meet with an accident, and so Mr. Jones forewent his triumph. At Brighton Autumn meeting it is worthy of record that the great Hampton ran for a two-year-old selling race, to be sold for 50*l.*, won it by a neck only, and was bought in for 150 guineas; the following race, the Brighton Autumn Handicap, was won by Pageant, carrying a good class horse's weight, he also having been running in selling races as a two-year-old. What a fortune there was in these two horses if any one had known it! On this day, too, ran Herald (second in the Nursery), who perhaps was run oftener than any other racehorse of the century. Although I am writing of fifteen years ago, it seems only the other day—and was in fact last year or the year before—that I saw him running, his legs as clean as when he was two years old. A truly wonderful veteran!

I have forgotten to mention a disgraceful riot that took place at the Shrewsbury Autumn meeting this year. It began with a welshing case in the cheap stand, a free fight ensued, in which the Birmingham roughs, headed by an ex-convict, took part. They got a quantity of bricks and stormed the stand, the people in the latter hiding as best they could, and seizing the bricks that came flying into the stand, returning them in right earnest. Meanwhile free fights took place in the cheap ring, and I saw a big man take a door or shutter, lift it above his head, and bring it straight down on the top of a wretched

man's skull, felling him to the ground insensible. Thoroughly excited now, and eager for plunder, a gang of roughs, having for their ringleader the aforesaid convict, who went by the nickname of 'Hoppy,' made for Tattersall's enclosure and our stand, the leader brandishing the stick of a carriage umbrella with a spike at the end of it. A man rushed to our stand exclaiming 'Ladies, save yourselves,' and in a moment all was confusion, the members of Tattersall's, who doubtless had large sums in their pockets, proceeding to climb over the railings into the stewards' balcony. Meanwhile the police had confronted the gang and managed to secure one or two of the ringleaders after a desperate resistance, so the threatened invasion was speedily checked. The prisoners were tried, and 'Hoppy' sentenced to eighteen months, three others getting from six to three months apiece, and for fear of a repetition of the scene, which occurred just before the last race, Mr. Frail telegraphed to Birmingham for a strong force of police to be on the course on the morrow. Nothing further happened, however, and order was maintained.

1875

In 1875 Bella, a strong, thick-set daughter of Breadalbane, and very quick out of the slips, opened the ball at Lincoln Spring by winning the Tathwell Stakes in a canter, and she won eight more races during the season. Her performances may be considered worthy of note, as she is the dam of Heaume. Coronella, a wiry, but light sort of mare, secured the Brocklesby from a moderate field, and won exactly the same number of races during the year as Bella. Thuringian Prince, ridden by C. Wood, started a red-hot favourite for the Lincoln Handicap, Joe Dawson reckoning defeat impossible, but before the horse had got half-way he was hopelessly in trouble, though, for that matter, even on his after form, he could never have given the Gunner 15 lb., and this colt won by three lengths from Kaiser, who carried 8 st. 12 lb., a good performance on the part of the latter.

Owners of apparently moderate horses may always comfort themselves with the idea that animals often turn out far better than at one time there seemed any reason to hope or expect. Thus a three-year-old that runs at Croydon may well be set down as far below the rank of what used to be known as Cup horses, and not at all likely to take leading honours at the stud. We find, however, Hampton

running for the Great Welcomes Handicap and just beating a hurdle jumper, Industrious, who was giving him no less than 17 lb. The performance looks very moderate, but later Hampton wins the Goodwood Stakes with a good weight on his back, the Goodwood Cup next year, and other important races, while, as already stated, at the stud he has greatly distinguished himself. Of course, when he won his handicap at Croydon no one dreamed how good he would eventually turn out. Kidbrooke finished third in this race, but got the money back in the Welter Cup the next day. At this meeting I won a selling race with a smart mare, Lizzie Distin, who, owing to her ragged appearance, did not command a bid over the entered selling price of 200*l.*, but she was better than she looked.

No one has ever doubted Tom Cannon's absolute integrity, but I can instance a proof of it. At Windsor Spring I ran Lady Atholstone, but did not fancy her, as she had been eased in her work for some trifling mishap, and I only 'threw away' 30*l.* on her. She was fitter than we thought, or her opponents were worse, for she won in a canter. The next day, carrying 10 st. 6 lb., Cannon rode her, and after a desperate race just got up and won in the last stride by a head from Chester, to whom she was giving 3 st. all but 3 lb. I afterwards heard that Cannon, who imagined his mount could have no possible chance, had 20*l.* on Chester, who was favourite. No one supposes that such a thing would have prevented him from riding his very best (and he had to do all he knew in order to lose his money), but the occurrence is worth mention.

Dead heats of three are unusual, but we were treated to one at the Craven Meeting in the Bushes Handicap, last six furlongs of D.M., as Trombone, Hermitage, and Cat's Eye, the former giving lumps away to the other two, could not be separated. In the deciding heat Archer was substituted for Major on Cat's Eye, but the horse ran worse with him, and was last of the three. I went down the course about 200 yards from the winning post, and as Fordham passed me he was sitting like a monkey on Trombone's neck, I conclude to ease the horse's back for a moment from the weight, and I could see his little hands and fingers gripping the single rein in a vice of iron as the old horse struggled for his head. 'Not yet, old man! not yet!' you could almost swear Fordham was saying encouragingly to his mount till within ten strides of the post, when he let him have his head inch by inch, and won all out, three-quarters of a length from Hermitage, who beat Cat's Eye a neck. It was a real treat to see Fordham ride this race, and it has remained in my memory exactly as I now relate it.

The famous Biennial was won by Earl of Dartrey, a light, peacocky horse, who was, perhaps, better than he looked. Here he won by four lengths from the Repentance colt, and it was the first winning mount Platt had for his new master, Mr. Savile. Whether the jockey lost his head or was unaccustomed to the broad course of Newmarket, which, no doubt, has a great tendency to confuse riders who are not acquainted with it, I know not, but he certainly rode his horse out needlessly to win by four lengths, and Mr. Savile took exception to it, and did not continue

to employ him, though he rides well enough. Basnas, a good-looking horse, bred in Denmark, by Lord Clifden out of the famous Stockings, gave backers an ugly knock when, in receipt of 7 lb., he easily beat Cornelion across the flat; 'the talent' did not seem to believe in the capacity of the Dane to beat the English bred, and then followed one of those races in which the hoisting of the winner's number is a source of consternation and surprise to on-lookers, for everyone at the post was convinced that Archer, on Peeping Tom, had beaten St. Leger, but the judge informed us that it was not so. The owner of Peeping Tom, so convinced was he, supported, no doubt, by the opinion of friends who had backed his horse, at once lodged an objection against the judge's decision, which, however, the Stewards rightly refused to entertain, and he was compensated later on in the week by winning the International Handicap the first year of its inauguration. There was a curious circumstance in connection with a horse called Picnic, who beat Coomassie over the Rowley Mile. The horse had broken his leg the year before. Tom Jennings, knowing what a good animal he was, wished to try and save him; he was put into slings in a loose box, and remained in them for about six weeks. He could not bear anyone to go near him to groom him, though he permitted his attendant to give him his food, and the consequence was the dust and dirt were an inch thick on his back. The treatment was effectual. It was a wonderful cure to get him back to anything like his old private form, and he actually ran second for the Guineas; but his leg

could not have been quite perfect, as he rapidly degenerated into a plater.

A deplorable accident happened at Epsom this spring. A lad in Mr. Mannington's stable was riding his master's horse Dudaim, and came round the bend hugging the rails. Jeffery, who was riding Athlete, was next him on his right hand, and was either pushed on to Dudaim by the other horses swinging round on them as they turn for the straight run in, or else Athlete hung of his own accord on to the other. In any case, Dudaim was knocked against the rails; horse and rider were thrown heavily, and the lad was killed on the spot. A hurdle was fetched from a neighbouring field, and on this the body was conveyed down the course to the weighing-room. I shall never forget the sight of that poor white dead face, which was quite visible two or three hundred yards away through one's race-glasses, as four or five men bore their sad burden along on their shoulders. A gloom was cast over the meeting, but the races proceeded. Hampton, carrying 6 st. 3 lb., won the Metropolitan a head from Temple Bar, who never won a race in his life, though he only just missed the Goodwood Cup in the following year with the maiden allowance.

On Thursday the whole racing world flocked to the opening day of Sandown. Personally, when I got there I was not much impressed with the place. The stands looked large and comfortless, and it was a cloudy day. To make things more gloomy for me Grey Palmer, for whom I had given a thousand guineas as a yearling at Mr. Cookson's Doncaster sale, ran a dead heat with Munden, a cast-off from

our own stable, in the Esher Stakes, and though I should have been glad to divide, Howett, the owner of the other horse, was not present, and in the decider my grey was easily beaten. A fair field turned out for the Sandown Park Stakes, Kaleidoscope just beating Red Cross Knight. Altogether the meeting was pronounced a success, though no one dreamed it would ever attain the height of popularity it has since reached. The truth of the matter is Mr. Hwfa Williams has made Sandown popular; he has invented leviathan stakes, has looked after the comforts of the race-goers in every department, has always been liberal in the matter of walks over, and wherever the interests of owners are concerned. The new straight course has improved the place, though there is not enough room to permit the starter to order the horses back to form quietly in line and walk up to the starting-point, and he has constantly to avail himself of the first chance he gets to despatch the field for what is not absolutely a bad start, rather than risk a long delay at the post, so prejudicial to the chances of two-year-olds. Sandown has the reputation of not being a good place for favourites; still, on a fine day it is most enjoyable, particularly in summer, when the trees are out in all their beauty, and the eye can wander far away over a pleasant landscape.

On the strength of Mat Dawson's belief that Camballo was much fitter and 'straighter' than at Northampton, he started a good favourite for the Two Thousand. I stood with the owner and others on the roof of the old stand, and we had it pretty well to ourselves, as it was condemned as unsafe; but

it was a bad place to see the race from, as we actually thought that Claremont (ridden by Maidment on the far side of the course) was troubling Camballo, and that it would be a near thing between them. At the finish, though we saw Camballo had won easily, we still thought Claremont was second, but he was not in the first three, Picnic beating Breechloader a neck for third place. The victory was a most popular one, Mr. Clare Vyner being beloved by all who knew him. Charon beat Bella for the first spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, and he ought to have won races, for he had been sold by Mr. Chaplin to Lord Wilton for two thousand guineas; and Duke of Parma (who, at the time of writing, is still doing duty as hack-hunter at Danebury) won the Stand Handicap for Prince Soltykoff by six lengths, thus getting back the purchase money at the second time of asking, though he was destined to do a good deal more than that later on.

At the Newmarket Second Spring meeting the Stewards of the Jockey Club had a rather nice point to decide, and established a precedent. Delay won the Free Handicap for Prince Batthyany by a short head, but was afterwards objected to by Prince Soltykoff, who ran second with Balfe, on the ground that the winner was described as of the wrong age. So he was; but the Stewards here went by the spirit and not the letter of the law, and decided, and rightly too in my opinion, that Delay having been handicapped in this race on his running in two races during the Craven week, and not with reference to his age, and his owner having also violated no rule of racing, he was entitled to the stakes. It was at this

meeting that the famous match for 500 sovs. was run between Galopin and Stray Shot, the latter receiving 10 lb. Galopin won in a canter by eight lengths, and as Mr. Chaplin knew that his mare, Stray Shot, was a good one, the performance greatly impressed him, the consequence being that he had a good race over Galopin when he won the Derby. Stray Shot indirectly won Derby honours by means of her daughter, Shotover, who had the luck to meet a very moderate field and a very ill-ridden first favourite (Bruce) in 1882.

For the Manchester Cup, Marie Stuart, though carrying top weight, started a good favourite, and it was hard lines on her to just fail in giving 3 st. 5 lb. to the Irish horse, Innishowen, who, in spite of his having just run second for the Baldoyle Derby, was here the outsider of the lot, his starting-price being 'fifty to one offered.' Galopin won the Derby very easily, Claremont improved on his previous form by finishing second, Camballo nowhere, and then Lord Falmouth ran first and second for the Oaks with Spinaway and Ladylove, the second named being almost as good a favourite as the winner, owing to her owner refusing to make a declaration to win with either. On the following Tuesday I went down to Winchester to see the Grey Palmer run for the Biennial, and we were treated to the unusual sight of two grey horses running a match, his solitary opponent being the grey Strathavon. To my disgust, too, the latter beat mine, who had nothing to make running for him. The defeat, however, did not prevent my enjoyment of a most charming drive that summer evening of about ten miles to stay with Lord

Anglesey at one of his fishing-cottages on the Test which I have already mentioned. Before dinner I watched Lord Suffolk, an expert fisherman, trying to make the trout rise, no easy matter with Test trout, for they are considered very shy, probably owing to the extraordinary clearness of that beautiful river; but although he had two rises, he could not contrive to hook a fish, and we soon came in to change our clothes and sit down to a delightful dinner, washed down with copious draughts of such champagne as it would be hard to buy now.

Ascot of this year dwells in my memory, amongst other reasons, for an extraordinary piece of riding on the part of George Fordham in the Ascot Derby. Knowing that his mount, Gilbert, wanted a pace, he made the whole of the running till he rounded the turn, and then eased his horse with a cunning that was not perceptible to lookers on. Archer took up the running on the favourite, Spinaway, closely followed by Earl of Dartrey. Every one thought the race was confined to these two, when to the general astonishment, in which no doubt Archer joined, Fordham, who had apparently dropped back beaten, came with a rush on the inside and won by three-quarters of a length. It was one of the most remarkable of his many stolen races. Galopin easily disposed of the Spring two-year-old runners, Bella and Coronella, in the Fern Hill Stakes, and then Balfe earned a meritorious victory over Camballo in the 17th Biennial. A 'mot' of Prince Soltykoff's comes to my memory in writing about this horse. A friend one day said to him, 'Prince, you will have to join your countrymen in the war against Turkey?' 'If I

do,' gravely replied His Serene Highness, 'I shall have New Holland to take me into battle, but Balfe to bring me out!' New Holland was a notoriously slow horse, whilst Balfe had a great turn of speed!

Doncaster wound up his turf career in glorious fashion by winning the Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate in a canter, though it is worthy of note that, with the exception of Montargis, none of the horses that had opposed him in the big three-year-old contests started against him in either race. Afterwards he was sold for a large sum to Robert Peck, who in turn disposed of him at a profit for 14,000*l.* to the Duke of Westminster; but, large as the sum appears, Doncaster must be regarded as having proved a very cheap horse to His Grace, as being the sire of Bend Or (amongst other good horses), who was in turn sire of the undefeated Ormonde, who is looked on by many as the best horse that ever ran, though my own experience is that there never was a better than, if one so good as, the Derby winner of 1876—Kisber.

At Stockbridge I won the Bibury Stakes and Andover Stakes with the uncertain Kidbrooke, who was on each occasion the mount of that skilful gentleman-rider Mr. Crawshaw, but he would not stand being pulled out again for a third win on Friday, and after being got with difficulty to the post, whipped round when the flag fell, and remained stationary. Why I was foolish enough to let Tangible compete in the Stockbridge Cup against Lowlander I am at a loss now to imagine, as he had no chance on the Ascot running, and here his conqueror beat him even more easily than at the Royal meeting. On Friday much fun arose from a race made up for

gentlemen-riders, to be run over the T.Y.C., the old horses to carry 14 st. and three-year-olds 13 st. Lord Aylesford rode his own horse, Chandos, I rode Lady Atholstone, Count Jaraczewski (in trousers) rode Sir Frederick Johnstone's Knightley, and Mr. Herbert his own horse, Aide de Camp, while we reluctantly permitted Lord Melgund ('Mr. Rolly'), whom we considered almost a professional, to ride Sir John Astley's Lady of the Lake. Much chaff and amusement was caused by the mounting and the preliminary canter, but we all got fairly in line at the post, and, as anticipated, when the flag dropped Lord Melgund got off with a six-length lead, I being just in front of the rest, but not knowing the course and believing it to be perfectly straight instead of turning to the right after going 200 yards, I made rather a wide sweep. This made no difference to the result of the race, as Lady Atholstone, standing about 15 hands 2, and a light mare, tired to nothing towards the finish, as the great weight-carrying Chandos came pounding along up to me, caught Lady of the Lake a few strides from the winning post, and beat her by a length amidst much cheering and laughter, with my mare a bad third, and the other two beaten off.

The second meeting at Sandown took place the first week in July, and on the Saturday three horses, Thuringian Prince, Tangible, and a two-year-old, Sea Lawyer, faced the starter for the Gold Cup. Though six furlongs was rather too far for Tangible, and he was giving Thuringian Prince eleven pounds, I was foolish enough to back my horse for a good deal of money, the prices being 11 to 8 on Thuringian Prince, and 6 to 4 against mine. The favourite jumped off

and made the running, followed by Tangible, but on rounding the turn the two-year-old came up on the outside and cannoned Tangible on to the rails, actually splintering a post, one of the splinters, about six inches long, scoring his side very severely. This of course lost the horse a lot of ground, which Webb tried to make up in vain, the result being that to people who had not seen the accident, it looked as if the jockey had come too late, and quite a scene ensued, some wretches who had lost their money hissing Webb loudly. Some of the ringleaders had to appear before the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and eat humble pie for creating the disturbance. Of course it was a great annoyance to me, besides the accident that had prevented any chance of my winning my money, though I doubt whether if Tangible had had a clear course he ever could have given the weight away, especially on such a tiring finish.

At the Newmarket July meeting, Skylark, a magnificent dark brown King Tom horse, who as he thickened with age was the *beau-ideal* of a horse for getting hunters, won the first of the four races he successfully contested during the year, and Lord Rosebery showed good judgment in putting up Fordham on the timorous Levant in the July Stakes, as he just squeezed her home a head from the noisy and gigantic Farnese, this race being noteworthy for the appearance of the colt by Buccaneer out of Mineral, afterwards known as the mighty Kisber, bred in Hungary and the property of Mr. Alexander Baltazzi. It was on the Thursday of this meeting that Mr. R. Howett took advantage of the claiming system, copied from the French, to secure Mr.

Carter's Chorister before the selling race he was to run in, having to give twice the sum the horse was entered to be sold for and the amount of the stakes. This was not at all a popular innovation, and owners of horses were glad when it was withdrawn. Skylark carried off the Chesterfield Stakes, and Farnese won the Stetchworth Stakes, the Mineral colt, still very backward, again finishing behind him, and so far giving no indication of his great powers. At Goodwood, thinking a rest would have benefited Kidbrooke's temper, I backed him in the Craven Stakes, but I was out in my reckoning; his vices were too deeply ingrained, and he bolted and took no part in the race. My partner, Sir William Milner, and I backed Cat's Eye for a lot of money in the Stewards' Cup, but he was never in the race, which was won by Trappist, Coomassie being second. The following week Cat's Eye met Trappist at the same weights in the County Cup at Lewes, and beat him by ten lengths, a result not encouraging for those who, like myself, believe in public form. On Thursday I determined to give Kidbrooke one more trial, and started him for the Visitors' Plate, which he won by a neck from his two opponents, having actually stood still as the flag dropped and let them get nearly a quarter of a mile before he condescended to start off in pursuit. Cat's Eye on the same day won the Chichester Stakes by eight lengths, but we dared not support him for much money after his bad running in the Stewards' Cup, and Aventurière won the Goodwood Cup, Apology, who started favourite, running very badly. Kidbrooke was afforded yet another chance of retrieving his reputation on the

Friday in the Queen's Plate, but he was on his worst behaviour and bolted, allowing Lilian to finish alone; and Coomassie won the Chesterfield Cup, a smart performance, to the delight of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who was managing his uncle's horses.

At Brighton, Marie Stuart, purchased for three thousand five hundred pounds by Mr. Crawfurd, secured the Brighton Cup for her new owner, but it was the last race she ever won, and, beautifully bred mare as she is, she has been a great disappointment at the stud. At Lewes, Lady Mostyn scored a popular home victory for Mrs. Drewitt in the Astley Stakes, as she was the wife of the trainer, who for many years trained for Sir J. Astley, and under whose care I believe Fordham first began life in a racing stable. At York, Lily Agnes, ever famous as the dam of Ormonde, won the Ebor Handicap on the same day that the great Springfield romped in for the Prince of Wales' Stakes, Mr. Houldsworth being congratulated on all sides on the possession of so beautiful a horse. The Warwick meeting of this year is impressed on my memory by the fact that I thought I was literally certain to win four consecutive races, but the result was the same in each race. I ran up against something just a little better than I had expected to meet, and the four anticipated firsts were four expensive and disappointing seconds. The next day I did win three races, but each time my horses started with odds on them. Doncaster, too, I well recollect, for I had made a match for 1,000*l.* with Lizzie Distin against my friend Mr. Hector Baltazzi's John Day, the latter in receipt of five pounds. Unfortunately my trainer, Henry Woolcott, said to Webb,

as he was getting up, 'This mare is so well you can take a liberty with her,' instead of telling him to wait till the last stride, as he ought to have done, she having very fine speed. The result was that they came away together in a good-run race, which suited the horse, and Webb was only just able to hold his own, enough to make a dead heat of it. Perhaps it was as well as it was, amongst friends. I then tried to buy John Day, but without success. Craigmillar scored a popular victory for Mr. Crawfurd in the Leger, beating Balfe three lengths; and it is worthy of remark that, although not a first-class horse, the winner was one of the few horses by Blair Athol that could stay well. He was on the small side. Fräulein furnished a surprise by easily beating Marie Stuart in the Cup (starting at a hundred to eight offered), but the latter could not have been quite herself, as she could only make a dead heat with Louise Victoria, whom on the Brighton running she ought to have beaten easily—another of the many reversals of public form I have to chronicle. A good deal of betting took place this week at the rooms, Robert Lee having a ten thousand pounds book on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Indeed, he laid me that sum against The Grey Palmer, who was third for the Cambridgeshire. When the day of the Cesarewitch arrived, Duke of Parma, in spite of having started unbefriended, and running badly at the First October meeting in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which, however, was much too short a course for so slow a horse, became a hot favourite for the race. He had been gradually creeping up in the betting, and when Mr. Charles

Brewer, the stable commissioner, took ten thousand to one in a bet about him the week before, others hastened to get on. No mistake was made about him, and he won three lengths from the second favourite, Pageant. It was not a great performance, seeing that the second was giving him two stone all but three pounds that he carried overweight; nevertheless, unkind things were said at the time about his defeat in the previous week, and his journey to Yarmouth in August, when Admiral Rous accompanied his owner down to the seaside meeting to see the horse well beaten with odds on him, both of the above-mentioned gentlemen losing their money. I myself heard some of these remarks made in the card room at the Jockey Club Rooms, but I consider they were most uncalled for, as, in the first place, running six furlongs is a very different thing from the Cesarewitch course, particularly if the horse is doing long work at exercise, which would have the effect of lessening any speed he might have, and secondly because early in the year he had won a little handicap by six lengths.

On Wednesday came the famous match between Galopin and Lowlander for a thousand pounds, run over the Rowley Mile, the old horse carrying 9 st., and the younger one 8 st. 2 lb. When the owners were making the match the Prince held out for Galopin to carry that weight, every one supposing it was to enable him to secure the services of Fordham, and much amusement was caused when Prince Batthyany confided to a friend that he had stipulated on the weight, as it was the lowest his jockey, Morris, could ride. Fordham was secured for Lowlander, but

though his prestige in riding matches may have caused the Ring to hold out for as little as 6 to 4 when the numbers went up, all good judges believed the old horse would be unequal to the task. Galopin, on whom Morris had orders to make the running, came through at a terrific pace, and either Fordham could not hold Lowlander, or he dared not let the Derby winner get too far ahead, for he was within about a length of him all the way, and in the Abingdon Mile bottom both horses rolled slightly from the high pressure they had kept up so far. They were unable to sustain the effort any longer, and slowly as Galopin finished up the hill it was very evident that Lowlander was even more tired. Fordham was now seen to take up his whip in his left hand, and a lusty shout went up for the Derby winner, who passed the post a length in front of his opponent, with very little to spare.

Lord Falmouth refused to declare to win with Spinaway in the Newmarket Oaks, in which he also ran Lady Love, and the consequence was that we were treated to an unnecessary though exciting finish between the stable companions. Lady Love appeared to have the best of the race fifty yards from home, but the Oaks winner got up just in time to win by a head. Archer rode her, and though, of course, he was not then the Archer of a decade later, spectators might have supposed that he would have chosen the right one. The finish gave the backers of Spinaway a severe fright, and I must say I do not see the use of an owner needlessly distressing his two animals when one is good enough to win the race. The result is not unlikely to take away their form for

the year, especially when, as in this case, the opponents are mares. Just before this race Lord Falmouth told me he and Mat Dawson disagreed about the merits of the two animals; hence his letting each take her chance. Probably he intended in any case to take both of them out of training at the end of the season; but be that as it may, neither ran again to her form after this very severe struggle.

The Middle Park Plate was won in a canter by the beautiful Petrarch, who was little fancied by his connections, owing to the impression that he was not quite fit. There was a good deal of betting on this race. Mr. Baltazzi having tried the Mineral colt very satisfactorily with Cœruleus, backed him for a very large stake indeed, and was continuing to do so in the betting-rooms the night before the race, when Steel warned him he had quite enough on. It proved too much, indeed, as things turned out, for the horse, ridden by Parry, never really showed in the race; and yet within a fortnight he beat the great Springfield in a canter by three lengths, Madeira (dam of Alicante), who was second in the Middle Park Plate, finishing nowhere. No excuse was offered for his bad running, and to this day the contradictory form remains a mystery, the only possible solution of it being that he had suffered on one or two occasions from rheumatism, and may have had a sudden attack of it unknown to his trainer, Hayhoe, senior.

At the end of this day's racing Lord Dupplin, who had had a bad week, sent to the stables for Admiral Byng, whom he had purchased from Prince Batthyany, to run for the selling Nursery Handicap, in spite of his trainer's remonstrances, as the horse

had been done up. This did not prevent his owner betting on him 'till the cows came home,' to quote a favourite expression of Mr. Dudley Milner's to denote a plunge, and the good thing came off, but only by a neck, after a scrambling finish. The day finished up with my winning the Windsor Stakes with Cream Cheese, and the next day I let her go after winning a selling race. She was the dam of that good steeplechase horse Roquefort, winner of the Grand National. Kaleidoscope just squeaked home from the French mare, Enguerrande, in the Prendergast Stakes, the Gong filly beaten a neck from her; and here I must tell of an extraordinary trial that took place the following week with this mare, as Mr. Baltazzi, not satisfied with the Mineral colt's running, obtained permission to try him with the Gong filly, to whom he gave two stone and a good beating.

At the Houghton meeting on Monday onlookers thought T. Osborne made too much use of Springfield in the Criterion, which was won by Johnny Osborne on Clanronald by a head—an undoubted fluke. Sutton, a four-year-old gelding, landed a clever coup in the Cambridgeshire, but the Admiral certainly made a mistake in putting him in so lightly as 5 st. 13 lb.; indeed, this was one of the occasions on which he was fairly caught. No doubt the horse had 'had a leg,' and given that clever veterinary surgeon, Mr. Mannington, some trouble. Mr. Bevill, senior, whom the Admiral often consulted about the merits of horses of whose form he was ignorant, had seen the animal in the stables at Brighton, where, no doubt, they made the worst of his case, and told the famous handicapper that he had not a hundred to

one chance of winning such a race; hence his being let off.

On Thursday came the first year of that now important event the Dewhurst Plate, a race founded by Mr. Gee, the owner of the Dewhurst stud, he giving a piece of plate value three hundred sovereigns. This year it was a hideous candelabra. I fully made up my mind to have a dash on Springfield, when my friend, Mr. Baltazzi, told me of his horse's wonderful trial. This fairly amazed me, and after ascertaining that no excuse was offered for the Middle Park Plate defeat I began to think the Gong filly could not have galloped in a trial which, if correct, showed the Mineral colt to be the best horse I had ever heard of! However, I determined at any rate not to back Springfield, and to stand ten pounds with my friend, more for luck than anything else. The betting was even on Springfield, and 10 to 1 against the Mineral colt, who, in the hands of Maidment, won in a canter by three lengths, and thus verified the result of his private spin. His owner got back his previous losses with a good balance, and, believing he possessed the winner of next year's Derby, we were a merry party that night at dinner at Rutland Cottage, the property of Mr. Hector Baltazzi, who had purchased it two years before from Mr. 'Nugget' Smith.

On Friday we were treated to a new race, run over a fantastic course, which I am glad to say has not been galloped over since. The beautiful Cesarewitch course is surely good enough for anything, but for some mysterious reason the Circular Handicap, as it was called, was set for decision over two miles, the

direction of which I find it difficult to describe. The course, which was marked out with flags, was a large sort of circus between the last half of the Rowley Mile and the private trial ground, joining into the racecourse somewhere near the bushes. The race was very easily won by Stray Shot, dam of Shotover.

1876

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Hector Baltazzi, prominent figures in the turf world in 1876, began well at Lincoln, for the latter took the Brocklesby with that charming little horse Midlothian, and Controversy, a magnificent specimen of the weight-carrying racehorse, won the Lincolnshire Handicap for the owner of the rose and primrose hoops, who won a nice stake on him, the price being a good one. The reason why Controversy was not more fancied may most likely be set down to the fact that he was a better horse out than at home. Give me that class of horse, say I! If he does not win you much money, at any rate he does not lose you much, and is a very different piece of goods from the animal that comfortably disposes of all his opponents in a home gallop, and then, when backed for pounds, shillings, and pence for a race that would be completely at his mercy if he tried, almost faints at the crack of the whip, and is helpless when called on for an extra effort. Often and often have jockeys, when they are finishing against some faint-hearted brute who is beating them, availed themselves of the knowledge that the speedy rival will shut up like a knife when he hears the smack of their whip against their boot, though I fear sometimes they have gone further than that and

flourished their whip in close proximity to the coward's ears, if, indeed, without actually touching him. An objection follows and hard swearing ensues, which makes it difficult to arrive at the truth unless competent and unbiassed bystanders volunteer evidence; but how many of these do you meet on a racecourse? Very few!

Thunder, purchased cheaply for, I think, 2,000*l.*, ran for the first time in this race, carrying the mauve and cerise colours of Mr. Vyner, which were destined to show far more prominently in important races this year than they had ever done before. The old horse ran well, but had no chance to give the winner 1 st. 11 lb. At Liverpool, Advance, who was a good, useful horse, and afterwards within an ace of defeating a Derby winner in the City and Suburban, giving a lot of weight to him, won the Union Jack Stakes in a canter; and Regal, admirably ridden by his trainer, Joseph Cannon, won Captain Machell his third Liverpool in four years, but he was less fancied than the favourite, Chandos, in the same interest, who had been so well tried that defeat was deemed impossible; Jewitt rode him, and fell. At Northampton, Rosinante, a roaring son of Rosicrucian, but very speedy, won the Spencer Plate for Mr. Baltazzi, two former winners of the same race, Quantock and the Gunner, finishing second and third, again showing the partiality of animals for certain courses.

Before the Craven week I went down to Beckhampton to try The Grey Palmer and Little Harry for the City and Suburban. There had been a heavy fall of snow; nevertheless, we tried the horses in it, but not on our ordinary ground. There were

other horses in the trial, but Little Harry won it, and I bought him for 1,200*l.* from Henry Woolcott, believing he would win the City and Suburban, my opinion being strengthened by The Grey Palmer winning easily the International Free Handicap on the Friday of the Craven week. We were, however, doomed to disappointment, as Little Harry, although trained to the hour and leading at the Bell, could do nothing with Thunder when Archer brought the latter up to him; the young horse was easily beaten by three lengths, and, what is more, he went from bad to worse, never winning a race, till at length, the following year, at Brighton, sick to death of a horse that had cost me so much money, and refusing several offers to buy him to make a hurdle racer, I ordered Woolcott to shoot him that very night.

On this day Atlantic Cable won the Westminster Stakes. He was by Maccaroni out of Celerrima, and was purchased by Tom Brown at the Cobham sale of yearlings the year before, together with the Rover, by Blair Athol out of Crinon, for Mr. A. B. Stockwell, an American gentleman, who had lately come to England and who raced in the assumed name of 'Mr. Alden.' He was supposed to be wealthy, but a great speculator in the City. Whatever he came with he certainly left in a year or two with very little, leaving nothing but debts behind him, amongst others I being a sufferer to the tune of 1,500*l.* which I had to pay for him. Most of us thought he was a good-natured fellow and his vulgarity rather amused us, but Mr. Payne never could bear the sight of him. Once he related a story about himself. When first he was known in New York, after making money, he

was talked of with becoming respect as 'Mr. A. B. Stockwell,' it being considered a kind of dignity in that supposed democratic country to have two Christian names, and to be mentioned by them. The time came, however, when he lost all his money in speculation, and he became known then as 'that little red-headed cuss from Kentucky.' When he made his pile again he was once more restored to his original 'title,' neither his hair nor his State being named; but I suppose when he returned 'broke' he became a 'red-headed cuss' once more. Neither of his animals turned out well, as, owing to some stupid trial, he was not allowed to back Atlantic Cable, who never won again, and the Rover, who finished fourth in the Middle Park Plate, never again ran to that form. Rover had a club foot, or, at any rate, a contracted one; still, he has made a name at the stud as the probable sire of that good horse St. Gatien.

At the end of the previous year Lord Dupplin, in conjunction, I believe, with Colonel Oliphant and Colonel Farquharson, purchased Petrarch for a large sum—12,000 guineas, it was said. Lord Dupplin believed he could win the Two Thousand with Kaleidoscope, as in a trial, some ten days before, Petrarch had failed to answer the question, and appeared not fit. It is astonishing that it was not recollected how the same excuse was made for him before he won the Middle Park Plate. He had done good work between his trial and the day of the race, and old John Day had expressed an opinion that such a light-fleshed horse did not want to do more; however, he was allowed to start friendless, Kaleidoscope

being favourite, but Petrarch sailed home an easy winner by three lengths, Julius Cæsar, bought at the back end sale of Lord Aylesford's horses at Newmarket for 3,500 guineas, beating the favourite a length and a half. Chagrined as the connections of the winner were with the result, they made certain that they could not lose the Derby; but the work Petrarch was given in the interval must have done him harm, as he ought, at any rate, to have finished in front of Julius Cæsar, though he had no chance, on paper, with Kisber on the latter's famous trial with the Gong filly. Mr. Peck was rather confident that Forerunner would win, as he had beaten Julius Cæsar easily in a trial, and not much mistake was made by this good judge, but he caught a tartar in the winner, who had not been regularly tried, but had given lumps of weight in a rough gallop to Cœruleus and the colt by Scottish Chief out of Artemis, and in the hands of Maidment he took up the running at the top of the hill, was never afterwards headed, and won, running away, by five lengths, Maidment having great difficulty in pulling him up in the middle of the saddling paddock. Kisber was an infirm horse and suffered from rheumatism, but fit and well on his day I am quite certain he is the best horse I have ever seen, and, as already remarked, that he would have beaten Ormonde if the latter had been of the same year. It was a good field of horses from which he won this Derby, and he could have won any distance; through his trials and on his best form I made him out at least a stone better than Petrarch on the latter's Two Thousand running. Both the Baltazzis won

good stakes, and there was great excitement and delight in Vienna and Hungary when the news of the victory was received.

This was the first year that Mr. H. Sanford, an American gentleman, ran horses in England, and his aged horse, Mate, ran third to Dalham and Wisdom for the Epsom Cup. He had a particularly agreeable and gentlemanly manner, and was much liked by all of us.

Dining at the Prince of Wales' Derby dinner I sat next Sir Richard Wallace, and on telling him that Kisber was going to Paris he most good-naturedly offered to let the horse go to his beautiful place Bagatelle, situated about a mile from the racecourse. I at once accepted for Mr. Baltazzi; the horse was duly sent there, and when we went to Paris after the races were over, on the day before the Grand Prix, we paid a visit to this historical residence that once belonged to Napoleon I. There, in the cool of the evening, we saw Kisber walking round a large bed of corn-flowers in the garden, and were shown over the place by an old retainer, who pointed out to us many objects of interest. In the race Kisber nearly overpowered Maidment at the Windmill Turn, but once round it the jockey let his horse stride away, and it was soon palpable that it was only a question of how far he would win. He passed the post five lengths in front of the Oaks dead-heater, Enguerrande. The victory was not a very popular one, owing to an erroneous idea amongst the French that the horse belonged to a German.

At Ascot Petrarch showed his Derby running was too bad to be true, by giving Julius Cæsar five pounds

and a beating in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, a gigantic horse of Lord Falmouth's, Great Tom, splitting the pair. At this meeting Rob Roy, a white-legged chestnut son of Blair Athol, carried the tartan colours of Mr. Mackenzie to the fore in the Nineteenth Biennial and the New Stakes, and proved himself a smart horse, though his owner did not gain much in bets, owing to the old story 'the horse was beaten in his trial at home.' At Stockbridge Mr. Gerard won the Hurstbourne Stakes with Palm Flower, who just beat the favourite, Chevron, by a neck. I mention this event because it is generally supposed that Mr. John Hammond, then in the employment of Captain Machell, won a thousand pounds on the race, which was the foundation of the fortune he has amassed on the turf. I must not omit to mention that this was the first year of the registration of the assumed name of 'Mr. Acton,' in which Mr. Leopold Rothschild ran the horses after the lamented death of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, it being generally understood that he was acting as his father's manager.

I had tried Dee so well for the Chesterfield Stakes that I thought she could not be beaten, and had a thousand on her; and in the hands of Tom Cannon she won cleverly, but not easily, by three-quarters of a length. I purchased her at the Cobham yearling sale for about 500 guineas, and let Mr. Marshall have her. She is one of the few animals amongst thoroughbreds that I ever saw with a sort of feathering of the hair on her quarters, which gave it the appearance of being curled. At Goodwood I won a couple of races with Dovedale (a mare by Beadsman out of Columbia, that had American blood in her) and Bonbon; indeed,

at this time I was in a vein of good luck, for though my horses were moderate, by entering them carefully I found that up to the end of the Sussex fortnight I had cleared 10,000*l.* on the year.

We had taken a vicarage two miles from the course, and every evening at dinner-time our ears were delighted with the strains of the Hungarian band that Mr. Baltazzi had hired for the week; they played in the garden, and it was wonderful what an effect a few bottles of champagne had on their bows, making their wild gipsy airs sound more spirited and vigorous than ever.

In September of this year I went to the first flat race meeting held on the new course at Bristol. In the spring a grand steeplechase meeting had inaugurated the new venture. Lord Fitzhardinge entertained the Prince of Wales and many friends at Berkeley Castle, coming over each day to the races. The Corporation had prepared a grand luncheon for the Royal Party, when turtle in every conceivable form was on the table, and the 'Bristol milk' (fine old brown sherry) was much appreciated. The inhabitants of the town, however, never seemed to take kindly to the racing; the new venture only lasted a few years and was then abandoned.

Of course all this time Kisber was a very warm favourite for the Leger, and remained so till within about a week of the race, when all of a sudden opposition broke out against him. It came from an unexpected quarter, too, a bookmaker named Reid being his principal antagonist, and the Derby winner went from bad to worse in the market. What Reid knew, or thought he knew, was a question, but his know-

ledge seemed to some extent justified when it was wired up from Newmarket one day that the colt had done no work. He partly recovered his position, however, by cantering every day till he was sent to Doncaster. On the Tuesday morning I went out on the racecourse with his owner to see him at exercise, and he went the best gallop he had had since the mishap to one of his forelegs—that had been the secret trouble—and pulled up quite sound. Hayhoe, his trainer, still believed he was well enough to win the Leger, and at the start two to one was laid on him. I fancy he must have got the best of his jockey, Osborne, as after they had gone half a mile he took up the running and maintained the lead to within a quarter of a mile of home; but there he was hopelessly beaten, and Petrarch got home, though only just, from Wild Tommy, the outsider of the lot, who was only a neck behind him. No doubt Kisber had not done sufficient work, and was a gross horse into the bargain. The following week, however, by his trainer's advice, Mr. Baltazzi gave a commission to back him for a large sum for the Cesarewitch. The business was entrusted to Mr. William Peech, and I well remember Mr. Charles Brewer telling me that he and Mr. Peech were out shooting, when the latter said, 'Charlie, I have a big job to do to-day, I have to back Kisber for a lot of money for the Cesarewitch;' and Brewer's remark, 'He never would have told me if he hadn't got me in a big field of turnips, miles from a telegraph office.'

It was well for Brewer that his friend spoke when and where he did, for hardly had the commission been executed, when the news came that Kisber had

failed in his preparation, and that we were never to see him on a racecourse again. Bearing in mind what a wonderful horse he was, as proved by his extraordinary trial as a two-year-old, his easy defeat of Springfield, and his runaway victory in the Derby, it is astonishing that he has never got a better horse than Kinsky, though mated to some of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's best mares.

After Doncaster, Admiral Rous paid us a visit in the country, and, with Lords Dupplin and Winchilsea and others, drove to Lichfield, where there was moderate sport. It was very amusing to see the Admiral and Mr. Payne play at billiards, and to hear the chaff that used to go on during the game. The Admiral was fond of potting his adversary's ball and giving a miss in baulk, and at Mr. Payne's look of disgust, partly assumed, would say, 'Safety and succour, you know!' If the balls looked pretty safe, Mr. Payne would remark with a wink to the lookers on, 'I think there's a cannon there,' meeting with response in the Admiral's gruff voice, 'Always a cannon to a good player!' though at the same time he would play for safety himself. When he left the balls safe for his adversary he was prodigal in his offers of 'a gold snuff-box if you score!' The Admiral always took his waistcoat off, besides his coat, and then if he had the worst of the game, his braces would follow, which led Mr. Payne to remark that some day in the heat of the moment the Admiral would be found trying to make the last few points without any trousers on. Whereas the Admiral constantly wore a pot hat at Newmarket, Mr. Payne always wore a tall hat everywhere, and I was much surprised

the first, and only time, I saw him in anything else. This was when we were staying together at Riddlesworth for shooting with Mr. Crawfurd, and one particular incident of the visit much amused us. We were standing at the end of a low cover, which was being beaten towards us, Mr. Payne being on my right, when a moor-hen was disturbed by the beaters and flew into a tree opposite my neighbour. I saw that some conversation going on between him and his loader was suddenly interrupted by a covey of partridges which came over us, and Mr. Payne brought down a rocketer, to his very great gratification. Meanwhile, the moor-hen flew off the tree into a ditch, but to my surprise I saw the old loader point to the tree, say something, and Mr. Payne, following the direction of the old fellow's hand, took most deliberate aim and fired. Nothing particular happened, except, of course, that the loader was addressed without any compliment to his powers of observation or sagacity. Mr. Payne afterwards informed us that the old man had told him he had seen a curious bird settle in the tree, and he kept on saying, 'Lord, Muster Payne, how still she do sit!' till he was asked to point out the precise spot. The 'bird' was really an excrescence growing on the tree, though neither knew that, and it was at this he fired.

There are many races every year of which, if a full account could be written, a most interesting and exciting story might be made, and such a one was the Cesarewitch of 1876. Mr. F. Swindell, one of the cleverest of Turf tacticians, thought that he was sure to win with Woodlands, and a *coup* had also

been planned by the friends of Rosebery. Other horses were fancied for more or less inadequate reasons; but Rosebery won anyhow (as well he might do, seeing that he was afterwards proved to be one of the best four-year-olds in England), Mr. Swindell being second with Woodlands, as he had been two years before with the Truth gelding. At least 100,000*l.* was taken out of the pockets of the ring and backers, so ably was the commission executed by 'the leviathan,' Steel, who threw in for a good stake, and neither he nor Peech forgot to shout when they saw the horse winning in a canter. I stood near them, and can testify to the strength of their lungs.

At Doncaster, when the weights came out for the Cambridgeshire, Prince Batthyany owned the favourite in Lord Lincoln. From information I received (to quote the policeman), I thought he was a good horse, and bought him from the Prince, who was always ready to sell handicap horses, for 2,000*l.* I also had in the race Cat's Eye, who would have been a good horse but for 'a leg;' and indeed so shaky was he that it was only by my trainer's wish that I kept him in the race. When I went to Beckhampton to try the horses, to my astonishment Cat's Eye beat the other easily, and I had to back him, though without much confidence, as I believed firmly that Rosebery would win, and indeed had acted on my faith. Nevertheless, Cat's Eye and Rosebery started equal favourites, owing, I believe, to some bookmakers having laid long prices against my horse and having to take the money back. Neither he nor Lord Lincoln was ever in the race, which was won

by Rosebery by a neck from the game little Hopbloom. On Saturday, however, Cat's Eye won the Houghton Handicap in a canter by three lengths, proving that he ought at least to have shown in some part of the big race with 10 lb. less on his back. Of course I could not back him for much, and only took a thousand to a hundred between Sir William Milner and myself.

1877

The early part of this year's racing calls for no comment, though I may mention the defeat of the future Derby winner, Silvio, in the Biennial at the Craven week, owing probably to a blinding storm right in the face of the horses. The winner was Grey Friar, who was only a moderate horse. Considerable excitement was caused just before the City and Suburban by a forged telegram being sent, purporting to be an order to scratch Julius Cæsar, who was in consequence driven to a long price till the nature of the message was discovered. He won the race by six lengths, ridden by Archer. Mr. Peck carried off the Westminster Stakes with a beautiful Scottish Chief mare called Grace, who afterwards became my property, and was invaluable for trying horses, particularly two-year-olds, besides being a charming hack. She was perhaps the only racehorse in training that was ridden as hack on the Heath by a lady one day, and won a race the next. La Merveille—presented, I believe, by Mr. Coombe to Mr. Peck after his plucky purchase of Maximilian for 4,100 guineas at Mr. Coombe's sale of yearlings at the Cobham stud—also won for him the Hyde Park Plate this same week.

The Two Thousand was easily won by Chamant, a magnificent bay son of Mortemer and Araucania.

He shared favouritism with Morier, who ran very badly, the American horse, Brown Prince, finishing second—three quarters of a length in front of Silvio. At the second Spring meeting the very easy victory of Altyre, a charming little Blair Athol horse, brought him into prominent notice for the Derby, in which, however, he cut a poor figure, Silvio winning cleverly from the outsider, Glen Arthur, who in turn beat the favourite, Rob Roy, by three-quarters of a length. Soon after running third for the Derby of 1877 Rob Roy had to be turned out of training, and as he proved no use for stud purposes Mr. Mackenzie (afterwards Sir James) gave him to General Sir Arthur Hardinge, who rode him for seven years as a charger, in India chiefly, and a magnificent one he made. He was of a darker colour than most of the Blair Athols, though he had the conspicuous white markings of his sire, and was up to 16 st. with hounds, but free from all lumber, and with a beautiful head. The natives of India used to rush to see him, and christened him 'the Father of all the Arabs.' Placida just got home in the Oaks, the winner of the One Thousand, Belphœbe, who did not come down the hill quite as well as the winner, never being able to get on terms with her. Skylark showed good form at Ascot by easily beating Rosebery, though perhaps the latter was not quite in such trim as when he shone so in the two big back-end handicaps of the year before: and Chypre, a great powerful son of Blinkhoolie, won the Ascot Stakes for me, this being the first time C. Wood ever rode one of my horses. Petrarch, purchased for a large sum by Lord Lonsdale, followed up an Epsom Handicap victory by

winning the Gold Cup from Skylark, the beautiful Coomassie being third, and Trappist, with a winning race just before in him, had to strike his flag to Ecossais in the All Aged Stakes, though at only 1 lb. difference he had his revenge in the Stockbridge Cup, Lollypop splitting the pair. These three horses must have cost backers a lot of money. Redwing, a moderate Blair Athol mare, won the Hurstbourne Stakes, the Derby winner of the following year, Sefton (then unnamed), finishing second. At this meeting two very high-priced mares, called Industry and Thoughtless, both by Hermit, and the property of Mr. Padwick, made their *début*, the former winning the Troy Stakes, and the latter, though starting favourite, being nowhere in the Hurstbourne. Both turned out most disappointingly, and were valuable only for the stud. In the Liverpool Cup Snail scored a popular victory for Lord Rosebery, but it was very hard for the backers of the favourite, Petrarch, that he should only have failed by a head to give the 19 lb. away.

On the Tuesday morning of Goodwood races I was staying at Singleton, about two miles from the course, and rose early to ride up and see the horses do their work at exercise. It was a singularly beautiful morning, but I was depressed, as I knew that within an hour a lad only twenty years old was going to be hung. I was High Sheriff for Warwickshire, and had seen him tried at the July Assizes and condemned to death for stabbing a policeman in the neck with a clasp knife in a street row in Birmingham, after some days the poor man having died from internal bleeding. The prisoner's father

had come all the way from America to be present at the trial, and all day long I saw him up in the gallery immediately above the dock, straining over to see his son below him in such an awful position. The culprit looked quite a boy, and I don't believe he meant to kill the policeman at the moment, but the law was clear. The Court sat very late to finish the case, and as the declining rays of the setting sun lit up the interior of the building the jury returned to deliver their verdict of guilty. When asked if he had anything to say the wretched culprit turned to the jury, and in a quiet but trembling voice told them they had found him guilty of a crime he had never intended to commit. Then that awful sentence was passed, and we all mournfully left the court, but I shall never forget the look of the prisoner's father when he heard the verdict. Afterwards a man wrote to me from Birmingham, and having stated that the crime had created a great sensation there, wished to try his powers as an amateur hangman, and offered to 'hang the man for nothing!' I directed the Under-Sheriff to answer him with a stern refusal.

Well, on the way to the course I met Archer, and rode up with him. He was scarcely less depressed than I was, though from a very different cause. He had wasted hard to ride Mousquetaire in the Stewards' Cup, had taken little or nothing to eat for two days, and the report got about that, owing to forestalling, the horse would not run; and he asked me in piteous tones if I thought they could be so cruel to him.

At Goodwood, Athol Lad, brother to Prince Charlie, and as big, but not nearly so good-looking or

so good, only just won the Ham Stakes, and it was fortunate for the backers of Herald that Mousquetaire did not compete for the Stewards' Cup, his joint owners, Lord Lascelles and Mr. W. B. Beaumont, preferring to run him for the Chichester Stakes and Chesterfield Cup, both of which races he won anyhow. The charming Jannette won the Richmond Stakes in a canter, and remained undefeated during the year. The Goodwood Stakes, a favourite race of the Manton stable, was carried off by Prince George; Chypre, when going very well, Constable told me, having the misfortune to put his foot in a hole scratched out by a rabbit and breaking down, yet one more instance of the way in which so-called certainties may be upset, for this, of course, might equally have happened to an animal that had 4 st. in hand. Hampton showed that he was as good a horse as Petrarch, by giving weight and a beating to Skylark in the Cup; and in a grand race for the Bentinck Memorial the good-looking but unfortunate Spark beat the gigantic Athol Lad by a head, Cannon riding the winner.

Passing on to Doncaster, Silvio, starting a hot favourite, won the St. Leger in a canter from his stable companion, Lady Golightly, who was now running in her best form. Behind them, however, were a very moderate lot of horses.

At the First October meeting Hilarious, who had been backed for a ton of money for the Cesarewitch, was pulled out to oppose Thunderstone in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and although he had the best of the weights, he succumbed by half a length, but was not disgraced. On the morning of this day Mr.

Gerard, now Lord Gerard, disposed of his horses in training, unluckily for him, as amongst them was Pilgrimage, the winner of the Two Thousand and One Thousand of 1878, Captain Machell asking me to purchase her and Telegram (that secured the first Nursery a few hours later) for Lord Lonsdale, which I did at a price that would be considered moderate for a good plater nowadays.

On the Thursday, Hilarious proved himself the same animal as Lady Golightly in the St. Leger over the severe Ditch In, and in consequence became a warm favourite for the big handicap of the following week, which he won in a canter by four lengths, Macaroon, backed for an enormous stake at fifty to one by Captain Machell's stable, finishing second a neck in front of Belphœbe, whose performance was far the best of all the three-year-olds. After the decision of the Oatlands Plate, a high-class selling race, won by Colonel Forester's Paramatta, it may be noted that Captain Sterling claimed Jester for the large sum of two thousand pounds and the stake of 270*l.* I fancy the claim was for Mr. Naylor. Beauclerc was a good horse the day he won the Middle Park Plate, in which the four-thousand-guinea Maximilian made his first appearance on a racecourse, and, though fancied, ran nowhere.

The Champion Stakes was looked on as a good thing for Springfield, as he had only to give 12 lb. to Silvio, and directly the numbers went up odds were freely laid on him, four to one being offered against the Derby winner; but shortly a reaction took place, the fielding became very pronounced, not to say ominous, 'even money the favourite' was shrieked

all over the ring, layers tumbled over each other to bet against Springfield, and backers struggled to get on Silvio, seeing the turn things had taken, till at length both horses started equal favourites, and in the hands of Tom Cannon, happily for all those concerned in the horse, Springfield won gallantly from Silvio. Many of us must remember the gloomy looks of the Ring after the race, especially Steel's and Peech's, who had lost a lot, knowing nothing, but through simply following the lead of a man who thought he had found out something. What it was will never be known, but many stories were afloat at the time.

Jongleur, who had proved himself smart in the Cesarewitch week by giving 3 lb. and a beating to the Oaks winner, Placida, with Verneuil and Thunderstone behind them, in the Select Stakes, and running third to Lady Golightly, giving her 11 lb. in the Newmarket Derby, the last race of the meeting, won the Cambridgeshire by two lengths with 8 st. 4 lb. on his back, the unlucky Belphœbe being second with 7 st. 10 lb., so it was a very good performance of the winner, and it is surprising he was allowed to start at 33 to 1, considering his two good shows in the previous week. Public form was here again triumphant, except that Hilarious ran badly in this race, the course, however, being too short for him.

At Liverpool, Arbitrator, then three years old, showed very good form by winning the Cup with 8 st. on his back, and he followed this victory up by successfully carrying the 12 lb. penalty home in the Great Lancashire Handicap on the Friday. He is now the sire of some useful racehorses.

At the first meeting of the Jockey Club this year

Mr. Alexander brought forward a motion to alter the lowest weight of 5 st. 7 lb. in handicaps to 4 st. 7 lb. At a small meeting this was carried by two, but at the Second Spring meeting the old rule was restored and this one negatived by a majority of ten. How little did poor Admiral Rous think when he proudly resumed his office as Steward at the Craven week that at the meeting of the Jockey Club in the Second Spring meeting we should all be lamenting his sudden death and considering what steps should be taken to erect a memorial to him! At the Craven week he appeared in his usual health, and he went down to Epsom Spring the first day. Here he was seized with a kind of fit, had to be taken back to London, and put to bed. He gradually sank, and died in a few days, to the extreme grief of his friends and of the whole racing world. No one did more for the Turf, and Newmarket particularly, than he. Although some of his decisions may be questioned, his honest intentions never were, and he had the welfare of the sport at heart. He spent an immense quantity of time over his handicaps, which with him were a labour of love. He always kept one or two bad horses in training to make matches with, and was very difficult to beat, one cause of his success, in addition to his judgment in estimating what his own and other horses could do, being that he almost invariably secured the services of Fordham to ride for him.

The Admiral was courteous and obliging to people in every class of life. He was a good judge of character, and though always rather deaf, he became extra so when people reproached him rather

unnecessarily about the weights he had put on their horses. Within two years the Jockey Club lost him and his great friend Mr. George Payne, and to me, and I am sure to many others, the Newmarket meetings have never quite seemed the same since.

1878

On February the 4th, a special meeting of the Jockey Club was held at Messrs. Weatherby's office in London, and after the club had confirmed some alterations of rules passed at the Houghton meeting, General Pearson moved the following resolution :—

'That the Stewards of the Jockey Club be empowered to oppose in Parliament Mr. Anderson's Bill for the Licensing of Racecourses,' a motion which, of course, was carried unanimously.

At the Lincoln Spring meeting Kaleidoscope, purchased by Mr. R. Peck from Lord Dupplin for 700 guineas, won the Lincolnshire Handicap for his new owner, and a number of curious stories were set afloat as to the system on which it was supposed that the horse had been trained, the most eccentric legend being that he had been fed entirely on watercresses. It is wonderful what ignorant tales 'racing men' can be induced to believe about horses. One hears of trials of horses so amazing, that before the animals appear in public it seems absolutely impossible that they can be beaten; but, nevertheless, they generally are. Horses can do everything but talk, it is said, and as embryo conversationalists they may shine, for all the observer knows; but when it comes to winning the races that have booked 'real good things' for them, deficiencies become painfully apparent. So,

too, we hear of jockeys whose marvellous ability enables them to win or lose races on the post by a short head, with their whip out, their spurs rammed home, and their teeth clenched! The real fact was that Kaleidoscope 'made a noise,' and in the case of thick-winded horses, it is believed that a handful of watercresses now and then clears their pipes, a piece of knowledge, or at any rate a supposition, of which Mr. Peck availed himself.

Common sense and practical knowledge have much to do with the training of horses. For instance, in 1870 and 1871 I had a mare called Lizzie Cowl in training at Bloss's, an establishment which Captain Machell was managing. She was a bad feeder, and at last he hit on the expedient of trying her with Thorley's food for cattle, the result being that the mare ate it greedily and soon put on flesh, without which it is impossible to train a horse, for you must have something to train on—some flesh to reduce into hard muscle. I do not think trainers use half the simple foods they might do to tempt delicate horses to eat, such as bran, green meat, &c. At Newmarket trainers are very fond of putting a few steel drops in the water, and this is believed by many judges to be a very good plan with shy feeders, especially with selling platers if they are going to run immediately. It, so to speak, braces the horse up for the time, but it has to be continued, and I have known platers degenerate when they have left stables where they have been accustomed to this tonic, and gone where they have not had the medicine. I was once rather impressed by a man writing to me and suggesting that I should give my horses

tincture of coca, a plant much used by the Indians and Mexicans when going long distances on foot with the prospect of being kept very short of food on the journey. They chew the leaves into a sort of ball and keep it in their mouths like a quid of tobacco. I procured a bottle of tincture of coca accordingly, took it down to Beckhampton, and gave a horse possessed of a very uncertain temper a dose of it, two teaspoonfuls in a wine-glass of water, before he took part in a trial I had arranged. At the same time my brother and I each took a dose of it before we set out on our walk up to the downs. It certainly produced an exhilarating effect on us, and the horse ran as straight as a die. He won the trial, and at the time I thought I would try it with uncertain horses in public, but I never did so, though I am confident it would have a better effect than the whiskey which is so often given to rogues before starting for a race.

At Liverpool, Royal, a Kingcraft horse for which I had given 600 guineas as a yearling, won the Molyneux Stakes by a short head from Leghorn, the riding of Webb, who was on mine, and Tom Cannon on the other, being simply superb. The winner was a wiry little bay horse ticked with white hairs, but he was only a plater, and did not win another race this year. Leghorn, however, took the Althorp Park Stakes the following week, beating Devotee who was second in the Brocklesby. Prince George won the Northamptonshire Stakes, to the disgust of the patrons of Alec Taylor's stable, as he was 'beaten a hundred measured yards in his trial,' exclaimed Mr. Payne after the race. We were all anxious to know the winner of *that* trial, and know it very soon we did to

our cost, as on the first day of the Craven week Mr. Payne came and asked me to put him 300*l.* on his horse Cartridge for the Bushes Handicap. This should have been one of the commonly-talked-of good things, but to our amazement the horse was beaten before the field had gone half way, the race being won by Advance. Fordham, who finished second on Pardon, here made his first appearance on a course after a year's absence, owing to illness and nervousness, caused by a failing against which he now manfully strove. I did my best to encourage him to return, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he was most grateful to me and to Henry Woolcott; he went down to stay with the latter, rising early and riding our two-year-olds at exercise and gradually getting his nerve back; and he rode many races for me in the early part of this year. Later on this very day he won the Bretby Plate on Pardon, whom he had eased in the first race on seeing pursuit of the winner was hopeless, and I never shall forget the cheer that went up when he passed the post, or when he won on a little mare of mine, Calabria, at Epsom Spring, his second winning mount. Those of his many admirers who had not been present at Newmarket felt bound to express their pleasure at seeing this most able and honest horseman once more in the saddle, which no jockey has ever more adorned—judging, that is to say, by results and not by appearance, for though unsurpassed as a horseman not his greatest friend could say that his style was graceful or elegant.

That charming little horse Thurio, who is now doing service at the stud, won the Newmarket

Handicap in a canter, but few people who saw him secure the Craven Stakes next day could dream that he had given five pounds and a clever beating to Sefton, the winner of the Derby! Neither could they have been much impressed by Sefton's victory in the City and Suburban, as he only squeaked home a head from Advance who was actually giving him two stone six pounds. Of course allowance must be made for a little boy riding him, but even then the form did not appear to be within a stone of average Derby form, though in the Two Thousand, where he finished third to Pilgrimage and Insulaire, Osborne said he was running on. Pilgrimage was a great fine chestnut mare, with white markings, and a really good one, but she had a suspicious leg, and Captain Machell was a little anxious about her before the One Thousand, which, however, she won cleverly enough from Lord Falmouth's charming mare Jannette. Insulaire was a little black horse, by Dutch Skater, one of the first of that sire's produce out of the famous Green Sleeves, contemporary of Rosicrucian and Blue Gown, and was a good, honest little fellow. His admirable training got him where he was in the Two Thousand, as subsequent running proved he was only a very moderate horse, but if he had not always had to run in good company he might have won a big handicap.

At the Second Spring meeting Mowerina appeared, a mare that has since become famous as the dam of the mighty Donovan. She came out with a great reputation for a small sweepstakes, and with long odds on her won in a canter. She was the property of Mr. Otto Scavenius, a Swedish gentleman, who owns a few racehorses, and comes nearly every year

to England, where he is always most popular. This year will be remembered as the one in which Lollypop and Ecossais fought so many battles together, occasionally joined by Trappist, who took his own part, and backers were usually bewildered in the extreme to know which of this remarkable trio had the best chance. So much was this the case that, after each of the three had beaten the others, when Trappist and Ecossais met in the County Cup at Lewes, both started equal favourites at evens. Students of public form would do well to study the races run by these three horses during this year, so bewildering were their performances, though all three were almost invariably much fancied, well backed, well ridden, and well trained. The students aforesaid, with all the running before them, will even now find it difficult to make a fair handicap of the three horses. My own impression is that Trappist was the best, and that Lollypop could give Ecossais seven pounds; but I am well aware that on certain form this conclusion could be upset. No doubt the inconsistency of their running is attributable to one or other of them, as the case might be, getting on his legs the quickest, chopping the other two at the start, and bustling them; because there is hardly time to take a pull at a horse when an equally speedy one is leading you a couple of lengths in a five furlong race. These possibilities and risks are always in the backer's path, and yet we bet!

The day Fordham was winning the Salisbury Cup for me on Little Harry, the most irritating and disappointing horse I ever possessed, I was figuring as defendant in the Westminster Law Courts before

Baron Huddleston. At Brighton, the year before, when Lord Lincoln bolted down the course on the way to the post (*after* the course had been cleared however), he knocked down a tout and broke his leg. Though I had heard that someone was knocked down, I did not know at the time that he had been hurt, but in the following November a letter came from the injured man stating what had happened, that he had had to go to the hospital, &c., and demanding a large sum from me. As the man was to blame for being on the course, I replied that, while sincerely regretting the accident, it was entirely his own fault, but that still I should be glad to send him a present of 25*l.* This was refused, and an action was started against me, the plaintiff claiming heavy damages. The case only lasted a few hours, but some amusement was caused by the man's evidence, to the effect that he was a horse watcher. Of course, the case ended in a verdict for me with costs, but I had to pay my own and the plaintiff's as well.

At Epsom a very pretty bay horse, on a small scale, called Cadogan, was made a hot favourite for the Woodcote, and won it by four lengths. At the end of his two-year-old career he was sold by Mr. Fred Swindell for a large sum to Lord Huntly, who in turn sold him to his brother, Lord Douglas Gordon, whose late lamented death caused such grief to his many friends. This was the only race the horse ever won, though he ran second for the Two Thousand Guineas in the colours of his new owner. I mention the event that came next on the card in the day's

sport, a selling race, because Violet Melrose, the dam of Melton, finished second in it, her entered selling price being 100*l.*; and oddly enough, on the same day, Casuistry, the dam of Paradox, who ran such a desperate race with Melton in the Derby (after so nearly being upset in the Two Thousand, with 3 to 1 on him, and Archer in the saddle, by reason of one of Cannon's marvellously well-judged races), won a Maiden Plate in the popular colours of Lord Rosebery. She was a sister to Controversy, and, perhaps, if her owner had not parted with her, she would have bred him a good horse which would possibly have induced him to continue racing on a large scale: on such trifles do important events depend. For this very Derby he had purchased Bonnie Scotland a few days before the race from Mr. Peck, in the belief that the horse had a great chance from the good trial he had won; but he ran very disappointingly, and, to Mr. Crawfurd's intense delight, Sefton won him the race in which all his lifetime it had been his special ambition to be victorious. Appropriately enough he gave the Derby dinner that night to the Jockey Club, when his health was drunk with enthusiasm. In spite of Pilgrimage not being quite at her best, she started favourite at evens for the Oaks, but came down the hill badly, and could never catch Jannette, whom Archer pushed along from the turn, and the favourite broke down, though she made a gallant fight of it under the circumstances. That good little horse Hampton won the Gold Cup very easily from Verneuil, and beat him again in exactly the same way for the Queen's Plate afterwards in the Second October meeting;

yet at Ascot Verneuil, at 10 lb. difference in the weights, beat Hampton, Silvio, and St. Christopher in a canter by six lengths, and followed it up by winning the Alexandra Plate as well, making the whole of his own running in each instance. The July Stakes at Newmarket was won by Ruperra, a big dark chestnut horse, who was followed home by two others similar in colour and height, Gunnersbury and Rayon d'Or. The latter turned out far and away the best racehorse of the three, and in due time won the Leger. James Goater, who rode him, believes that the colt would have won the Derby also had he not been tied down by orders how to ride. At this meeting Massena won a small race for Mr. Dudley Milner, brother of my friend and ally, Sir William Milner. He was a great student of public form, and when first he came to the races at Newmarket from Cambridge, where he was reading hard for an examination, he used to watch the horses through a telescope. Whenever he saw what he thought a certainty on paper, he used to make use of the very forcible expression, that it was good enough to bet 'till the cows came home;' indeed, I think he was the originator of the saying, which is still very popular.

On July the 18th, the first day's racing at the now popular Kempton Park took place, and J. Porter and Fordham each received a silver cup as the trainer and rider respectively of the first winner, Dunkenny. Mr. Seymour Portman-Dalton was, and happily still is, the Secretary of the Club. It would be well if he also had a little more to do with the actual racing, as several times the management have been

rather niggardly about giving the added money when fewer horses than the number specified have started for a race, and they might well take a leaf out of the book of the Sandown executive, who are liberality itself. Kempton has a better racecourse than Sandown, but there is a nasty turn so close home that often horses that are shut in have not time to challenge the leader. Both Fordham and Archer, and I think Cannon, have told me they never know what to do in riding on this course. If they make running round the turn the horses appear to tire, and something that has got round catches them and beats them, making it appear as if they had ridden down their horses when leading ; and if they do the opposite, and wait, they stand the risk of being shut in and unable to get an opening till too late, not to mention the chance of horses that are being punished swerving in front of them. The turn has, however, been made much better in the last few years. The straight five-furlong course is a very tiring one,[1] and it has the disadvantage of being at such a curious angle from the stands that it is very difficult to tell what has won in a close finish. But Kempton is a very pleasant place, and an enjoyable outing on a fine day, especially since its train service has been improved. Altogether the opening meeting was a success. Lord Hartington won the big handicap with a great fine raking mare called Rylstone, ridden by Fordham. Although by Hermit, she looked more like a young Melbourne mare.

Just before Goodwood I went down to Manton

[1] Archer used quaintly to describe it as like a sirloin of beef cut the wrong way.

with Mr. Crawfurd, and there we tried Cagliostro, a Rosicrucian horse I had given a very large sum for as a yearling at the Middle Park sale. In the trial he beat Avontes at even weights, and we thought he would win the Stewards' Cup, backing him, of course, accordingly. In the race he was nowhere ; the trial was 2 st. wrong, and he turned out a very moderate animal. The Duke of Hamilton ran first and second for the race, an unprecedented occurrence. Midlothian, bought out of a selling race at Newmarket the year before, won, and Lollypop, who started nearly favourite on public form, finished second, to the chagrin of those who had backed him only, though the owner declared to win with Midlothian. The other trial we had was of much greater service, as Norwich, the winner of it, won the Goodwood Stakes, Fordham having been engaged by me to ride him. He only got home cleverly from Hampton, who was giving him 1 st. 11 lb. Two rattling good two-year-olds, Wheel of Fortune (an Adventurer mare, and probably the best horse Lord Falmouth ever owned) and Peter, made their first appearances in the Richmond Stakes, and finished first and second, but the mare won very easily ; and another notable animal that scored at this meeting was the Hungarian bred Kincsem, who had never been beaten, and who won the Goodwood Cup very easily from Pageant, in spite of the eccentricities of her jockey, Madden, whose peculiar style of riding contrasted very unfavourably with that of Cannon's on the second. Trappist scored a stolen victory in the Singleton Stakes of a mile, neither Dalham nor Lollypop being able to get near him, owing to Captain

Machell giving Archer instructions to jump off at the start and come right through, which he did, to the amazement of the other jockeys, who did not realise what had occurred till too late; and thus the race became a mere procession.

I have now the melancholy task of describing the closing scenes of the life of my great friend, the well-known Mr. George Payne. The week before Goodwood he had a very slight stroke of paralysis, which caused much anxiety to all his friends, and although it quickly passed off, his doctor would not hear of his going to the famous meeting. He was to have accompanied Mr. Crawfurd and me down to Manton, but, of course, that was out of the question, so he had to content himself with hearing the result of the trials on our return, and, of course, he profited by the victory of Norwich. I was with him on the Monday before starting for Goodwood, and I never shall forget his last words to me that day, as I was leaving the room. 'I have given up going to Goodwood by my doctor's orders, but whatever happens I mean to go to Brighton and Lewes;' and sure enough he appeared at Brighton races the first day, looking as well as possible. In the opening race of that meeting Little Harry ran so ungenerously that I was thoroughly disgusted with him, and, refusing an offer from Charles Archer of 200*l.* for him, I ordered my trainer to shoot him that evening.

The first day of Lewes races was the hottest day we had that summer. In vain did we implore Mr. Payne to carry an umbrella, and let one of us do his commissions for him instead of going to the ring to bet in the full heat of the day. He turned a deaf

ear to our entreaties. That night after dinner, as I was standing out on the balcony, he passed under our windows at King's, as he was walking back to the Bedford Hotel with Mr. Savile. I remarked to someone with me that he dragged one of his legs as he walked, but none of us were prepared to hear the sad news next morning that he had had a severe stroke that night. We afterwards learnt that in the early morning he felt great numbness in one of his legs, and on getting out of bed to reach a brush to rub it he was seized with a stroke, and had to wait patiently in a chair till his servant came to call him. He was removed that day to his house in Queen Street, Mayfair, where a bed was placed in the back drawing-room. All the lower part of his body was paralysed, but he retained his senses, and his brain was as clear and his keenness to hear the racing news as great as ever. Indeed, the morning of his attack at Brighton he left a commission to back Rylstone, the winner of the Lewes Handicap that day. I saw him constantly during the next week or two, and once he bared his muscular arm to the shoulder and said to me, 'Look at that!' then, pointing to his waist, he exclaimed, 'yet I am dead from there to my feet.' Of course his recovery was hopeless, and it was only a question how long his great strength and iron constitution would last. Lady Goodricke, his sister, Sir Harry Goodricke, his nephew, and Mr. Charles Paris, his friend and executor, were unremitting in their attentions to him, and the whole of society, besides the racing world, were eager for tidings of his health. One evening when I was there the Prince of Wales called, and although at first Mr. Payne was loth to be seen in such a sad plight, he

was afterwards much pleased at His Royal Highness's visit and the kind words he spoke to him. He lingered on to the first week in September, when he breathed his last, regretted by all who knew him, and mourned by many sincere friends. He was a great gambler, but the very soul of honour, and was always consulted in disputes and quarrels of men he knew, who, old and young, always abided by his decision. He was a great friend to me, and many delightful hours I have passed in his society. As a member of the Jockey Club he only occasionally took part in their discussions, but what he said was always to the point, and I am quite certain if he had been alive he never would have allowed things in the racing world to take the course they have in the last few years, but would have insisted on the Club entertaining any charges made against one of their members by another, instead of allowing the accuser to shelter himself behind the twistings and turnings of a law court.

Many were the stories he told of his early life, of his hunting, of the enormous sum he lost on the Leger before he came of age, of his never seeing daylight for a whole week in one winter, owing to being challenged by a friend to play at écarté a certain number of games, which resulted in their playing every night for six days till seven o'clock in the morning. Of course it was dark then, at that season, and he used not to get up till 3.30 to 4 o'clock. He was fond of describing Crockford's when the conversation turned on hazard or cards, and used to speak of the lavish way in which the old fishmonger supplied his guests (or victims) with

the finest hothouse peaches, grapes, and every conceivable delicacy that could be obtained for money, and all this gratis. A number of men who did not care to play at hazard used purposely to lose a hundred or two a year at the tables, to have the pleasure of dining and supping with their friends, who all flocked to the magnificent rooms, which at night presented the appearance of a luxurious club. Mr. Payne used to narrate that after dinner he would sometimes stroll round there early, and finding hardly anyone there except Crockford at his desk, used to sit down and play a game of backgammon with him, both being fine players. Though an enormous quantity of horses must have belonged to him during a career of fifty years on the turf, undoubtedly the best horse Mr. Payne ever owned was Musket, and from all accounts of this stout horse's progeny in New Zealand and Australia, it is a thousand pities he was ever allowed to leave the country. Lord Glasgow left Mr. Payne a share in the Enfield stud with General Peel, and Musket was bred there.

The last seven or eight years of his life he went regularly every winter to Nice, and at the Cercle de Méditerranée had his afternoon rubber every day with old Count Crassousky. Now and then Mr. Payne visited Monte Carlo, where he generally lost, because he never would leave his winnings on. As he himself told me, 'I can't resist taking money off every time, unless I make a solemn vow to myself that I will leave it on three times, and even then it is as much as I can do to keep it!'

He was a good whist player, though the last year

or two of his life his memory failed him at times. Many who have played with him will remember his favourite expression when putting up a king second hand to save the game, 'Salvator Rosa was a good old painter.'

Once he told me the whole story of the famous trial in which he was a witness for an evening paper in an action for libel brought by a peer who had been accused of cheating at cards. The plaintiff had been one of Mr. Payne's great friends, and it pained him extremely to have to give evidence against him. When the counsel for the noble lord addressed the jury, he said, 'Gentlemen, how can the evidence of a man like Mr. Payne, notoriously a gambler who has squandered half his patrimony racing, be trustworthy?' In this strain he continued, till Mr. Payne grew so incensed that he waited outside the court with the intention of giving the counsel a sound thrashing, but, fortunately, a friend found him pacing the corridor in a state of excitement, and on learning what he was there for, represented to him that he would probably be imprisoned for such an act, and induced him to forego his purpose and leave the courts.

Considering the ups and downs of his life, his good spirits were remarkable. Once after a very bad July week, when everything had gone wrong for backers, he returned to town after the races on Friday and dined with Mr. Paris, and was heard to keep up an animated conversation about his drill, in which he appeared much interested, with a young man who had just entered the army. He used to write a very good letter, and I am fortunate in

having several in my possession. He was conscious to the last moment of his life, and gave instructions that his funeral should be a very quiet one, and that very few should be asked to follow him to the grave. On the 6th of September, 1878, I found myself in a mourning coach with Lord Alexander Lennox, starting from Queen Street to Kensal Green. Lord Alexander, who was a personal friend and great admirer of Mr. Payne, told me much about his early days. On that sad journey I learned for the first time that if he could have married a charming and accomplished girl at the outset of his career, his life would have been a very different one. On our arrival at the chapel we found it crowded with sympathising friends. The ceremony was performed by an old friend of Mr. Payne's, whose voice shook with emotion as the coffin was lowered to its last resting place.

At Doncaster, to resume the subject of racing, Charibert cleverly beat Rayon d'Or for the Champagne Stakes, but on the Thursday, in a sweepstakes nearly a quarter of a mile further, the big horse reversed the decision; and here backers might well complain of public form justifying them in laying 5 to 2 on Charibert, and then throwing them over decisively. The charming Jannette won the St. Leger in a canter from Lord Falmouth's second string, Childeric, a second-class horse, but the third, Master Kildare, scored some memorable handicap victories afterwards, and has distinguished himself at the stud as the sire of Melton, the Derby winner.

At Newmarket during the First and Second October meetings, Peter proved himself a great horse by win-

ning the Hopeful Stakes, Rous Memorial, and Middle Park Plate; that good Hermit mare, Out of Bounds, won the Ditch Mile and Rowley Mile Nursery by a head in the former race, beating Sir Bevys, the winner of next year's Derby, the latter race having been noticeable for Fordham's consummate skill in the art of race riding, as he won a short head, sitting quite still, the onlookers believing he had won in a canter, but he assured Mr. Crawfurd he could not have won an inch farther.

Isonomy showed us that he was a good horse by winning the Cambridgeshire two lengths from Touchet and La Merveille, both under the charge of Mr. R. Peck, yet Porter never could have known that the winner was the great horse he demonstrated himself to be afterwards, or he never would have started at 40 to 1. I recollect there being a tedious delay at the post for this race, and I and others, including Count Lagrange, beguiled our time away at the top of the stand by watching the Duke of Rutland and party shooting pheasants in the cover a mile off. At the beginning of this year I had the honour to be elected a steward of the Jockey Club, being named by Sir John Astley, who retired by rotation. At the Second Spring meeting two new rules were carried, one of them, making the clear value of every plate or sweepstakes of 100*l.* to the winner, provoking a memorial from many clerks of the courses against the proposed alterations. Time has proved that the Jockey Club did well in not allowing protests to influence them. The rule has proved a great boon to owners of moderate racehorses.

1879

In the first week of the racing season Touchet scored a popular victory in the Lincolnshire Handicap for Lord Rosebery, to the profit of those who remembered his running so well at the Liverpool Autumn meeting the year before; but he only got home a short head from the aged Mars, who started at a hundred to one, and whose success would have been one of the most amazing incidents ever heard of in connection with the race. Parole, a six-year-old gelding, bred in America, beat the great Isonomy in the Newmarket Handicap at only eight pounds, and followed up this meritorious victory by winning the City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan, only one horse, Castlereagh, having the temerity to oppose him in the latter race—an unprecedentedly small field for so important a handicap.

Charibert, a beautiful Thormanby horse, who had been unaccountably beaten by Reconciliation in the Column Stakes at the Craven meeting, started at 25 to 1 for the Two Thousand—a notable price for one of Lord Falmouth's horses, ridden by Archer—and won easily from the little Cadogan, who was dwarfed by the gigantic Rayon d'Or, whom, nevertheless, he beat by four lengths for second place. The winner was supposed to make a slight noise, and that together with his Craven week defeat kept backers aloof,

but they would not be stalled off Wheel of Fortune for the One Thousand, and she won in a canter from a bad lot of mares, though she would have beaten with almost equal ease a lot that were above the average, for she was a great horse and doubtless the best animal Lord Falmouth ever owned.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club, during the second Spring meeting, I brought forward a motion to restrain two-year-olds from running more than six furlongs before the first of July, and less than five furlongs on or after that date. This I intended for the thin edge of the wedge, to do away with half-mile races, and I feared many members of the Club would oppose it, but was agreeably surprised when Mr. (now Lord) Gerard proposed as an amendment that they should not run less than five furlongs 'at any time.' This was exactly what I wanted, and finding many members would support the amendment, I suggested it should be put first. It was carried by twenty-one to six against it. Many owners of horses objected to it. I ask them, now that over ten years have elapsed, whether it has not succeeded admirably. Are not the two-year-olds less knocked about at the start than they were in those half-mile scrambles, where every jockey thought the start won the race? Do not the jockeys appear less in a hurry to get home, less inclined to ride their horses' heads off, than in the days of those sprint races? I hope the time will come when we shall have half the five-furlong races we have now, fewer two-year-old races of importance, more good races of a mile for three-year-olds and upwards. I am sure it is in this

direction that useful legislation should tend, but it must be done gradually.

On the Tuesday of the Second Spring meeting we were introduced to the flying Océanie. She was a light-necked, mean mare to look at, but a wonderful goer, and she won the Newmarket Plate in a canter from Sabella, who afterwards beat Prestonpans and others in the Woodcote. And now we come to Fordham's first and only Derby, which he had been so anxious to win all his life, and it is gratifying to me to know that it was through my persuasion—for he had not ridden as yet at all this year—he was induced to ride Sir Bevys, on whom he won the great race in a sea of mud from two rank outsiders in Palmbearer and Visconti. That he was greeted with the heartiest cheers of everyone on the course as he returned to scale need scarcely be said, for Ford ham's probity and honour were universally recognised and made him everywhere popular. The winner was the property of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who raced in the assumed name of 'Mr. Acton,' but Mr. Leopold, his son, managed the stud. Captain Batchelor had his 10,000*l.* yearling book for this year, and although he laid a good portion of it against the winner, he won several thousands on the race, always having been a staunch supporter of the Rothschild colours. The best that could be urged in favour of Sir Bevys was that the year before he had shown himself the same animal as that good mare, Out of Bounds, and was sure to stay the course. Wheel of Fortune made hacks of her opponents in the Oaks, as she did later on at Ascot in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, her stable companion, Silvio, having failed (it

does not seem wonderful now) to give 7 lb. away to Isonomy in the Gold Vase, though he ran a gallant race. Isonomy followed this up by winning the Gold Cup in a canter, and Océanie showed her marvellous speed by leaving her opponents as if they were standing still in the New Stakes. Again did Silvio run a desperate race in the Hardwicke Stakes, and he only failed by a short head to give 1 st. 4 lb. to Chippendale, who was a good horse. I think a great deal of these two performances of Lord Falmouth's representative. At the July meeting Phœnix showed he possessed the speed of his sire, Cymbal, by winning the July Cup from Out of Bounds, and the Bunbury Stakes from Silvio. In the latter race the two horses ran locked together for the last hundred yards and the winner's head was only in front on the post. Bend Or made his first appearance at this meeting with a great reputation, and in the hands of Wood won the Chesterfield Stakes in a canter ; and the same jockey steered the high-priced Maximilian to victory in the Liverpool Cup, this being the only important race this expensive animal—he cost 4,100 guineas as a yearling—ever won. At Goodwood, Peter won the Stewards' Cup with 8 st. on his back, but Lollypop's performance in finishing third with 10 st. to carry was the feature of the race ; and Isonomy added to his Ascot laurels by winning the Cup in a canter, The Bear, a hunter of the Duke of Hamilton's, with all the allowances, finishing second, in front of old Parole. Bend Or and Robert the Devil won the Richmond Stakes and Rous Memorial, the latter greatly pleasing the critics on his first appearance.

In the August of this year, directly after the

Sussex fortnight, I went to pass a few weeks at Homburg with some friends. Lawn tennis was then just attaining the height of its popularity, and we played all day, and, after those delightfully fragrant pine baths, used to dine at the English Club, which Sir William Call had started in Blanc's house. Thence we went to Frankfort races—Lord Aylesford driving us on his coach—the party including Lord Dupplin, Sir William Call, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. John Hargreaves, and others. The first night I dined at the hotel at Frankfort with Prince Hadzfelt, who entertained a large party at dinner, amongst others present being the Baltazzis, Prince Esterhazy, &c. In the middle of dinner a stranger suddenly entered the room and stared at us. Our host got up and politely informed him that it was a private room, upon which the stranger replied that it was nothing of the sort, that the room was used by the Union Club, of which he was a member, and that he had a right to be there. Some words passed, and on his giving his card in a menacing way to Prince Hadzfelt, the latter tore it in two, and called on us all to join him. We hastily rose from our seats and pursued the stranger, who had turned to fly out of the room into the street, which he crossed, with us in hot pursuit. All of a sudden, on reaching a gas lamp, he stopped short and turned on us, with his right hand searching in his inside breast pocket. 'Look out, he is going to shoot!' one of our party cried, pulling me by the coat tail, but almost before we could stop he withdrew his hand empty, and disappeared into the darkness. On our return we learnt that he was an officer of the German army, and still later, after we

had gone to some entertainment, on coming in to go to bed the waiter told us the eccentric stranger also had returned, and questioned him as to who we all were and what were the numbers of our rooms. The next morning the waiter came into my room and told me the gentleman who had disturbed us last night had locked himself into his bed-room, undressed, and, after writing two letters—one to his mother and one to his brother officers—got into bed and shot himself through the mouth. Of course this sad deed caused great commotion in the hotel, and I for one was heartily sorry at such a dreadful ending to such a trifling affair, more especially as we learnt that in his letter to the regiment he explained he had been guilty of such ungentlemanly conduct that he was not fit to live. Poor fellow! Of course he was wrong in his head; but, while feeling profound sorrow for his tragic end, we could not help congratulating ourselves that the evening before he had left his revolver at home, instead of placing it in the pocket, where he apparently searched for it. At the races that day we were not looked on with friendly eyes by the many officers walking about; indeed, only last September I met Prince Hadzfelt in Paris, and he told me he had got into all sorts of bothers about it for a year or two afterwards.

The Frankfort Steeplechase was won by a little bay mare called Victoria, ridden by Mr. Hector Baltazzi. Although she was a fine jumper, she always required to be whipped at the water jump. Thence we went on to Baden, where the races were to take place that week. What with dining at the little French restaurant, and the Club—which is an

admirable one—and strolling about the Kursaal listening to the band, we had a delightful time of it. Here I met my friend Count Jaraczewski, who was very nearly embroiled in a duel. It turned out that after he had finished playing at baccarat the first night we were there Prince Hannow remarked, 'what a wonderful thing it was to see Jaraczewski playing in large sums, when a few years ago he hadn't a shilling.' This was repeated to him by some good-natured people who hated Prince Hannow, and hoped there would be a row. Jaraczewski came to me and told me what had been said, and that he should have to call Hannow out for it, adding, 'The worst of it is, what he said is true.' I suggested that he had not said it ill-naturedly, and that my friend should go up to him that evening in the Kursaal and ask him politely if he had meant anything offensive. Prince Hannow said certainly not, that he had not made the remark with the slightest shadow of ill-feeling, and had meant no reflection on the Count. Matters thus ended smoothly.

We had some capital pigeon shooting on the race-course, and on the first day of the races I was driven to the course by Count Tasselo Festetics in a phaeton with an extraordinary fast pair of horses. He purposely waited till ours was nearly the last carriage to start, and then one by one passed them all. The unbeaten Kincsem won the Baden Grand Prize, and Victoria, again steered by Mr. Baltazzi, took the big steeplechase. I was much struck by the course. The horses have to jump into a field of maize or Indian corn, and are almost hidden from sight. There is a bank, too, that they have to crawl down, and

several formidable fences. The flat racecourse is an excellent one, oval in shape, and the stands are well built, with pleasant lawns to walk about; but I can understand a trainer's objection to sending horses all the way from England to run there. They almost invariably go amiss, even if their own corn is taken for them. It is the change of climate and water that does it. I foolishly, by the advice of Mr. C. Phipps, sent a smart selling plater, Pampas Grass, to run at Baden, and she came home with a great lump in her throat, and was fit for nothing till the following year. Of course, Baden is not what it was before the gambling tables were done away with; and the final blow was administered to its popularity during the race week by the outbreak of the French and German war; but I enjoyed myself very much there, and liked it far better than Homburg. The Grand Duchess of Baden is treated like a queen, and her son, the Duke of Hamilton, who is very popular, runs horses almost every year.

In the St. Leger, Sir Bevys, the Derby hero, having developed into a whistler, made no show, and Rayon d'Or won by five lengths, after making all the running, from Ruperra, another racehorse of the colossal sort. On the Thursday, in the Wharncliffe Stakes, fearing that Kaleidoscope might beat Sutler, but supposing that the issue lay between the pair, I had one thousand pounds on the two coupled. My calculations were out, however; neither won the race; but the writer who for some years past has blundered about with such violence and ferocity in *Truth* thought proper to comment so effusively on the running of Sutler that, urged by the gentleman

who owned a share of the horse, I thought it desirable to call on Mr. Labouchere for an apology, and this he readily gave when he heard our account of what had taken place.

Chippendale won the Cesarewitch with 7 st. 5 lb., but the feature of the race was Isonomy's wonderful running, carrying the Welter weight of 9 st. 10 lb., and finishing close up with the placed horses. On Friday, Rayon d'Or, who had previously won the Select and Champion Stakes, showed what a fast horse he was by beating Lollypop, proving that, although more like a giraffe than a racehorse, he had inherited the two rare qualities of his grandsire, Mortemer—speed and stamina.

La Merveille's success in the Cambridgeshire, which she won by a head from the extreme outsider Caxtonian, was a very lucky event, as Fordham, rarely as he made mistakes, came rather late on Out of Bounds, only to be beaten by a head from the second; and it was poor consolation for Mr. Crawfurd when, later in the week, the mare won the Free Handicap across the flat, Rayon d'Or, who was giving her 16 lb., having at last to strike his colours. It is also worthy of mention that on the Friday Charibert, the hero of the Two Thousand, who had so far degenerated that Lord Falmouth sold him for a small sum to Mr. Clare Vyner, only got home a head in a selling race, winner to be sold for 500*l.*, and was retained at fifty guineas over the entered selling price.

Archer rode an extraordinary race on Master Kildare in the Liverpool Cup. He had been easily beaten in the great Tom Stakes at Lincoln the week before, and therefore started comparatively friendless.

The horse was in action as the flag fell, and Archer, seizing on his advantage, must have been ten lengths in front for the first half mile, which obliged all the other jockeys to ride in order to catch him. He judiciously eased his horse after this, and coming again at the distance, won cleverly by half a length from Lord Hartington's strapping mare, Rylstone. This race was won entirely by Archer's cleverness in profiting by the start he was fortunate and keen enough to obtain, and by his tact in making such skilful use of the advantage.

1880

At Lincoln this year Mr. Chaplin won the Brocklesby Stakes with Wandering Nun, beating by a head my horse Althotas, whom I had purchased from him the year before privately for 600*l.*, the colt not having fetched his reserve at the sale. As a yearling he was exercising with the other young ones round Mr. Joseph Dawson's paddocks, I having gone to train at Bedford Lodge in 1879, and whilst cantering with the others he killed a hare lying in her form, which we thought a good omen for his future career. He recompensed me for the Lincoln defeat by winning the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton.

In the Craven week the Biennial kept up its character for surprises, as Apollo, a pretty little chestnut horse by Kingcraft, beat Robert the Devil by a head, owing to the latter not being wound up. We had three days' racing at Epsom Spring this year, and Archer rode a superb race on Master Kildare, getting up in the last stride and defeating Leoville, who was receiving 2 st., by a head.

Fordham won the Two Thousand Guineas on Petronel for the Duke of Beaufort, who had placed his horses under the able management of Captain Machell, and a finer race was never witnessed on the Rowley Mile, Webb just failing to win on the dark Muncaster, who was probably rather a handful

owing to its being his first appearance on a race-course. As an instance of the difficulty of judging what has won on the wide Newmarket courses, it is noteworthy that so shrewd and careful an observer as the Duke of Beaufort was deceived as to the result of this race. Carefully watching the finish, he thought that Muncaster had been victorious, and when the horses had passed the post turned away, remarking—for he had seen how strong Petronel was going at the finish—'Two strides further, and I should have won!' His surprise and satisfaction at finding that he had won were equally great. The beautiful but moderate Elizabeth secured the One Thousand Guineas for the stable in which I trained, easily beating the favourite Versigny and the uncertain Evasion. Tristan, who did not give the promise of being the great horse he was, turned the tables on his Epsom conqueror, Angelina, in the Breeders' Plate at the Second Spring meeting, and in the first year of the now popular Payne Stakes, Mask was returned the winner after a splendid race with the Abbot, who was third in the Two Thousand.

In the Derby Mr. Brewer's Robert the Devil held such a commanding lead at the Bell, that it looked long odds on him, but Archer was creeping up on Bend Or, and an exciting struggle took place. Inch by inch he caught the leader, Rossiter appeared powerless on his horse, two strides from the post they were level, and the Duke of Westminster's colt running unflinchingly on won by a head on the post, the greatest credit being due to Archer's vigorous riding, considering that only a short time before the race he had been savaged and bitten in the arm by

Muley Edris, and could only ride with one hand. I was up in the gallery of our stand, and underneath, sitting on the rails, I saw Charles Brewer confidently pointing to his horse, which he thought was winning easily, and being congratulated by his friends. Even after the pair had passed the post he fancied that his horse, being on the far side, had won; but he took his disappointment very well, and got some of his losses back when Robert the Devil won the Grand Prix in a canter, Sir Richard Wallace, as in Kisber's year, again offering the use of his stables at the charming Bagatelle, situated close to Longchamps.

Isonomy wound up a glorious career by winning the Gold Cup from Chippendale and Zut, and then took leave of the turf. Sir Charles, a Pero Gomez two-year-old, looked like the best of the year when he defeated Angelina in the Biennial and Tristan in the New Stakes, but proved to be a moderate horse at three years old.

Just before the July week Mr. Charles Brewer asked to see me on urgent business in my then capacity of senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and he informed me that he was going to object to Bend Or, the winner of the Derby, believing him to be Tadcaster, his conviction being that the two colts had been mistaken when they were sent as yearlings to the training stable. He told me he had received a communication to that effect from the Duke of Westminster's stud groom, had gone to Chester and met the man there, the result of the interview having persuaded him that there could be little doubt about the correctness of his suspicions. I blamed him for not having gone to the Duke first, and he rather

amused me by saying with an astonished air, '*Me* go up to the Duke of Westminster's front door, ring the bell and ask to see him!' I told him the proper thing now was to lodge a formal objection, and this he did at Newmarket July meeting; the Stewards at once went into the evidence and adjourned to meet in London afterwards, when, however, at my request, Lord Calthorpe consented to act for me, I having only just remembered I had backed Bend Or for a place in the Derby, and therefore was interested. On July 24th the following decision was given:—

'We, as Stewards of Epsom, unanimously decide that the chestnut colt Bend Or, which came in first for the Derby of 1880, is by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose, and therefore the objection lodged by Messrs. Brewer and Blanton is overruled.

(Signed) W. G. Craven,
James Lowther,
Calthorpe (for Sir G. Chetwynd).'

I do not see how it is possible that these gentlemen could have arrived at a different decision, looking at the fact that the whole of the evidence given to prove that Bend Or was Tadcaster, was supplied by a stud groom under notice to quit, and by people connected with him; still that man died a few years afterwards, and on his death-bed solemnly averred that he had spoken the truth. Furthermore, many good judges to-day will say that from the appearance of the subsequent progeny of Rouge Rose and of Clemence, combined with the remembrance of the looks of the two horses, Bend Or and Tadcaster, they firmly believe the colts were changed—accidentally of

course, as it need scarcely be added. After all, it would not be very wonderful if this had been the case, considering that only last year (1889) there was a similar occurrence in Captain Machell's stable, and here it was proved that a horse called Mortaigne was D'Orsay, and *vice versâ!*

Rouge Rose, the supposed dam of Bend Or, has foaled since: in 1880, Rose of York, by Speculum, a little scratchy bay mare that became my property and won me three selling races; in 1881, Garb Or, a horrid-looking brute called 'brother to Bend Or;' and in 1882 a worthless sister to him, called Martlet.

Clemence, the reputed dam of Tadcaster (a great, leggy, ungainly-looking horse), foaled in 1881 a chestnut filly, Sandiway, by Doncaster, rather on the small scale, but very shapely, and, *like Bend Or*, with peculiar dark marks on her; in 1883 her progeny was Lenity, 'by Bend Or,' which *might be* in breeding with a vengeance, and she was worthless; in 1885, a chestnut filly, Mara, by Doncaster, no use for racing, but, according to many, own sister to the Derby winner; and in 1886, a chestnut filly, Mercy, by Barcaldine, that has won races. Both brood mares are now dead.

Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal first carried colours in the July Stakes, and won by a head from the American horse Iroquois. The winner was by Adventurer, out of the speedy but roaring Cantinière, purchased at the sale of Lord Ailesbury's horses after his death for a large sum by Lord Falmouth. Bal Gal only suffered defeat once this year in the nine races in which she took part. Charibert, who had now become the champion sprinter, won the July Cup from

Phœnix, giving the latter 6 lb., and Iroquois proved the July Stakes form good by winning the Chesterfield Stakes in a canter. Only two runners contested the Goodwood Cup, and though three to one was laid on Chippendale, he had to succumb to Dresden China. An extraordinary finish was witnessed in the Astley Stakes at Lewes—Scobell, Wandering Nun, and Mazurka running a dead heat, whilst, beaten only by a head, Cumberland and Thora ran a dead heat for second place. So far as I know such a finish is unprecedented—luckily for the nerves of judges!

Robert the Devil won the St. Leger in a canter from Lord Rosebery's Cipollata and the Abbot, Bend Or, on whom the odds were laid, finishing nowhere; but even this victory prepared very few for the winner's grand performance in the Cesarewitch, where, carrying 8 st. 6 lb., with Cannon for his pilot, he won in a canter by four lengths, Cipollata, receiving 7 lb. more, again finishing second to him. St. Louis, who had been tried the equal of a three-year-old mare belonging to me called Grace, won the Middle Park Plate by three lengths, beating a large field, but, owing to unsoundness developing in one of his legs, never ran successfully again; and Robert the Devil beat his Epsom conqueror ten lengths in the Champion Stakes. Lucetta won the Cambridgeshire by half a length from Fernandez, the favourite, who was ridden by Fordham, and he afterwards objected to the winner on the grounds of a cross, an objection which had great weight, for Fordham was the last man to make frivolous complaints. The matter was gone into by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, Lord Falmouth acting for Mr. Craven, and after a prolonged inquiry we

decided to give it to the winner. Although she had undoubtedly crossed Fernandez, it was a long way from home, and we thought Fordham had rather anticipated the swerving across him, and checked his horse so soon that there was plenty of time for him to have won his race afterwards if the horse had been good enough. Here let me take the opportunity of denying what was stated in the Wood *v.* Cox trial, that the Stewards of the Jockey Club never take down evidence, as during this inquiry I took down in writing the evidence of all the people examined, and have it in my possession now; indeed, I invariably made it a rule to take notes during the hearing of important cases. Much betting took place before the decision was known, and Count Jaraczewski, who had the double-event bet of 10,000 to 100 about Robert the Devil and Lucetta, and stood it out before the race, hedged a portion of his money while we were considering the case. This is the only double-event bet of magnitude that I can remember being won. In St. Gatien's year I had two thousand to ten about him for the long race and Sandiway for the Cambridgeshire, and when Mr. R. Grosvenor asked me to engage Wood to ride the mare, I stood the bet out, promising to give three hundred towards the five hundred Mr. Grosvenor said he would give Wood if he won, the Duke not being a betting owner. Yet this is the mare it was hinted at that Wood pulled, when the story was afloat that the owner of the winner had given Wood a present after the race. He indignantly denied it to me, and the result was my letter in *The Sportsman* which was read during my cross-examination in the Arbitration Case.

1881

At Lincoln I won the Brocklesby with Belle Lurette, a mare I had bred at home, rather on the small scale, but very speedy. In spite of her winning her trial by four lengths from old Sutler, Wood preferred to ride Corky, trained in the same stable. Archer was on my filly, and won in a canter; Corky a very moderate third. The value of a jockey's tips may here be estimated. No doubt if Wood gave any of his friends the benefit of his opinion he told them, conscientiously believing it, that he expected to win, and was at any rate certain to beat Belle Lurette. My luck held good at Northampton, where I won the Althorp Stakes with Comely, and the Spencer Plate with Althotas. At the Craven meeting I retired from office as Steward, and named Lord Cadogan as my successor.

Bend Or proved how partial he was to the Epsom course by carrying his 9 st. to victory in the City and Suburban, giving Foxhall, who afterwards showed himself to be a first-class horse, no less than 2 st. 6 lb. Peregrine scored a popular victory for Mr. Grosvenor in the Two Thousand, compensating Webb, his rider, for his second on Muncaster; the American horses, Iroquois and Don Fulano, finished second and third. The public would not yet believe in American horses, and Iroquois started at 50 to 1, while 100 to 1 was laid

against Don Fulano, a good horse on his day, but unsound. Had he gone on well he would have distinguished himself. The beautiful Thebais won the One Thousand easily in the hands of Fordham, Thora and Bal Gal being her nearest attendants. A horse of great reputation at this time was Peter, and the moment Sir John Astley had won the Chester Cup with Windsor he telegraphed to Joseph Dawson to buy Peter with his winnings. Five or six thousand was the price, and, plucky as was the outlay, it was a cheap purchase. In the Second Spring meeting a curious instance was furnished of how lucky some horses can be in handicaps. Joe Dawson told me that Sutler had met with a slight accident, and it would be best not to run him in an engagement on the last day. I, however, had had a bad week, so had my partner, and when we saw the weights and found Valour was asked to give our horse 21 lb., we determined to run, and sent up to Dawson to say so. Sutler only got home cleverly three quarters of a length from Valour, and was consequently handicapped below his real form, he being now at his best, as the year before he had a weak hock. He won every other race he started for during the year, earning eight consecutive brackets. On this particular race his owners got home after a bad week.

In an uninteresting Derby, Iroquois turned the tables on his Two Thousand conqueror, and Thebais won the Oaks in a canter; but the chief interest on the Friday was the match between Bend Or and Robert the Devil in the Epsom Gold Cup, which resulted in the victory of the Derby winner by a neck. But though I have called this 'an interesting event' it was

scarcely so to those behind the scenes, for Bend Or was not fit, and Robert the Devil 'had a leg,' the consequence being that the race was no real test of merit. At Ascot, in the Gold Vase, Peter stopped at the turn by the stables, and refused to go on; but in spite of this performance he started first favourite for the Hunt Cup, when, however, he again stopped in the middle of the race. His rider, Archer, patted him soothingly, the horse took it into his head to go on, and such was his amazing speed when he consented to gallop that he won an extraordinary race by three quarters of a length, having lost nearly 100 yards. Robert the Devil secured the Gold Cup, his most dangerous opponent, Foxhall, who had won the Grand Prix on Sunday, not showing any form at all, as is often the case with horses that have crossed the water. At Goodwood, the flying Kermesse had to succumb to Dutch Oven in the Richmond Stakes, though the former had beaten the latter in a canter in the July Stakes; and a popular victory was scored when Mazurka won the Stewards' Cup for Lord Cadogan, he having leased the mare, I believe, from Mr. Savile. I never could make out why Lord Cadogan and the Duke of Westminster always led their winning animals in important races by a long white leading-rein up to the weighing-room, but this was and is their custom.

Iroquois, with his legs heavily bandaged, won the Leger easily, and, considering the trouble his legs had given his trainer, the condition in which the colt was brought to the post reflected the greatest credit on those who had the care of him. This was the year for America, as Foxhall, who had left Bedford Lodge,

and was now trained by William Day, won the Cesarewitch in a canter by twelve lengths, and then eclipsed all handicap performances by his victory in the Cambridgeshire with 9 st. on his back. He won by a head, admirably ridden by Watts, Lucy Glitters being second, a neck in front of Tristan, who was Fordham's mount, and who I shall always believe ought to have won. He rode two of his worst races on this horse and Out of Bounds, both in the Cambridgeshire. Still, a man cannot always ride up to his best form. Foxhall was a magnificent horse, and he had one of the best fields behind him that ever went to the post for this important handicap. He actually gave Tristan 1 st. 5 lb.; Bend Or, who started favourite, was only giving him 8 lb., and through Lucy Glitters you could make him vastly superior to his countryman Iroquois. At present, like Kisber, another wonderful horse, he has been a failure at the stud, but at the time of writing a couple of promising two-year-olds from Kermese and Chopette look like redeeming his character; indeed, if Corstorphine, as the latter is called, stands training, she should greatly distinguish herself, but doubts may well be felt as to whether she will keep sound.

1882

The Lincolnshire Handicap was won this year by the French horse Poulet, after a fine race with Master Waller, who was again unfortunate enough to run second for another important Spring Handicap—the City and Suburban—in which the American horse Passaic, the property of Lord Rossmore, and an outsider, beat him two lengths, receiving 15 lb.

At the first meeting of the Jockey Club Mr. W. G. Craven, as senior Steward, retired, having done good work for the club. During his year of office several important rules were passed, notably that of prohibiting jockeys from keeping racehorses without the special sanction and licence of the Club.

A field of eighteen horses started for the Two Thousand Guineas, which was easily won by Shotover, it being a rare occurrence for a mare to win this race, the only exceptions in the last thirty years, besides herself, having been Pilgrimage in 1878, and Formosa, when she ran a dead heat with Moslem ten years before that. But Shotover, who had not had a difficult task on Wednesday, succumbed by a neck on Friday in the One Thousand to the pretty but uncertain St. Marguerite, probably because in a small field she had to make her own running, and, as 4 to 1 was laid on her, backers in general experienced a facer! She made up, however, for this defeat with

a vengeance by winning the Derby very cleverly, Quicklime, as in the Guineas, following her home, whilst Bruce, who started favourite, could only get fourth; but he won the Grand Prix in Paris ten days after, and Quicklime made some amends for his ill-luck by winning the valuable Epsom Grand Prize. Geheimniss beat St. Marguerite very easily in the Oaks, and was probably the best miler of her day. A singular thing happened in the Sandown Derby, which Marden, the favourite, won by three lengths from the second favourite, Gerald, as the winner carried 5 lb. more, and the second 5 lb. less, than required by the conditions of the race; but these errors were not discovered till it was too late for an objection to be made. What were the clever members of the Ring doing not to find out the mistake in time to get both disqualified? Tristan, who was in great form this year, having won two Queen's Plates and the Epsom Gold Cup, easily disposed of Chippendale in the Gold Vase at Ascot, and Quicklime enhanced the Derby form by carrying the top weight triumphantly home in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, as did his Epsom conqueror Shotover in the Ascot Derby; but a fearful blow was administered to backers when Geheimniss, with 8 to 1 laid on her, went down before the two-year-old Narcissa in the Fern Hill Stakes, as she could not go the pace with the two-year-old such a short distance, and was beaten a head. Foxhall had some trouble to beat the three-year-old Faugh-a-Ballagh in the Gold Cup, the Duke of Beaufort, owner of the latter, starting Petronel as well, and the shouts of the Ring will not soon be forgotten when they saw Tom Cannon at

work on the favourite to catch the outsider. This race ought to have prepared backers for Foxhall's defeat in the Alexandra Plate, which Fiddler won by six lengths from him. The meeting wound up with the success of Tristan in the Hardwicke Stakes, the winner of the Hunt Cup, Sweetbread, making but a poor fight with this good little horse.

With odds laid on him the speedy Macheath beat another good horse, Fulmen, in the July Stakes at Newmarket, having previously beaten a future Derby winner, St. Blaise, in the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, and Galliard, a horse full of quality, came out with a great reputation in the Chesterfield Stakes, which he won in a canter. The same day Hornpipe beat a field of seventeen by six lengths in a Welter Handicap. I mention this race to show how wonderfully horses come on. Only three weeks before he was beaten in a Selling Race at Windsor by a neck, and being a good-looking horse and likely to improve, I gave the owner, Mr. T. Brown, 200*l.* for him after that race. His reason for parting with him was that he had had some trouble with him, and although five years old he had not won a race. I tried him so well for the race at Newmarket that I told the gentleman who put my money on he might bet for himself as long as he liked. He *did*, and so busy was he that he was even trying to bet after the horses had passed the post, being ignorant that the race was run on the new T.Y.C. He was much astonished when, in reply to 'How much on the field?' the layer answered, 'No, thank you, the favourite has already won the race in a canter.' At Goodwood this year Fordham rode some

marvellous races. In the Goodwood Stakes he got home Fortissimo by a head from Reveller, winning the next race, the Halnaker Stakes, a similar distance on a filly, and on Wednesday he brought up the outsider, Comte Alfred, almost in the last stride, and beat Wood on Battlefield another head. Lowland Chief, sold by Mr. F. Leleu to Lord Ellesmere, dirt cheap, for 1,200*l.*, after he had won two handicaps earlier in the year, took the Stewards' Cup for his new owner; and Friday, a maiden gelding of the Duke of Hamilton, after making tremendous running in the Goodwood Cup, upset the odds laid on Tristan by a neck, Fordham appearing to lay rather far out of his ground with the latter horse.

At York, the Great Yorkshire Stakes was noticeable for the easy defeat of Dutch Oven by both Peppermint and Nellie, the excuse made for her being that she could not move in the heavy ground; and all connected with her, including trainer and jockey, were astounded when three weeks after she sailed home the easy winner of the Leger, beating the other two good mares, Geheimniss and Shotover, in the order named. Frantic was the delight of the backers of the winner, who could not get out of their bets on her, owing to her York defeat, and forty to one was freely offered against her at the start. Retreat caused a sensation, too, but a much milder one, when he won the Doncaster Cup on Friday, as he was hardly backed. He was a very good-looking horse and very well named, by Hermit, out of Quick March, and ought to be a success at the stud. After Beau Brummel had beaten Macheath by a fluke on that hateful course the last five

furlongs of the Abingdon Mile, the latter easily turned the tables on him in the Rous Memorial on Friday. Corrie Roy, who wanted so little training that she only did mile-and-half work, and had but one good gallop before the race, won the Cesarewitch very easily from Chippendale and thirteen others, of whom the favourite, Shrewsbury, ought to have done better, as he proved himself the equal of Dutch Oven in the Newmarket Derby later in the week, and only carried 6 st. 12 lb. in the big handicap.

Macheath and Highland Chief, starting equal favourites, finished first and second in the Middle Park Plate, the northern horse, Chiselhurst, only being beaten three-quarters of a length for a second place. A magnificent race for the Champion Stakes resulted in a dead heat between Tristan and Thebais, ridden respectively by Archer and Wood, with Fordham close up with them on Dutch Oven. In the Houghton week Macheath continued his victorious career by winning the Criterion Stakes, and it would have been a fitting conclusion to his two-year-old season if, after his hard work, he had retired for the year instead of being brought out again on Friday to run in a Post Sweepstakes, in which he was beaten by his solitary opponent Adriana, a fine Adventurer mare.

The Tuesday of the Houghton meeting was perhaps the worst day ever experienced at Newmarket, the storm being so violent that the last three races, including the Cambridgeshire, had to be postponed. Every moment Lord Westmorland and I, who were seated together in a fly near the Cambridgeshire

Stand, expected the carriage to be blown over, and one was, close to us. Everybody was glad to hurry home, and of course the poor jockeys, who had gone to the post for the big race, were drenched to the skin. On the Wednesday the Cambridgeshire was run for, and Hackness, well suited by her weight (she was a four-year-old, carrying only 6 st. 4 lb.) and the state of the ground, won with great ease, Shrewsbury, who again started favourite, being second, but he had no chance of giving the winner a year and six pounds. A tremendous race took place between Highland Chief and Fulmen, when we adjourned to the Rowley Mile, Archer just managing to get the Chief home a head. On Thursday the public were so furious at the eleventh hour scratching of Thebais that they loudly hissed Mr. Crawfurd's colours when they appeared on the course on Martini, and a very unpleasant scene took place in the Birdcage, afterwards alluded to in *The Sportsman* of the following day in an article which was headed 'A Greater Storm.' Although I do not defend the scratching of a public animal like Thebais at the eleventh hour, there can be no doubt that she had no earthly chance of giving so much weight away to the winner, in the heavy state of the ground; and if her backers had reflected a moment they would have known this, whether she ran or not. A great deal of betting took place at Newmarket on small races, as will be gathered from the fact that a friend of mine showed me his book at the end of this Thursday's racing, and his losses on the day, though no important races were decided, amounted to over twenty-three thousand pounds!

Neither Hackness nor Shrewsbury made any show in the Manchester November Handicap, which was won in a canter by the fast improving Boswell, who had been running in selling races on several occasions this year.

1883

Just before the numbers went up for the Two Thousand, a very sad incident occurred. Poor old Prince Batthyany slipped down the steps in the Grand Stand leading to the Jockey Club room and died on the spot. This cast a gloom over the day's proceedings, even the voice of the Ring being hushed and subdued when the news spread; but on such melancholy events I need not dwell.

A wonderful race took place for the Guineas, Archer getting Galliard home a head from Goldfield, who, magnificently ridden by Cannon, defeated The Prince by a neck (a colt for which 10,000*l.* had been paid). St. Blaise ran well, though few anticipated his Derby victory. The winner was a horse of beautiful quality, his only fault being that he was heavy in the shoulder. A rubbishing lot of mares contested the One Thousand, won by Hauteur.

The Westminster Cup at Kempton furnished a great surprise when Wood on Barcaldine beat Tristan and Lucerne—the winner not having been backed for a sixpence by his owner. That Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Alington should have owned the Derby winner of this year was entirely due to the fearless way in which Wood sent St. Blaise down the hill, hugging the rails and stealing several lengths. At the Bell, Highland Chief and

Galliard were in hot pursuit, but neither could catch him, the former suffering defeat by a neck, with Galliard half a length from him. To this day some who were very much less well placed for seeing than Judge Clark assert that the second won. Many people also thought that Archer rode a bad race, but I had more money on Galliard than I ever had on a horse in the Derby before, and I am quite satisfied that, owing to his heavy shoulders, Galliard would not act down hill, and lost too much ground ever to make it up. The winner, a white-legged chestnut son of Hermit, had, as is usual with nearly all of that great horse's stock, faultless shoulders.

Galliard made up for his Epsom defeat at Ascot by winning the Prince of Wales' Stakes with the extreme penalty, and two other races as well. Elzevir, ridden by Wood, brought off a good coup for Mr. Gerard and those connected with Captain Machell, and Barcaldine won the Orange Cup presented by his Majesty the King of the Netherlands; but he only beat Faugh-a-Ballagh, a slow horse that stayed well, and the very moderate Alizon. The cup, I believe, is now the property of the Prince of Wales, who took a great fancy to it, and asked Mr. Peck if he would sell it him. It was unlucky for me that Despair was for once—a very rare occurrence—in a good humour this Ascot, as I ran second to him with Magician in the All Aged Stakes, and also with Hornpipe in the Wokingham. Tristan won the Gold Cup and Hardwicke stakes in excellent style. At Newmarket the chestnut filly by Hermit out of Adelaide—purchased for a large

sum at Mr. Chaplin's yearling sale by Sir John Willoughby—won the July Stakes, beautifully handled by Cannon, as she ran a little green; but she could not hold a candle to Superba and Harvester in the Chesterfield Stakes, the former winning half a length.

Mr. Crawfurd having died at Cannes in the spring of this year and left all his racehorses to his widow, she leased them to Sir Frederick Johnstone for the season, and one of his most important victories was the Goodwood Stakes, won by that good mare, Corrie Roy, carrying 9 st. My horse, Hornpipe, who had lately been running in good form, won me the Stewards' Cup by a head, but it would have been lengths if Wood had not been shut in; as it was, he made a desperate effort on the rails with barely room to get through. Geheimniss, ridden by Archer, was leading to within a few strides of the post, and bore towards him, but finished second. The winner was in extraordinary form at this time, and it would have been hard if he had lost this race, hampered as he had been in it. The next week at Brighton he gave a stone to Exile, who had won two handicaps at Goodwood, and ran away from him. He was a beautifully shaped bright bay horse with black legs, and I looked forward to keeping him as a stallion, but in October he burst a small blood-vessel and died from internal hæmorrhage, and in the post-mortem examination we discovered that both his heart and lungs were seriously affected, which will account for his showing indifferent form at times when apparently quite fit and well—notably, at York August in 1882,

when Knight of Burghley beat him many lengths, the only occasion on which I ever backed a horse for any money at starting price. Being away at the time, I told my commissioner to put me on 400*l.*, which he did in this way.

That great horse, St. Simon, made his appearance at this meeting, winning the Halnaker Stakes and a Maiden Plate in a canter. Before the sale of Prince Batthyany's horses in the Spring at Newmarket, someone told me that St. Simon was a flyer, that he had had his leg dressed to 'look like a blister,' and that I must secure him. A friend of mine had asked me to buy him a horse for about a thousand. There was no time to communicate with this gentleman, but I went to a relative of his and we agreed to go beyond that price, and were, I believe, the last bidders against Mr. Mat Dawson, acting for the Duke of Portland. It has since come to my ears that Mr. Matthew Dawson, whilst looking over the horse, noticed the dressing on his leg, stooped down and licked it with his tongue to see what it was made of. If this was so, all praise be given to him, and be it understood that I accuse no one—Mr. John Dawson, the trainer, least of all—of having been a party to any deception about the horse. I give the story as it reached my ears.

In spite of moderate opposition, Corrie Roy won the Great Ebor Handicap with 9 st. 12 lb. Grand mare as she was, she required very little long work, and it is a noteworthy fact that before winning the Cesarewitch, she had never been the distance at home. These are the animals that it is a pleasure to own or train. Ossian outstayed Chislehurst and Highland

Chief in the Leger, and confirmed the Great Yorkshire Stakes running with the former horse; and he beat Goldfield very easily in the Great Foal Stakes in the First October Meeting. The latter I had purchased with Mr. Peck from Lord Cadogan, and very unluckily it turned out, as he hit his leg soon after this and never won another race.

Don Juan won the Cesarewitch very easily from Hackness, last year's Cambridgeshire winner, who started the better favourite of the pair. I shall always admire the cleverness with which this coup was planned, for so I feel certain it was, *but* in the fairest way possible. Mr. Lambert ran his horse first in a five-furlong race at Epsom, and he was ridden by Fordham. Probably he was not as forward as he might have been, but a great horse on that course, Reputation, won the race. The next time he ran him in a welter handicap at the July Meeting, also five furlongs, backed him for a moderate amount, and he struggled home a winner, carrying the bottom weight but one, from a moderate lot of animals. If, therefore, the handicapper was to handicap him in long races on this form, he was sure to be in bottom weight or nearly so in the Cesarewitch. So it was; he had 5 st. 10 lb., and Fordham, who had ridden him in his trial or exercise gallops, declared before the race that he believed the horse could win carrying him on his back, a weight that would be about 7 st. 6 lb. Although Don Juan did not display such form as this in the race, it showed what confidence William Goater and all connected with him must have had, and the good thing duly came off. Bendigo, carrying 6 st. 9 lb., ran well in this race, so

well that I asked Lord Lurgan to inquire from Mr. Barclay if he would sell the horse, naming 1,500*l.* as the price. But his owner did not wish to part with him, and what made it annoying to me was that hearing he had been coughing I neglected to back him for the Cambridgeshire, which he won by a neck from Tonans, starting at fifty to one, and ridden by Luke, who appeared anxious to come over the rails into Tattersall's Ring at the finish, so much did he bear down to the left away from the second. Medicus, a four-year-old selling plater, started the hottest favourite ever known in this race, certainly in my recollection, and finished a bad third. The Adelaide filly, at a difference of 10 lb., won a fine race by a neck in the Dewhurst Plate, beating Busybody, who had finished three lengths in front of her when she won the Middle Park Plate. I consider the form in the two races pretty correct. A magnificent piece of riding on Fordham's part landed Ladislas a winner by a head in the last stride in the Jockey Club Cup, from Corrie Roy, ridden by Wood. Many blamed the last-named jockey, but I am not amongst the number, though I lost heavily on the race. The trainer was most anxious for something to be started to make running for the mare, and I feel sure she would have won if his advice had been followed; as it was, Wood had to make all his own running, and if he did not make the pace strong enough over such a long course, left out in the cold as he was by himself, three or four lengths in front, with a wholesome dread of Fordham waiting behind him, I do not think he was much to be blamed for keeping something to finish with, or even for being outridden by such a master of his art as Fordham.

1884

At the meeting of the Jockey Club I brought forward a motion to abolish selling handicaps, simply because I think it ridiculous that one horse should be called on to give another of the same age perhaps 2 st., when both are entered to be sold for the same price; and because it encourages people to keep worthless animals in training, in hopes they may get them through some wretched little selling handicap with the best of the weights. The motion did not meet with the favour I anticipated, several members of the Jockey Club protesting that some little northern meetings would cease to exist if selling handicaps were abolished, and I agreed to postpone the subject on the understanding that the Stewards would undertake to deal with the matter at once; which, by the way, they never did.

In the Craven Stakes, Scot Free gave the hint of what was to happen in the Two Thousand by winning in a canter with the penalty from a very moderate lot of horses, of which Hermitage, who finished nowhere, was decidedly the best. This was the first meeting at which the Duchess of Montrose ran her horses in the assumed name of 'Mr. Manton.' It was about this time that I heard rumours of a 'Jockey Ring,' that is to say, of a supposed arrange-

ment amongst a certain lot of jockeys, of which Archer and Wood were supposed to be the head, that races were to be won by horses selected by the Ring. I went to both of these jockeys and told them of the report, adding that, as I did not believe a word of it, I intended bringing the subject before the Jockey Club at the next meeting, that an inquiry might be made. Both expressed their willingness to be examined, and protested that there was not a word of truth in the report, and I therefore published the following notice, in the form of a question, in the 'Sheet Calendar':—'To ask the Stewards whether they are aware that it is openly stated that a conspiracy exists between certain jockeys and so-called "professional backers" of horses to arrange the result of races for their own benefit, and, if they have heard of such statements, and believe it possible such a plot exists, what steps they propose taking to deal with the matter at once.'

Before the meeting several members informed me that I had put the Stewards in a very difficult position (I fail even now to see how), so I had to express myself satisfied with the reply Lord March, the senior Steward, gave me, that the Stewards had heard of such rumours, admitted the possibility of them, but that, as no formulated accusation had been made, they were of opinion that their existing powers were sufficient to deal with such affairs should direct evidence be brought before them. I do not consider that the Stewards acted with wisdom or courage in their treatment of this matter. Who was likely to bring evidence, supposing that such a Ring had existed? The jockeys were their servants, their

names were freely discussed, and the Stewards could have had them called up and made them produce their betting and bankers' books to prove their innocence. Personally, I do not believe such a conspiracy was ever entered into. If horses were pulled in races I expect it was done by jockeys of their own accord, because they thought it safe to back Wood or Archer at a time when both were riding a number of winners. Where were the eyes of racegoers not to see this great fraud, if it had an existence? A jockey might pull one or two horses without its being seen, but this was talked of as happening continually, as if four or five of them did it in almost every race. Men would be idiots ever to make a bet, or ever to believe in a trainer or jockey, if one-tenth of the roguery went on that ill-natured people—ignorant of horses' form and spiteful at losing their money—assert to be of common occurrence.

Several overtures were made to Mr. John Foy a few days before the Two Thousand for the purchase of Scot Free, but the price he asked (I believe he demanded 10,000*l.*) was deemed excessive, and no deal resulted. Scot Free, a well-named son of Macgregor and Celibacy, won in a canter by five lengths from the little chestnut, St. Medard, whose extreme fitness enabled him to beat by a head the backward Harvester (purchased for a large sum—8,600 guineas—at Lord Falmouth's sale by Sir John Willoughby). Mr. Abington was more successful with Busybody—bought at the same sale for 8,800 guineas—as she won the One Thousand cleverly from Queen Adelaide. Harvester, however, managed to turn the tables on

Scot Free in the Payne Stakes at the Second Spring Meeting, beating him cleverly; but he was receiving 7 lb. A curious thing occurred in a little race at the end of this day. Three two-year-olds were running, and Wood, who was riding Ricochet, in the middle of the race suddenly disappeared under the mare and fell to the ground, fortunately unhurt, notwithstanding the pace at which they were going. The saddle had slipped round.

Queen Adelaide had started favourite for the Derby, with St. Medard second, on the strength of their seconds in the Two Thousand and One Thousand. Both hailed from Captain Machell's stable, but neither had anything to do with the finish, which resulted in a dead heat between the Captain's third string Harvester and St. Gatien; and I think it was fortunate for the owner of Harvester that Mr. Hammond agreed to divide the stakes, as the horse appeared none too sound, and only a fortnight after, at Ascot, Tristan made a hack of him in the Hardwicke Stakes, giving him eighteen pounds. An objection to St. Gatien, on the ground of incorrect entry, was very rightly withdrawn. Busybody won the Oaks by half a length from Superba, Queen Adelaide being in the same place as in the Derby, and thus Lord Falmouth sold the winners of the Derby and Oaks at his great Newmarket sale. Florence, who had been beaten out of sight in the City and Suburban when backed for pounds, shillings, and pence, and with only 6 st. 12 lb. on her back, won the Manchester Cup in a canter with 4 lb. more, and she did great deeds afterwards during the year, ending up by winning the Cambridgeshire, carrying

9 st. 1 lb.—the highest burden ever borne to victory. Her City and Suburban defeat remains for ever one of those things that no one can explain.

On the Tuesday, at Ascot, backers had a very bad time, for only one favourite won in seven races; three had odds laid on them, while all the rest started at extraordinary short prices—5 to 4 and 6 to 4 against. It was one of the worst days I have ever seen for backers, though I myself was fortunate enough to win through backing St. Gatien, who made mincemeat of Corrie Roy at 9 lb. in the Gold Vase; but it is only fair to say about this good mare that she had been much shaken by her race for the Manchester Cup, when, carrying an almost impossible weight, she finished third to Florence, Isonomy's winning performance in the same race being the only one that had eclipsed this. St. Simon won the Gold Cup by twenty lengths from Tristan, whose subsequent victory in the Hardwicke Stakes proved that the dead heaters in the Derby would have had to put up with second place if St. Simon, disqualified by the death of his nominator, Count Batthyany, could have competed. Melton, to my mind the perfection of a racehorse on a small scale, made his first appearance in the New Stakes, and scored an easy victory, though not much fancied by the stable; and Duke of Richmond, rapidly developing into a thief, had to put up with second place in the Hunt Cup and Wokingham, though carrying a respectable weight for a three-year-old. He and St. Simon were rivals in their young days; there seemed to be only a few pounds between them—Cannon, after the match, thought not more than seven—and it was impossible

to say which might turn out the more valuable for stud purposes; but now St. Simon is the most sought-after sire of the day, and Duke of Richmond a very moderately successful hurdle-jumper.

Few who saw Luminary apparently outstay Melton in the July Stakes at Newmarket would have been prepared for the subsequent degeneration of the winner into a common plater, or have predicted that the second would be a Derby winner. Such, however, is the lottery of racing. If horses were steam engines, always capable of running to their best form, where would the Ring be?

An Arab race over two miles was one of the features of this meeting, 200 sovs. being added by the Jockey Club, and 100 sovs. by Mr. W. S. Blunt, a great enthusiast about Arabs, and himself a breeder of them. To my mind, however marvellous their powers of endurance may be on their native soil, they are as much out of place on an English race-course as a tortoise, and the most moderate of our thoroughbreds could give them several stone over all distances, even though the English horses had not been deemed—and, in fact, were not—stayers. Still, it was an interesting event. The winner, Asil, to my surprise, appeared to possess the best speed of the lot: and, after all, what is racing really but a question of speed? Curious as it may sound, I believe some of our racehorses—I am inclined to cite as a prominent example, the French horse, Mortemer—stay because they have speed and a long stride, with hocks rather high off the ground. It is the good-looking horses which a hunting man would pick out as likely to carry him to hounds, with good shoulders and bone below the

knee, that show little daylight when you are walking behind them, with great development of thighs, and *hocks close to the ground*—a point usually regarded as specially desirable—that, as a rule, fail to stay. Lollypop, Countryman, Tangible, Ecossais, Trombone, were all of the sort I am describing.

At Goodwood, Rosy Morn, one of the best-looking yearlings I ever saw, and sold at Mr. Chaplin's yearling sale in the July week for over 2,000 guineas, easily beat Royal Hampton, the conqueror of Luminary, at Sandown the week before, in the Richmond Stakes; but although he had previously won the Woodcote at Epsom, and got back his purchase money in these two races, he turned a roarer, and quickly degenerated into a selling plater of moderate calibre, sharing the fate of Luminary. Harvester, one of the Derby dead heaters, won the Gratwicke Stakes in a canter, Archer having orders to come through with him and not pull him about; but his second heat the next day was too much for him, probably owing to the unsound state of one of his legs; and in a single-handed contest with Cormeille in the Drawing Room Stakes he suffered defeat by a neck. At Windsor August Meeting, Kingwood, who had only finished third to Satchel and Lonely in the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood—he having had a dose of medicine the week before the race, which we thought would bring him on, but seemed to have a reverse effect—gave his opponent a taste of his quality by winning two races 'anyhow;' and on that day, and when shortly afterwards he won the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, I should not have feared to run him against any two-year-old in England.

The Leger was contested by a very moderate lot of horses, neither of Sir John Willoughby's animals being up to the mark, and there was some suspicion about one of Superba's legs. She, however, ran well, but The Lambkin won by a length from the pretty Sandiway, Superba finishing at her quarters. An objection to the winner on the ground of incorrect nomination, lodged by Captain Machell before the race on behalf of Sir John Willoughby, was overruled.

At the Newmarket Second October Meeting, St. Gatien, ridden by Wood, and carrying 8 st. 10 lb., beat the record by winning the Cesarewitch in a canter, and landing an enormous stake for Mr. John Hammond, whilst his second string, Florence, might have been nearer than fourth, and told him by her running what a great chance she had for the Cambridgeshire, in which race it was a magnificent performance on her part to give thirteen pounds to the great Bendigo, and beat him by a head. Webb, on the winner, rode with extraordinary vigour and judgment, and again did the owner throw in for a moderate fortune. Melton carried off the Middle Park Plate and Criterion, thus securely installing himself a winter favourite for the Derby.

1885

The Brocklesby of 1885 was remarkable for the first appearance of that gallant little horse, The Bard, a small but beautifully shaped son of Petrarch and Magdalene, who raised the standard of Brocklesby winners, and distinguished himself by the unprecedented achievement of winning sixteen races as a two-year-old, never knowing defeat. He was not very much fancied by his part-owner, Mr. Peck, and not improbably was a better animal in public than in private. He did not look a very good horse, having a great deal of white about his legs, and his chestnut coat was so plentifully ticked with grey hairs, that he was almost roan in appearance; but he was a good horse to follow (this is not meant for a joke!).

Another famous animal, Bendigo, won the Lincolnshire Handicap, giving a lot of weight to Bird of Freedom, with McMahon third, and the two latter fought out their battle again in the City and Suburban, the young one, in receipt of 9 lb. less than at Lincoln, getting home a head.

At the Craven Meeting, Lord Cadogan brought forward a motion that horses entered in selling races should be liable to be claimed for the value of the stakes, and double the amount for which they were entered to be sold, during the fifteen minutes preceding the time fixed for weighing, &c. The motion was

only lost by two votes, and well for the funds of the Jockey Club was it that it was lost, as a glance at the prices given for selling platers at auction at Newmarket, for years past, will show how repeatedly they have fetched six or eight times more than their entered selling price, and Lord Cadogan's motion only allowed that half the amount for which the horse was claimed should go to the race fund; that is, if he was entered to be sold for 100 sovs. he would be claimed for 200 sovs. and the value of the race, and only half the former amount, viz. 100 sovs., would enrich the Newmarket exchequer. Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Craven argued that this mode of claiming answered very well in France, and no doubt it does, but that is no reason why it should answer well at Newmarket, since it would be quite certain to diminish the receipts of the Jockey Club, who want all they can get to march with the times, and to compete with other race meetings, managers of which can afford to give larger stakes.

Paradox for the Two Thousand only got home a head from Crafton, who was marvellously ridden by Cannon, whereas Archer, who had to make his own running on the favourite, got a little bit flurried, and did not ride as well as usual. Wood, who was on the third, told me after the race, that although no one ought to know better than himself what a splendid jockey Archer was, and no one was more ready to say so, still in this instance he rode a bad race, and he expressed his belief that Paradox would win the Derby. No doubt Cannon would have won on Crafton, but that Paradox swerved and seriously interfered with him in the last few strides.

At the Second Spring meeting, Melton was brought out for the Payne Stakes, and won in a canter from Kingwood, who was not fit, owing to his severe illness which he caught in the new stables, to which Sherrard had removed his horses, although he managed to beat Lonely and Present Times several lengths. Melton did not become a much better favourite for the Derby in consequence, as doubt about his soundness still lingered, in spite of his victory, and a few days before the race there were all sorts of silly rumours afloat about him—that he would be got at, and that an attempt would be made to knock him over in the race. The sole origin of these fairy tales was that Archer believed implicitly that Crafton would beat him, and told all his friends so, men who were accustomed to go almost entirely by his judgment. He even misled Mr. Peck, who, as a rule, is entirely guided by his own opinion, and a pretty good one too, when he is left to himself to give it. I had a commission to lay against Melton, only for the reason I have stated above, and I happen to know that every shilling of the money was taken back at a loss before the flag dropped, when a magnificent race ensued, almost identical with the finish between Bend Or and Robert the Devil, Webb on Paradox coming through on the inside exactly as Rossiter did, only that he rode as fine a race as any one could wish to see, and when Archer, who for some inexplicable reason in this case (Bend Or having gone rather stiffly the first mile in his Derby), had laid rather far out of his ground, got to his girths, the issue was in doubt to within the last stride, Melton getting up and winning by a head. To my mind Melton was

the *beau ideal* of a racehorse, a whole-coloured bay on the small side with wonderful back and quarters and perfect shoulders and action. Often have I remarked to my trainer, 'I wish all my racehorses were shaped like him!' No lumber, no trouble to train, perfect and symmetrical in all points. Whilst Lord Hastings was being warmly congratulated, Mr. Brodrick-Cloete took his defeat like a man. I overheard his conversation with a friend in the grass plot in front of the weighing-room just after the race. 'Only fancy being beaten by a nose—that much—' holding up his hands about six inches apart—'I don't suppose I shall ever be so near to winning a Derby again!' and my inward thought was 'Quite right, you won't!' It takes a lifetime to understand and master racing, and to very few men does there come an opportunity of winning the Derby twice. The Dukes of Westminster and Portland, and Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Falmouth, if the latter two were alive, might smile at these words, but their good fortune in winning so often has not fallen to the lot of other good men.

Lonely, a charming compact little Hermit mare, scored a very popular victory in the Oaks, the first big race that had fallen to Lord Cadogan, who keeps a very small stud in training, and rarely gives high prices for his animals. At Ascot St. Gatien gave his moderate opponents no rest in the Gold Cup, and won from the American bred Eole, who came from the States with a tremendous reputation, was looked on as invincible, but proved as slow as an old man and a terrible savage to boot. St. Gatien won the Alexandra Plate in the same easy fashion, Hermitage

this time separating him from Eole. To examine St. Gatien, who is a great powerful hunter-looking horse, a trifle vulgar for a thoroughbred, it is quite impossible to believe that he is the son of the very moderate Rover, who was a light-necked chestnut, son of Blair Athol, and had a club foot which prevented him running two days alike. Still, St. Gatien's dam, St. Editha, was covered first by Rotherhill, a roarer, and, secondly, by The Rover, and one is bound to believe that he derived his paternity from the latter horse, more especially as he appears to inherit the white markings of his grandsire, Blair Athol ; and for my part there is no horse at the stud, with the exception of St. Simon, to which I would rather send a mare of good quality who lacked bone and size, always provided that the blood suited.

At Newmarket the July Stakes was won by a ewe-necked, ugly, but game son of Bend Or, Kendal, who just ran the good-looking Mephisto out of the race ; and Modwena, after cleverly winning the Chesterfield Stakes, had to succumb to Kendal in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, where we southerners were introduced to Minting, the best big horse I ever saw after Prince Charlie. He made hacks of his opponents in the Prince of Wales' Stakes the same day that the tiny little Althorp won the Goodwood Cup after a bit of a finish with Metal, an evil-tempered animal soon afterwards sent to India, where he did well. Melton, with good odds laid on him, sailed home a very easy winner in the St. Leger, Isobar finishing second, and Lonely, who proved she could not stay, a bad third ; and his only other race was the Great Foal Stakes at the first October meeting, which he won in a canter

from his stable companion, Pearl Diver, his other three opponents being worthless.

The Frenchmen took a ton of money across the Channel when Plaisanterie won the Cesarewitch in a canter, and with a stone extra she beat Bendigo at 10 lb. in the Cambridgeshire, giving heaps of weight to every horse in the race, considering her age, three years old, except to three. The champion racehorse (at least in most people's eyes), Ormonde, came out in a Post Sweepstakes on the Wednesday of the second October meeting, and beat little Modwena cleverly by a length, she having already been pulled out to win the opening race of the day. The great horse followed this up by winning the Criterion and Dewhurst Plate in a canter, in the latter race being followed home by the nervous Whitefriar, and St. Gatien won the Jockey Club Cup without being asked to go. But for his defeat in the Cambridgeshire, when he was not unnaturally outpaced, he would have won all his races this year.

1886

Old Fulmen, who had been a disappointing horse since Mr. Naylor gave 5,000 guineas for him, won the Lincoln Handicap, giving 16 lb. and a clever beating to Bread Knife, though it was a fair performance on the part of the latter, a three-year-old—at which age animals so seldom win this race—to carry his 6 st. 11 lb. into second place, and no doubt he was a good handicap horse, but none too sound. Royal Hampton, who looked patched up, won the City and Suburban easily, being followed home by two animals that had distinguished themselves on this course, though in different years, viz. Highland Chief and Lonely.

Again did the Biennial furnish us with a surprise, for the Duke of Beaufort's Button Park, not backed for a shilling, beat Grey Friars, the favourite; and Sir Kenneth, who started at a liberal price, won the Newmarket Handicap, Wood having to ride him hard for the last half mile. All Newmarket swore by Minting when the numbers went up for the Two Thousand, but he could not live the last two furlongs with Ormonde, who won very easily, Minting running in this race like a non-stayer. Perhaps Mat Dawson found it difficult to give so gigantic an animal the preparation he would have liked, though he was one of the easiest movers for so big a horse I ever saw

Saraband ran disgracefully in this race, being beaten at the T.Y.C. post. For such a wonder as Ormonde undoubtedly was, he did not strike one as a particularly well-made horse ; but he was a splendid goer when extended. Grey Friars made amends for his Biennial defeat by winning the Payne Stakes ; Mephisto, who was third in the Guineas, proving that the extra quarter of a mile was too far for him.

The Woodcote was never contested by worse animals than in this year, a possible exception to this general condemnation being The Baron, who, however, only succeeded in cleverly beating Sir Galahad, a plater, by a length. In spite of the confidence that General Williams and all his friends expressed in The Bard, of which the General was part owner (the one least full of confidence being Mr. Peck), the public tumbled over each other to lay odds on Ormonde, and the race for the last two hundred yards was a treat to see. Wood on The Bard, in the centre of the course, held a slight lead of Ormonde, who was at his girths on the far side. Seeing that the big horse was full of running, Wood called on his mount, hoping to get the first run, but, gallantly as the little chestnut responded, the effort was of no avail, as no sooner did Archer give Ormonde his head and get level with the little fellow, than he smothered him with his long stride and won easily by a length and a half, St. Mirin being a very bad third. Although this was not a desperate finish, it was a beautiful race to see ; both jockeys rode with equal coolness, knowing from the fall of the flag it would be a match between them, and both horses ran as straight as a die, the little Bard dis-

playing unflinching gameness when he had the worst of the race; but he could not stride with his bigger opponent, who was undoubtedly the better horse of the two. Porter, who trained Ormonde, also won the Grand Prize on Thursday with Candlemas, but after a very narrow squeak with Sir Hamo, who a few strides from the chair looked like upsetting the good thing. Miss Jummy, a charming mare by Petrarch, after winning the One Thousand easily from Argo Navis, finished again in front of her in the Oaks, and with the exception of the second, who was too slow, all her opponents were non-stayers. In the Epsom Cup an awful blow was administered this day to backers by Bird of Freedom. The horse looked as if he could not stride over a straw, but nevertheless backers laid eight to one on him, and had the mortification of seeing him beaten in the most decisive way, six lengths, by Radius. Fortunately for some would be plungers the Ring were chary about taking even those long odds. A fortnight's rest, however, enabled the favourite to recover himself, and he won the Gold Vase at Ascot, just outstaying Middlethorpe, in the last stride by a head.

A very pleasant and quiet meeting took place at Sandown, on the Friday and Saturday, between Epsom and Ascot, and the Friday will be remembered by the owners of the Esher course for many a long day, as on it the Prince of Wales scored his first victory in flat racing. It was only a Maiden Plate, and his Royal Highness's representative, Counterpane, by Hermit, and own sister to my mare, Quilt, had odds of 7 to 4 laid on her, the opposition being very weak. When Archer was seen to be winning very

easily in the royal colours, a mighty shout was raised from stands and rings. Sycophants vied with those who *were* genuinely pleased at the result of the race, to howl their loudest. Perhaps the shouts that had the truest ring about them (this is not meant for a pun) came from the fielders who had all lost money on the race. No doubt the Prince of Wales was extremely pleased, and John Porter's honest face beamed with benevolence. Why does not the latter buy his Royal Highness some better brood mares? At present they appear a sorry lot and selected for no ascertainable reason.

Old Despair, who was very leniently treated in the Hunt Cup, having always shown a liking for the course—though there were very few courses in which he could be persuaded to gallop—just got home from Le Caissier; that very disappointing horse in Sherrard's stable, Hambletonian, finishing nowhere, though he started a good favourite. After Althorp had beaten the Gold Vase winner in the Cup, we saw St. Gatien win the Rous Memorial, with the top weight on, in spite of the distance, one mile being considered too short a journey for him; and a very fine horse of Mr. Douglas Baird's, Enterprise, won the New Stakes easily, though apparently he was not fancied much by his friends. How Mephisto ever beat Gay Hermit eight lengths over the New Mile Course will always be a mystery to me, but he did so when he won the Triennial Stakes on Friday, and I can only account for it by the suggestion that Wood got right away, and gained an advantage by getting on to the path made by people walking up the side of the course, and furthermore, that Cannon, knowing

Mephisto was a non-stayer, believed the Prince's colt would have to come back to him.

The two Derby winners met in the Hardwicke Stakes, Melton having to give Ormonde 16 lb., and of course he was beaten in a canter. Little Althorp, not over fresh after his Cup victory on the hard ground, was raced to a stand-still by Blue Grass, an American horse that looked like a hunter, in the Alexandra Plate, and beaten a hundred yards. After this disaster another one awaited backers, as Whitefriar, on whom they laid 2 to 1, showed great nervousness and fractiousness at the post, and refused to struggle in his race, which was won by Financier, purchased out of a selling race by Wood for General Owen Williams. Kingwood, who had lost all his form last year, owing to his illness, and then to Sherrard's persuading me to allow him to train the colt for the Derby, for which he had no earthly chance, proved to me in a trial that he had recovered his form somewhat (though he never showed his best form at home and was constantly beaten), won the Kempton Park Whitsuntide Cup in a canter, from a wretched lot of horses; and after going the next two days to "'Appy 'Ampton," now alas a thing of the past, where I had a bad time, I went to Manchester on the Thursday, and saw Wood ride the best race, in my opinion, he ever rode in his life. He had persuaded Lord Lurgan to buy Monarch of the Glen, and advised him to bet freely in a selling race. The horse ran a dead heat with Mignon, ridden by Archer. The heat was run off, and in a ding-dong tussle from the distance, both jockeys riding their best, Wood managed to win a head on the post. Mr.

Ford, who was judge, will remember the race well, as he commented on the superb riding afterwards.

Gordon, a magnificent-looking dark-brown Hermit horse, but whose hind pasterns were too long and too oblique ever to enable him to stay, won the Stewards' Cup for me, but I dared not have much money on him. After Riversdale's forward running in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, it was only natural that he should press The Bard closely for favouritism in the Manchester Cup, as he was receiving 2 st. 3 lb. from the second in the Derby. The race was a match between the two, and at the turn, Riversdale had such a good lead that it looked impossible for The Bard to catch him. He struggled gamely on, however, and reduced the gap to a length and a half, by which distance he was beaten. Wood laid rather far out of his ground in the middle part of the race, no doubt mindful of the great weight his horse was carrying, but I think perhaps he might have reduced the winner's lead more gradually, though even that would not have given him the race. Kingwood was a little lucky in winning the Welbeck Cup at Derby from Crafton, to whom he was conceding 16 lb., as the second did not get off so well; but when Kingwood was once on his legs, swinging along on this sort of course, he took an immense deal of beating, and he was just now at his best.

Before Windsor July meeting I told Sherrard to give a two-year-old—Stetchworth, by Hampton out of Donzella—I had bought at Doncaster for 1,000 guineas last September for myself and Mr. R. D. Sassoon, a gallop with Gordon at 2 st. 7 lb. He mistook my orders, and trying at 21 lb., the old one won in a

canter. Nevertheless I sent the horse to run in the Royal Plate at Windsor, the stake being worth over 800*l*. He looked to have no chance of beating Enterprise at 7 lb., but he jumped off, made all the running, and won by two lengths. It was a pleasant surprise. On the following day an extraordinary race took place for the Windsor Handicap, the first four horses being separated from each other by four heads, and Archer, who rode the *fourth*, Cairo, thought he had won. The judge, however, ordered the number of my horse, Plantagenet, to be hoisted, and told us afterwards there was no doubt about the result. At Newmarket next week Enterprise won the July Stakes in a canter, thus enhancing the form of Stetchworth; but Wood, who had been riding the latter at exercise, was not at all pleased with the way he went, and begged me not to back him in the Chesterfield Stakes, as he thought he was a rogue. He certainly was, one of the deepest dye. He only ran half the distance, then shut up, and in spite of what he could do he never won another race. Melton showed fine speed in the July Cup, giving twelve pounds to Brighton, who, however, hates a hill, and beating him three lengths; and Kingwood followed up his Derby victory by winning the Beaufort Stakes in a canter, with a great deal the worst of the weights.

In the International Two-year-old Plate at the Kempton Park first summer meeting The Baron scored a meritorious win, giving 1 st. 2 lb. to Cactus, who had been well tried, and beating him by a head, a very different performance from the slovenly one in the Woodcote; and Salisbury, a good two-year-old by Camballo, had an equally severe race when he

defeated Gallinule and ten others in the Zetland Plate at Leicester the following week. The day after this Melton showed what a first-class horse can do in a handicap by winning the Leicestershire Cup in a canter, carrying 9 st. 4 lb. It was hard lines for Mr. Vyner that Minting should have gone wrong at the eleventh hour, as the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, worth 10,000*l.* to the winner, was voted a good thing for him. I believe a weakness was detected in one of his legs, and the pen was promptly put through his name, though of course not in time to save many people from losing their money, as there had been betting on the race for weeks before. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Hwfa Williams for having created a race of this description, and in spite of the pouring rain that fell all day there was a tremendous concourse of people, sheltered by acres of umbrellas. With Minting out of the way, Bendigo started a hot favourite, and, in the hands of Tom Cannon, won the biggest weight-for-age race that has ever been run for—in England, at any rate—in a canter by three lengths, Candlemas, ridden by Archer, beating St. Gatien—who appeared bustled all the way, the race being only over a mile and a quarter—by half a length for second place. Both the winner, owner, and jockey were heartily cheered after the result, Bendigo apparently being a great favourite with the public.

It is a thousand pities that Sandown has not a better racecourse, the greatest liberality having been always shown by the executive, not only to owners of horses, but to everyone who comes there. Mr. Lowther in 1888, when there was some difficulty

about allowing the autumn meeting at Sandown, characterised it as 'the best-managed meeting with the worst course in England,' and though I certainly do not go as far as to agree with him in the latter portion of his remark, I confess to having a wholesome dread of backing any horse on the straight five-furlong course, which is 'against the collar' nearly all the way, many horses not being able to act on it at all. I have found horses standing straight in front with good hind-quarters, and that get their hind legs well under them, the best suited to this course, and a horse of my own—Magician—who was built this way, always ran a stone better animal on this course than on any other. Doubtless a perfectly true-made horse will act on any course, but how many of these do we see?

At Goodwood Crafton made up for his defeat by Kingwood at Derby by winning the Stewards' Cup easily, and I believe Captain Machell won a good stake, the horse starting at 33 to 1. Again my stable stood Hambletonian, who beat Kingwood a long way in the trial, but, as is the case with eight trials out of ten, the race showed that the home question had been incorrectly answered, the reason being that Kingwood does not try at home. Saraband showed his true form by winning the Chesterfield Cup in a canter from How's That, who was also unlucky enough to follow Crafton home in the shorter race. At Lewes The Baron proved what a rare weight-carrier he was by winning the Astley Stakes by three lengths, carrying 9 st. 7 lb., and it is extraordinary that this horse who was now displaying such fine speed should have so failed to distinguish himself at

three years old in spite of his moderate second in the Derby. King Monmouth ran a rattling race with Le Caissier in the Great Ebor Handicap at York, and only failed by a neck to give him 2 st. 5 lb., but he ran a game honest horse, and, considering the many races he has won and taken part in, it is wonderful he should have shown his best form almost to the moment when he was taken out of training, I believe as sound as on the day he was foaled. With 7 to 1 laid on him, Ormonde simply played with his opponents in the Leger, the best of whom was the fast-improving St. Mirin, who, although he finished second, could make no sort of fight with the winner, and Silver's six lengths' victory over Candlemas, Grey Friars, and Gay Hermit in the Doncaster Stakes landed him a firm favourite for the Cesarewitch, one of the half-owners of Candlemas putting 1,000*l.* on him in a bet. The Bard, whose victorious career had been checked for a time by his defeats in the Derby and Manchester Cup, was having it all his own way now, and added the Doncaster Cup to his other victories. By his running in the Cesarewitch and subsequent races, Silver showed that either his victory at Doncaster was a stolen one or else that he would not race, and Stone Clink, a very fine chestnut mare by Speculum, outstayed The Cob, Eurasian, who was Mr. Hammond's second string, finishing third some lengths in front of his stable companion, St. Gatien.

Either Archer made too much use of Enterprise in the Middle Park Plate or he refused to struggle when the pinch came, and suffered an easy defeat by Florentine, whose owner, Lord Calthorpe, for years

a staunch patron of the Turf, was standing next me whilst the race was being run, and showed no emotion when his horse collared the favourite, merely remarking, 'Why, I win, after all.' I wondered in my mind at the time whether he was really glad or not. A friend of mine lost a lot of money on this race, and I had the good fortune to get him back most of it on the Friday. After the races were over on Thursday he came to me and said he had lost so much he should go to London unless I could tell him some good things to stop for to-morrow. After looking through the programme we made out five certainties. He had the pluck to bet on them, they all won, and he got back 8,000*l.*, losing a comparatively small sum on the week. I hope, however, beginners at racing will not think this good luck occurs frequently. Such days are few and far between; besides they rarely come at the moment when they are most needed. I only quote it as an extraordinary circumstance.

Carlton started first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, having won the Manton trial. Nevertheless, St. Mirin, also a Manton horse, ridden by Archer, beat him several lengths, but could never quite reach the Sailor Prince, to whom he was giving a stone and three years, and suffered defeat by a short head. Many of us thought Archer had won, and in the excitement of the moment, when he returned to scale, he declared as much himself, but a few minutes afterwards I asked him quietly, and he said, 'No, Sir George, honour bright, I didn't think I had won.' All connected with Carlton vowed he had not run up to his true form, and their judgment was triumphantly

proved true the following year, though not before he had to sustain one more defeat.

In the Jockey Club Cup St. Gatien gave 3 lb. to Melton, and with Eurasian to make the running, galloped him to a standstill, and this was the last race but one these two Derby winners ever ran. They were very different types of a racehorse, Melton being small, symmetrical, all quality, and gifted with speed rather than stamina ; whilst St. Gatien was a great strong, big-boned horse, a trifle coarse, but with a wonderful swinging stride, and he could stay for a month. There was a doubt about Melton's courage, I should add, and so much whisky was given to him before this race that Tom Cannon, who rode him, declared that the horse was quite drunk. The one other race I allude to is the Liverpool Autumn Cup, which Melton won easily, giving any amount of weight away. He was ridden by his old jockey Archer no more, Watts having the mount, for on the Monday of this meeting a terrible event had happened. Poor Archer, under the influence of delirium, had shot himself. The week before he said he felt very ill, and although he rode in the first two races at Lewes on Thursday (Tommy Tittlemouse being the last mount he ever had), he was persuaded to leave the course at once and to go home. When he reached Newmarket he was violently ill, was put to bed, and, having a pistol in his room by his bedside, ended his life. Whatever faults he had, poor fellow, he was the finest ' backers' jockey ' that has ever lived. He only thought of winning the race on the horse he rode somehow, and although he often got into trouble about foul riding, it was probably

excessive anxiety to win that led him astray in the excitement of the moment. I do not mean to advance this in the least as an excuse, but it may, perhaps, be in some degree accepted as an extenuating circumstance. He finished very powerfully, almost tying his long legs under the horse he was riding, though sometimes he let their heads go at a finish. His hands were perfect, and he rode more by balance than grip. Some of his best races were ridden over the Epsom course, notably Master Kildare's City and Suburban, and the Derbies he won on Bend Or and Melton. He had the most gentlemanly manners when talking to anyone, and that was to a great extent the reason of his popularity. At his funeral his grave was heaped up many feet high with flowers sent from admirers and friends from all parts of the world. It is sad as one drives up to the Cambridgeshire Stand to look at that quiet little cemetery with his grave standing a few yards from the road, and to think how often he has galloped up in hot haste to the course, little imagining how shortly his career would be checked, and that soon he would be lying in that little churchyard which he had so often heedlessly passed, laughing and chatting with his companions. No doubt excessive wasting and the exhaustion occasioned by Turkish baths hurried him to his end.

1887

Oberon did the fielders a rare turn by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap this year, starting at 50 to 1. As this is the first great handicap of the year there is ample time to sum up probabilities, to take note of trials, and so on, and several animals were fancied, including Middlethorpe, Fulmen, Pizarro, Castor, Isobar, and King Monmouth. Fullerton ran in this race, and after looking hopelessly out of it early in the struggle he was making up his ground very fast at the finish, and flattered takers of 10 to 1; but he was too late, and improved his position too near home. After the race Wood told me the horse could not act in the heavy new ground in the early part of the race, and said if it had been fifty yards further he would have been up with Oberon; and this opinion was verified by the race for the Babraham Plate, at Newmarket, soon afterwards, when Fullerton, meeting Oberon on 7 lb. better terms, defeated him after a good finish by three-quarters of a length.

In the Craven week Lord Suffolk, the senior Steward of the Jockey Club, retired in rotation, and it was universally admitted that a better Steward we never had. All his decisions were marked by extreme common sense and an absolutely impartial regard for justice. Everyone had confidence in him. He is an excellent judge of human as well as of

equine nature, and raised the character of Jockey Club stewardship.

The Baron was so long winning the Craven Stakes, giving 10 lb. to third-class horses like Carrasco and Rex, and only just beating them half a length, that good judges shook their heads at his prospect of winning the Derby. The Cob started a warm favourite for the Great Metropolitan, and won very easily. Manton was in form this year, and it was one of the most extraordinary incidents of modern days that Carlton, now four years old, and carrying only 6 st. 12 lb., should have been beaten a length by Merry Duchess, who was actually giving him 7 lb., whilst he could only defeat Castor by a head for second place, meeting him at 2 lb. Of course little Calder was powerless to get Carlton out, but it is cruel luck to have a horse beaten in an important handicap when his subsequent form showed that he must have had at least 21 lb. in hand. He was greatly fancied and heavily backed by Lord Edward Somerset and his friends, who afterwards had only the sorry satisfaction of knowing that their judgment was right, and Carlton ought to have won —only he did not.

Enterprise apparently won the Two Thousand Guineas in a canter from Phil and Eglamore, who finished close together, but Cannon, his jockey, rode him very tenderly, as if afraid to see how much or how little he had in hand. Had all gone well with Enterprise he would probably have won the Derby, but the result of an accident—he jumped the road and slipped at exercise—was curiously to shorten his stride, and he never won another race. That charm-

ing mare Rêve d'Or won the One Thousand easily in the hands of Wood, who had created such a surprise when he gained the Dewhurst Plate on her the first time he rode her; but the truth was that she was a curious mare to handle, and Wood obeyed orders, as some of her previous jockeys had not done. At Kempton, the Jubilee Stakes, a handicap created in celebration of the Jubilee year, was won amidst much cheering by Bendigo, carrying the great weight of 9 st. 7 lb. Watts was very lucky to get an opening on the rails just as he rounded the turn, or he would have been shut in. My horse Fullerton had always been alongside of the winner, and I shall always regret that I did not insist on Wood coming through with Fullerton; but when I told him that was the way I thought the horse ought to be ridden, he begged me to allow him to wait, saying, 'From what little I know of him I feel sure that speed is his best point, and some of the leaders are sure to split at the turn and let me take my place.' This, however, is exactly what they did not do.

I first made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Mr. Benzon on this day. He had won a very large stake over the winner, and was anxious to know if I would buy some horses for him. A day or two afterwards I consented to do so, on condition that I had the sole control of them and that he would not bet high, an undertaking he gave; but he was never able to remember it when the ring began to shout out the odds. On the first day of the second spring meeting a Plate was run on the Ditch Mile, and G. Barrett, who rode Cambusmore, for some unaccountable reason thought the finish of the race was at the

Rowley Mile Post. To my horror, having backed his mount, I saw his mistake within a stride of the judge's chair. Utterly unconscious of what he was doing, he allowed Loates on The Lizard to beat him a head, when he could have won in a canter. Years ago Maidment, riding a horse of Mr. Savile's, had his field hopelessly beaten in a handicap on the same course, and eased his horse at the T.Y.C. post. Fordham, riding for Mr. Lefevre, saw what had happened, set his own horse going again, and beat Maidment half a length at the proper winning post. Curiously enough, riding a two-year-old, also of Mr. Lefevre's, at Epsom, he was equally successful on the same lines with Wyatt, who thought he was winning in a canter and checked his horse. It is a most dangerous thing for any jockey to do. Fordham has been 'caught napping,' as they call it, himself, and once I recollect Archer, at Windsor, with long odds laid on him, keeping on stopping his horse till so close home that he had the greatest difficulty in setting him going again in time to get up and win by a head. Some moderate horses contested the Payne Stakes, which was won by Carrasco, who was sold by his owner in the July week for at least double what he was worth to Mr. Benzon, in spite of my remonstrances, and that gentleman's promise not to buy horses without in the first place consulting me.

The Derby was won in a canter by a dark horse, Merry Hampton, beating The Baron, who was ridden from the turn by Tom Cannon, and struggled slowly and vainly on under whip and spur, Cannon, usually the tenderest of riders, having been at him all the way from Tattenham Corner. It was the winner's

first appearance on a racecourse. He was a very blood-like colt, by Hampton out of Doll Tearsheet, and was purchased for a large sum of money at Mr. Harrison's Doncaster sale of yearlings by Mr. G. A. Baird, who races under the assumed name of 'Mr. Abington.' He was highly delighted at winning his first Derby, and his victory was very popular, as no man has spent more money in buying horses or raced more straightforwardly, though his greatest pleasure is to ride himself; and I verily believe he would have given half his fortune to have been able to ride Merry Hampton. He is quite indefatigable in travelling all over England to ride races, and has constantly lost large sums of money by riding horses belonging to other people in selling races, and making the owner a present of the surplus money it has cost him to buy his horse back again.

Rêve d'Or won the Oaks in a canter, the northern filly, Lady Muncaster, a great strapping chestnut mare that had run well as a two-year-old, cutting up very badly, and being apparently unable to stay the distance. Acmé, a smart two-year-old in Sherrard's stable, won the Hartington Plate at Manchester. He had been bought by Wood at Lord Rosebery's sale and sold for 300*l.* to Lord Lurgan, and may be instanced as an example of the varying value of horseflesh, for Lord Lurgan sold him for twenty times his original price—for as many sovereigns as he had given shillings. One of the horses that Lord Calthorpe obtained when he purchased all the Duchess of Montrose's yearlings in a lot privately, ran a dead heat in the Breeders' Foal Stakes with Springhaven, and Carlton, carrying

8 st. 9 lb., secured the Manchester Cup after a fine race with Quilp, the trial horse of the Derby winner, Carlton having won the Chester Cup since his unlucky defeat in the City and Suburban. After pouring rain had fallen for twenty-four hours the course on Friday was like a quagmire, and it was folly on my part, knowing that Fullerton disliked heavy going, to let him run in the Wilton Plate and to back him heavily. He was easily beaten by King Monmouth.

Unless the state of the ground is an explanation, it is incomprehensible how Briar Root could ever have won the Whitsuntide Plate, beating Caerlaverock and Ayrshire by a neck and a head, to say nothing of Senanus, one of the fastest two-year-olds in England, but unplaced in this race; though travelling to Sandown on the next day, he won the British Dominion Stakes by five lengths. The Jubilee Cup at Ascot was won by Minting, who had got over the mishap to one of his legs that had affected him during the previous year; but Bendigo, with odds laid on him, was off colour and made no show in this race. Claymore owed his victory in the Prince of Wales' Stakes to the stupidity of a mounted policeman, who was on the course next the rails, probably having no idea the horses were so near home, and an accident seemed imminent when he galloped across the course with the field of horses almost on him. Wood on Rêve d'Or had to pull up, as had Cannon on Phil, both these having been going well at the time, and all the other horses were more or less interfered with except the winner. Wood, at this meeting, renewed his acquaintance with the Manton scarlet,

winning the Hunt Cup on Gay Hermit, and the Ascot Derby on Timothy, two consecutive races. The latter was a charming horse and own brother to Peter, who had distinguished himself on this course by his eccentricity and speed. On Friday every one looked forward to the match between Ormonde and Minting in the Hardwicke Stakes, people wondering whether the report that Ormonde had 'joined the band' (to use a common expression for 'roaring') was correct. There could be no doubt of it after the race, which was a beautiful sight to witness, the careful nursing of the winner by Tom Cannon being a marvel of patience and judgment. Minting made most of the running till about two hundred yards from home, and Bendigo being in difficulties, the race was reduced to a match. Minting, ridden by John Osborne, was still leading next the rails with Ormonde at his quarters. Inch by inch Cannon crept up, apparently without any great difficulty, and those who knew his riding saw that he was saving his horse for a final effort. When he called on Ormonde the horse gallantly responded, and won by a neck. If not a bloodless victory, it was perhaps a little more easily won than most people supposed; at any rate there was less absolute doubt about the result than most of the lookers on imagined. It was a treat to witness the gameness of the two horses and the superb riding of both jockeys.

My horse Kingwood came out this year in the Stockbridge Cup, and won in a canter, again having been beaten in his trial before leaving home; and Friar's Balsam, who had proved himself so smart at Ascot, made mincemeat of his four moderate opponents in the Hurstbourne Stakes. The following

week he beat Seabreeze easily in the July Stakes. On the Wednesday of the July meeting, Ormonde, with 30 to 1 laid on him, had to be pricked with the spur to beat Whitefriar, to whom he was only giving 6 lb. in the Imperial Cup, and many people thought I was foolish not to run Kingwood against the great horse instead of preferring to win the Bottisham Plate the previous day. Certainly, I believe Kingwood, who was a stone better horse than Whitefriar, would have beaten Ormonde that day; but it would have been no pleasure to discredit so great a horse at the end of his glorious career, and I preferred to make a certainty of the other race. Ayrshire, a beautiful horse, had some trouble to catch the speedy Bartizan in the Chesterfield Stakes, giving 7 lb. away, and he only got level with him a few strides from the post; but penalties take a great deal of carrying up this hill.

At the first summer meeting at Kempton, Mr. Benzon begged me so hard to let him have Kingwood to win the Victoria Cup with that I sold him the horse for 2,250*l.*, and although seven furlongs appeared a little far for him, he won anyhow from St. Mirin and Gay Hermit, the latter two animals confirming their running in the Liverpool Autumn Cup at the end of the season. At Goodwood, Mon Droit, an Isonomy mare, sold for a song to Mr. John Porter at Mr. Manton's sale of yearlings, won the rich Rous Memorial Stakes. Moderate horses contested the Cup, which resulted in a dead heat between Savile (a son of that old slave of Mr. Savile's, Lilian) and St. Michael, and the run off was in favour of the former, a three-year-old, after another good race.

Ayrshire easily accounted for the Prince of Wales' Stakes, worth 3,000*l.*, and Carlton added another big handicap, the Goodwood Stakes, to his account, carrying 9 st. and winning by ten lengths. At York, Mon Droit gave 11 lb. to Noble Chieftain, and beat him a neck, but the latter, who has since made a name for himself as a speedy horse, was very unfit.

On the first day of this meeting, a gentleman came to me and said, 'If you have any influence over Mr. Benzon do persuade him not to play at baccarat. I know a man who is going to make a dead set at him.' My reply was that Mr. Benzon would listen to nothing—that I was sick of advising him, and that it was only a question of time for him to lose every shilling he had. On the Friday after York races were over I went to Huntingdon, and was met by this very man before the race, who said: 'What I told you at York, Sir George, came off last night.' For a moment I did not understand his meaning, but he quickly added, 'The report here is that Mr. Benzon lost a very large sum of money at the hotel at York to the man I warned you of. He stayed there after the races were over.' That night I returned to London, and the next morning went round to Mr. Benzon's rooms, found him in bed, and asked him if the story was true. 'It is!' he said; 'I lost 10,000*l.* to so-and-so'—mentioning the name of a notorious so-called 'professional backer' of horses. Of course I said how sorry I was, that he knew how hopeless I thought he had been lately, and then, hoping to rouse him to some sense of his position, I said: 'Why don't you collect all the money you have got in the world and throw it out of window to save

you the trouble of getting through it as you are trying to do?' and catching sight of some sovereigns on the floor under and around his bed, which had evidently rolled out of his pockets, I added, 'Not content with losing your money like a fool, you must needs throw it about the floor!' This did appear to wake him up, and he promised to amend and not to go on gambling in the reckless way he had done. But although meaning well at the moment, he was too weak to resist the mania of which he was the victim, and the result is too well known to my readers, and too painful a subject to dwell upon.

At Doncaster, Ayrshire won the Champagne Stakes in a canter, and the Leger was peculiarly exciting, for Kilwarlin stood still when the flag dropped, and could not be set going till the rest of the field were well on their journey—perhaps a hundred yards in front of him. This race must have reminded those old enough to recollect of Lord Clifden's sensational win four-and-twenty years previously. Robinson, an ex-apprentice of Tom Cannon's, on this occasion rode admirably, exercising notable patience in not trying to make up his ground too soon; he got to his horses in the course of the last half-mile, and, challenging Merry Hampton, beat him by half a length amid much excitement. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Kilwarlin well with the leading horses at the bend. Merry Hampton, the Derby winner, had, or was supposed to have, a bowed sinew, and there was at one time a great doubt about running him, but Mr. Peck was convinced that the nature of the mishap would not affect the horse so much as to break him down, and his judgment

was borne out by the way he ran. Humewood, a three-year-old by an almost unknown sire—Londesborough—having been purchased from T. Cannon by Lord Rodney after he had won the Jubilee Handicap at Sandown, upsetting the odds on Harpenden (on whom Mr. Benzon had laid nearly 15,000*l.* to 8,000*l.*), started first favourite for the Cesarewitch, and won it very cleverly from Bendigo, whose performance, however, was a grand one, and it was a treat to see the way the old horse struggled on with 9 st. 7 lb. on his back, mercifully ridden by Cannon, Carlton finishing third, carrying only 5 lb. less. Again did Bendigo cover himself with honour, when, with 6 lb. more than he carried in the long race, he fought out the battle in the Cambridgeshire to the finish, only being beaten half a length by Gloriation, and beating Humewood this time out of sight, besides giving 12 lb. more to Carlton. 'Defeated, but not disgraced' can well be said of him when he took leave of the Turf after two such gallant performances.

1888

Donovan won the Brocklesby Stakes this year very easily from a very moderate lot, the second to him, Poem, only being capable of winning a good selling race. Undoubtedly Donovan was the best horse that ever won this early two-year-old stake, and he far and away eclipsed the performances of the gallant little Bard; indeed, I do not think the son of Galopin and Mowerina ought ever to have been beaten except in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, when he was trying to do an impossibility, viz., to give 13 lb. away to that good, but unfortunate, horse, Chitabob. The only other time that he was beaten this year was in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood, when he was probably not himself, a fact which he had demonstrated on the Tuesday in the Ham Stakes, which he won with some difficulty from the moderate Fleur de Lys and Pantomime. His Two Thousand defeat has since been explained, as his young trainer had let him down too easily, and he had not done sufficient work to get the severe Rowley Mile, which takes more galloping than many people imagine. In this race he showed from a stone to eighteen pounds below his proper form, and besides spoiling his splendid three-year-old record, his defeat administered such a severe blow to backers that it was with faint hearts they

supported him for the Newmarket Stakes and Derby. He is rather a mean-looking horse to the eye, but he is the finest-actioned horse and most perfect mover it has ever been my good fortune to see.

Veracity showed some return of his two-year-old form by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap cleverly from Tyrone and Lobster and twenty-three others, and the victory was a very popular one, as he had been a great disappointment to Mr. Leigh, who had purchased him for a large sum after his defeat of Kingwood (the latter not quite himself) at the end of his two-year-old career at Manchester Autumn Meeting.

At Leicester Spring Meeting the magnificent Chitabob made his appearance in the Portland Stakes, and started favourite on account of his great reputation. He looked more like a three-year-old, being a great strong chestnut horse up to 15 st. with hounds, very good to follow, and giving one the idea of tremendous speed. Either because he was backward or the course did not suit him he failed to show his true form. After half-a-mile had been traversed, Fagan was seen to be hard at work on him, and he was unable to finish in the first four, Donovan winning easily by three lengths from the good-looking, but uncertain, El Dorado. The race was worth 6,000*l.* to the winner, and it is a curious coincidence that the Duke of Portland should have won the rich prize, named after him, the year of its inauguration.

At the Epsom Spring my horse Fullerton won the City and Suburban easily, the favourite, Merry Hampton, breaking down. I had very little money

on the winner owing to my trainer's doubts as to whether he could get him fit in time, and I was not enabled to try him. The easy nature of the course enabled him to get the extra quarter of a mile. In the Craven week General Pearson's seldom-seen colours were to the fore on Anarch, a beautiful horse by Thurio; and the evergreen King Monmouth compensated for his Leicestershire Handicap second by easily securing the Babraham Plate; but Orbit had to be hard ridden to dispose of Cotillon in the Craven Stakes, and Lord Lurgan afterwards sold the second to Mr. Leopold Rothschild for two thousand, that gentleman getting his money back when he scored a popular victory with him in the Manchester Cup of 1889. With odds of 3 to 1 laid on him for the Two Thousand Guineas, Friar's Balsam was hopelessly beaten at the Bushes, and the Duke of Portland was enabled to run first and second with Ayrshire, a charming horse, but not a glutton over a distance, and Johnny Morgan, the weak-necked Orbit being beaten a head from the latter. After the race it was discovered that Friar's Balsam's jaw was fractured, and in consequence at no part of the race could Cannon induce him to take hold of his bit. This was as great a blow to backers as Donovan's defeat the following year, and it would be interesting to know how much money was lost on the two favourites for these races. Equally wonderful was the defeat of Seabreeze by Briar Root in the One Thousand Guineas, as the latter had never exhibited the form she had shown in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester as a two-year-old, when she defeated Ayrshire, Senanus, &c., in deep mud. It was a treat to see

the way in which Minting romped home with 10 st. on his back in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap. The judge placed Tyrone second to him, but the general impression was that The Cobbler occupied that place, he having made tremendous running till Minting reached him.

At Epsom Summer, Prince Soltykoff was warmly congratulated on his success with Gold in the Woodcote Stakes, and the Duke of Portland must have been almost tired of receiving the same compliments when Ayrshire sailed home the winner of the Derby from Crowberry, with whom J. Osborne appeared to lay rather far out of his ground, probably because the horse could not act down the hill.

Merry Andrew, who had previously won the Manchester Cup for Lord Bradford, secured the Grand Prize by a head from Neapolis, Rickaby riding a determined race on the winner; but although Briar Root started favourite for the Oaks she could not finish in the first three, and Seabreeze won easily from the outsider, Rada, who was better than most people imagined. At Ascot Ossory won the Prince of Wales' Stakes by three lengths from Galore, but later in the week the pair met in the St. James's Palace Stakes, which was only a mile, and after heavy betting the race resulted in a dead heat, the fine riding of both Cannon and Webb being much admired. Captain Machell brought off one of his good things when Shillelagh won the Hunt Cup, ably ridden by little George Chaloner—who some day should be at the top of the tree in his profession—and Seabreeze won the rich Coronation Stakes the same day, but had to lower her colours to Phil on Thursday in the Rous

Memorial, though Timothy recompensed the stable by securing the Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate in a canter. An own brother to Peter, Timothy was purchased by Captain Machell at Mr. Manton's sale, and Mr. M'Calmont, a new comer on the turf, was fortunate enough to become his possessor. Thus ended another brilliant Ascot meeting, and everybody connected with racing ought each year to feel grateful to Lord Hardwicke, who, when Master of the Buckhounds, added more money and created fresh races, to him alone being due the fact that Ascot is the best meeting in the world.

Amphion won the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Club gathering at Stockbridge in a canter, his solitary appearance in public before that having been when he won the Croydon Two-year-old Stakes. He could not belong to a worthier man or truer gentleman than his owner, General Byrne, and I hope many more successes are in store for him. Fullerton won the Stockbridge Cup in a canter from three very bad horses—he was on sale before the race—and Donovan made mincemeat of the speedy Present Alms and Pantomime in the Hurstbourne. At Sandown how Bullion managed to win the Electric Stakes very easily from such speedy horses as Hazlehatch, Juggler, Senanus, Briar Root, and Bartizan, will always be a mystery to me, though it is true he was in receipt of 11 lb. from the second and third, but his connections must be tired of backing him, and his victory here may be regarded as a fluke. In the autumn of 1890 he was very nearly winning a handicap over the same course with a very light weight on his back, but when he had practically

settled the field he suddenly seemed conscious that the winning post was near, and afraid to pass it first, for he shortened his stride to a degree that would have seemed impossible without ocular demonstration, and contrived to let Mr. Leopold Rothschild's Galloping Queen beat him a head. Thus it is with arrant rogues!

On the same course the following day, to resume, Royal Star (another of the Bullion kidney) ran an extraordinary race with the winner El Dorado, when attempting to give the latter 13 lb. Donovan beat Gold after a close race in the July Stakes at Newmarket, and I am not sure that this race, and the Chesterfield for which he ran a dead heat with Hamptonia on the Thursday, did not do much harm to the Prince's colt, as he has never run up to that form since. On Wednesday Fullerton easily gave his solitary opponent Van Dieman's Land 7 lb. in the July Cup, and previous to the race Lord Dudley purchased him from me, but I regret to say he did not turn out a remunerative bargain, though he will be valuable as a stallion. He was sold with his engagements in the July Cup and Victoria Cup, worth 500 sovs., at Kempton, and walked over for the latter.

The Duke of Westminster must have considered himself fortunate to win the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, worth 10,000*l.*, with such a moderate horse as Orbit, his second string, Ossory, finishing second to him, Cannon riding the winner of this race for the second time. Except for the defeat of Satiety in the Gratwicke Stakes, 10 to 1 being laid on him, of Seabreeze in the Sussex Stakes, and of Donovan

in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, together with the fact that Rada galloped Timothy to death with her light weight in the Cup, Goodwood calls for no particular mention. It is always a charming and interesting meeting, though this year on account of the heavy going it was unpropitious to backers, as were Brighton and Lewes. At the latter meeting the high-priced Napoleon, half brother to Goldfield, had odds of 9 to 4 laid on him for the Astley Stakes, but he cut into one of his joints so severely soon after the flag had fallen that I heard the oil oozed through the wound, and, of course, he finished nowhere in the race, which went to Lord Calthorpe by the aid of Sea Shell, a mare by Hermit out of Strayshot, who did nothing afterwards.

On the Tuesday of Doncaster Goldseeker began a series of four winning races off the reel by cantering away with the Welter Plate, and Chitabob easily disposed of Gay Hampton in the Champagne Stakes, although the verdict was only a neck. Ayrshire started a slightly better favourite than Seabreeze in the Leger, in spite of the disquieting fact that he had been eased in his work some days before the race, and after running prominently he died away at the bend, Seabreeze winning very easily by three lengths from Chillington. My horse Grafton won the Doncaster Cup from four bad animals, having won three races off the reel, including a dead heat with Sheen in the International Breeders' Foal Stakes at Kempton August meeting, which race he ought to have won outright but for running so green. Seabreeze followed up her Leger victory by winning the Lancashire Plate from a large field, of whom Ayr-

shire ran the best, finishing second, Friar's Balsam being unable to make any show after his enforced retirement.

The French took a large sum of money out of the ring when Ténébreuse easily won the Cesarewitch from twenty-two other runners, Mill Stream, who was thrown in, finishing second, with the favourite, Trayles, a bad third, though next year showed there was good cause for supporting the latter good-looking horse for so much money. Donovan fairly galloped away with the Middle Park Plate, and in the Champion Stakes Friar's Balsam in a slow-run race easily defeated Minting, who could hardly have been himself. The forward running of Mamia (who was a good two-year-old) in this race caused her to become a strong favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but the falseness of her performance with Minting at a difference of only three pounds was proved in the big handicap, run for the first time on the Rowley Mile, as carrying only 6 st. 9 lb. she was nowhere in the race, which fell to Veracity, who beat the outsider Cactus by a head, the favourite Bismarck, after showing a very bold front, tiring to nothing and finishing third, though he showed no disposition to swerve across the course, as he did in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood when he had the race at his mercy.

Donovan gave 10 lb. to Enthusiast in the Dewhurst Plate, and no one who saw him win this race with quite 7 lb. in hand, would have been prepared for his defeat in the Two Thousand the following year when the second here beat him, of course at even weights. On the Friday an extraordinary race took place between Rêve d'Or and Cotillon, single handed

for the Jockey Club Cup, at a difference only of ten pounds. To the consternation of the plungers, Cannon was seen to be hard at work on the mare at the Bushes, whilst Cotillon was leading two or three lengths, and apparently going well within himself, but Rêve d'Or struggled gamely on, and, once on terms with her opponent, she cleverly defeated him by three-quarters of a length. Fullerton started first favourite for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, but once again showed his dislike for sticky ground, and did not finish in the first four, Lady Rosebery, well served with her light weight, winning very easily from the unlucky Bismarck, cleverly handled by G. Barrett, who nursed his fine speed, which enabled him to get where he did. At Manchester, always an admirably conducted gathering, which, however, suffers under the disadvantage that the ground gets very heavy during the final race meeting of the year, Claymore, unsupported by his stable, won the November Handicap by six lengths, Phil and Fallow Chat following him home. The fact that seven to one was laid on the field at the start, showed the open nature of the contest, and that the handicapper had done his work well.

1889

Two charming specimens of the thorough-bred on a small scale finished first and second in the Brocklesby of this year, Semolina and Lactantius, the first-named winning cleverly at the finish, the only animal of note behind them being Heresy. The winner was the first of St. Simon's produce, her dam being the famous Mowerina, and her sire looks like becoming an even greater success at the stud than Hermit. Out of fifteen races this same little mare took part in, she won twelve, and though she was practically winning all through the season, she finished up fresh and well by a victory in the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, on the last day of the Houghton week, which ends racing at Newmarket for the year. Wiseman, the best handicapped horse in the race, cleverly disposed of Acmé in the Lincolnshire Handicap, but the defeat of the second was brought about by an impudent piece of fraud, having been due to a forged telegram, apparently signed by the gentleman in charge of the horse (who had been sold to Don Juan Bocau, of Buenos Ayres), and addressed to the trainer, telling him to stop the horse in his work. When the owner was over here, some one with an eye to business asked him whether any money was to be made at Buenos Ayres, at racing or pigeon-shooting. The answer in broken English was

in the affirmative, coupled with the remark, 'You tink me mug, they big mugs over there!'

This gentleman never got a halfpenny back of the 5,000 guineas he gave for Acmé after he left this country, as the unfortunate horse broke his leg whilst running in a race in the home of his adoption, and was literally hacked to death with knives, the officials not permitting a gun to be used to put the wretched animal out of his misery. His last race in England was the Liverpool Spring Cup, which he won very easily, carrying 9 st. 5 lb., Indian Prince and Shillelagh being second and third.

The valuable Prince of Wales' Stakes at Leicester was won in a canter by Donovan, who had shown the year before his liking for the course, Pioneer alone following him home many lengths in front of Minthe and Enthusiast, the respective winners of the One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas. How contemptuously good judges of racing would have laughed that day if any one had been foolish enough to have prophesied the success of Enthusiast in the Two Thousand, a race in which Donovan ran, and of Minthe filly in the sister event. The result of the Biennial at the Craven Meeting kept up its name for surprises, Evergreen winning it from a hot favourite of Lord Falmouth's in Krishna, who, however, turned out a very bad plater.

At Epsom, Goldseeker, whom many thought the pick of the handicap when the weights came out, started unbefriended at 50 to 1 offered in the City and Suburban, and won from end to end, Fullerton again showing his liking for the course by finishing second with 8 st. 12 lb. on his back. Laureate, who had

been well backed for the Derby, made his appearance on the Tuesday of the First Spring Meeting, and, with odds freely laid on him, was fairly worn down and beaten by Freemason; while the next day, to the consternation of backers, some of whom took a long time to recover the blow, the great Donovan was beaten a head by Enthusiast in the Two Thousand and was not even clear of Pioneer, who finished third. Well as Cannon rode, I do not blame F. Barrett as some people did, for no doubt the trainer of the favourite had not done sufficient work with the horse, and he tired from want of condition. Besides the enormous amount of money lost by his defeat, it spoilt the otherwise brilliant record that would have been his, for, in addition to winning the largest sum that has ever been won by a horse,[1] his performances, extending over two years, during the whole of which time he was in training, not only stamp him as an undeniably good horse, but prove how sound he must have been. If early in his four-year-old career he may have shown signs of weakness in one of his legs, that is certainly not to be wondered at, considering the many races he had run, and the severe preparations he had undergone. There are very few horses that would have lasted as long, and I hope his owner will limit him to very few mares at first when he retires from the Turf, for the horse is sadly in need of rest, and of time to let down and furnish. As I think I remarked elsewhere, he was without any exception the best-actioned horse I have ever seen.

A wretched lot of mares contested the One Thousand, which was won very easily by the hard pulling Minthe, and the next race introduced us to the

[1] In all 55,354*l.* 10*s.*

beautiful Signorina, who beat a large field in a canter, and never suffered defeat in the other eight races she took part in during the year. Of good quality and size, she still struck me as being rather too much set to make a great three-year-old, and the way she chopped her field the first two hundred yards in the Middle Park Plate at the end of the season, betokened such terrific speed as to be incompatible with staying powers. Both she and Semolina are great feathers in the cap of St. Simon. Although odds were laid on Friar's Balsam when the numbers went up for the Kempton Park Royal Stakes, he was well beaten when a mile had been traversed, and when the long-backed Melanion, supposed to be better at the weights than Ayrshire, struck his flag in the straight, the Derby winner, grown into a beautiful horse, had only to resist the mild challenge of Seabreeze, now turned roarer I regret to say, to win another huge stake for the Duke of Portland, who, the following week, ran first and second with Donovan and the Turcophone for the rich Newmarket Stakes, this being the first year of that race. The defeat of the good-looking but ill-tempered El Dorado in the Payne Stakes, won by the game Morglay, a well-named son of Sir Bevys, told his owner that his chance was a very moderate one for the Derby, whilst Donovan, again a very warm favourite, his defeat in the Guineas having been explained away, kept well. After the favourite Heresy had looked all over a winner in the Woodcote Stakes on the first day of the Epsom Summer Meeting, she was caught and defeated by Surefoot, who appeared to run rather green, and a great future was predicted for this good-looking son of Wisdom.

On Epsom Downs Donovan came galloping down the hill like great guns, and a long way from home it was seen he would win the Duke of Portland his second successive Derby. Perhaps the surprise of the race was the forward running of Miguel who finished second, beating the rest of the field some way. On Thursday the beautiful Heaume, not the least like his dam, the quick thickset little Bella, won the Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Stakes, and then on Friday L'Abbesse de Jouarre astonished everyone, including those who were supposed to know most about her, by winning the Oaks from the favourite Minthe and ten others. None could have been more amazed than her owner, Lord Randolph Churchill, when he received the welcome telegram, announcing her victory, in Norway, whither he had gone for a fortnight's fishing. At Manchester King Monmouth won the Salford Borough Handicap, Fullerton, most unfairly handicapped to give the winner a stone, finishing second, and it will ever be a mystery to students of racing form how Cotillon managed to win the Manchester Cup in a canter, whilst Trayles, who was only giving him six pounds, failed to get a place.

At Ascot Donovan again showed his heels to his opponents in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and on the same day the game little Semolina wore down Surefoot in the Thirty-second Biennial. Rada in the Triennial, by proving herself the equal of Sheen, again showed how impossible was the task set Fullerton to give her three stone five pounds in the memorable race when ignorant and ill-natured people said Wood had not tried to win on him. Rada also finished second to Trayles in the Gold Cup, beating the

favourite Cotillon two lengths, as far as the first and third were concerned the form being totally inconsistent with that shown in the Manchester Cup a week before. Surefoot made amends for his defeat earlier in the week by winning the New Stakes from Heaume, who appeared to be running on. Gulliver upset the odds laid on the ungenerous Miguel in the Hardwicke Stakes, and Trayles gave 15 lb. and a clever beating to Netheravon in the Alexandra Plate, though the winner was a trifle sore after his long race on the hard ground the day before.

At the Sandown July Meeting, Ayrshire, whose leg was not very sound, easily accounted for the Eclipse Stakes of 11,160*l.*, El Dorado defeating Seclusion by a short head for second money. The course at Sandown is never very hard or very soft, owing to the sandy nature of the soil, which must have been a relief to the winner after the iron state of the Newmarket training grounds.

At Goodwood, Dog Rose, who was spotted as the pick of the handicap when the weights appeared if he could only get the six furlongs, won the Stewards' Cup rather cleverly from Amphion, who ran a great horse, carrying 8 st. 13 lb., and actually giving a year and six pounds to Noble Chieftain, who might just have beaten him but for being in a bad place in the race. Veracity showed what an improved horse he was by winning the Chesterfield Cup with 9 st. 3 lb., and Semolina and Riviera continued their successful career in the valuable Two-year-old Stakes, while people were much struck with the commanding appearance of Le Nord, who showed great speed when he defeated his solitary opponent Rightaway,

a charming little horse, in the Molecomb Stakes. Alec Taylor again exhibited his partiality for the Goodwood Stakes by winning it with Ingram, who looked big in condition and was not fancied, and the meeting concluded with Surefoot beating two platers in the Findon Stakes and retiring for the year, a report having already oozed out that his temper was none of the best.

Brighton—always a delightful meeting, but full of ups and downs as regards the result of the racing, besides the nature of the course—introduced us to the Grand Prix winner, Vasistas, purchased for three times his value by Baron Hirsch. Still, considering he was not perfectly trained, his two seconds to The Baron and Whistle Jacket were respectable performances, and people there and then spotted him as a likely winner of one of the back-end handicaps. At Lewes the moderate-looking Sainfoin easily disposed of Garter in the Astley Stakes; the second was giving the winner 10 lb., and had been slightly amiss, but he showed great speed in the race. A wretched animal, The Saint, credited Mr. Mackenzie (I should have said 'gained' for him—a favourite expression of his owner's—as good a hearted man as ever lived) with nearly 1,000*l.* by winning the International Breeders' Two-year-old Stakes at the Kempton Park August Meeting, which shows that occasionally good stakes can be won by bad racehorses; and the compact little Wishing Gate, half-sister to Althorp, won the valuable Foal Stakes the next day. The winner is the property of Mr. Lawrance, one of our Newmarket officials, and her victory was extremely popular. From now till the day of the

race Donovan was always a strong favourite for the Leger, odds being laid on him, while Chitabob, who had beaten Pinzon in a canter for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, was established a good second favourite. Right well, too, did Chitabob run in the race, and at the bend it looked as if it would be a match between him and Donovan, but he died away to nothing, leaving the favourite, who had been pulling F. Barrett out of the saddle, to sail away by himself, Miguel outstaying the other beaten horses and finishing three lengths behind him. Chitabob's forward running in the Leger made some folks think that his speed was better than Donovan's, but they were quite out in their calculations, as ten days afterwards, in the rich Lancashire Plate at Manchester, over seven furlongs only, the Derby winner again showed his superiority, easily beating Chitabob by two lengths, the same distance separating that colt from the speedy French two-year-old Alicante.

Odds were laid on the beautiful Signorina for the Middle Park Plate, and the speed she betrayed in the race was simply marvellous, she having all her field in trouble before half the distance was covered, and winning in a canter by three lengths from the great unfurnished Le Nord, who dropped back to the outsider, Golden Gate, in the last few strides, and only beat him a head for second money. The Cesarewitch, set to be run on the Thursday, a not at all popular innovation, fell an easy prey to Primrose Day, a four-year-old mare who was 'pitchforked' into the handicap, and it was odds on her from the T.Y.C. post. She was followed home by the Goodwood Stakes winner, Ingram. A certain

amount of mystery surrounded Primrose Day, no one being quite sure whether a great *coup* had been landed or not, and rumours as to ownership caused Mr. Alec Taylor to lodge an objection against her, which was promptly overruled, although legal proceedings were taken by Mr. Godfrey against the nominator, Mr. William Goater; but the plaintiff seemed to have been actuated by the wish to cut off his nose to spite his face. So convinced were backers of public form that Primrose Day had speed enough to win the Cambridgeshire, in spite of the contrary assertions of those who should know most about her, that she started first favourite for the race, in which she never showed prominently, Laureate, a charming little horse by Petrarch, winning by two lengths from a street-corner tip, Claribelle, who just defeated Theophilus, a very blood-like horse, by a head. The owner of the winner, Mr. John Hammond, is supposed to have netted 20,000*l.* by this success, and to have got home on a bad year.

Philomel, an Irish-bred mare purchased by Colonel North, was originally favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but she went out in the betting, and made no show in the race, which caused the stable to hold aloof from her in the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Nevertheless she won it very easily from Rêve d'Or, who at last showed a glimpse of her three-year-old form. This was the first important race Colonel North had won, and as by his large purchases of yearlings he showed his intention of becoming a staunch patron of the Turf, the victory was well received. As usual, the last important race of the year was the Manchester November Handicap, and Fallow

Chat followed up her Lincoln Handicap success by winning it easily, the hurdle-racer, Conservator, finishing second, with the disappointing Phil third; but the performances of Father Confessor, Amphion, and Vasistas in 1890 showed they could not have been up to the mark in this race, and it was a sound bit of judgment on Mr. Abington's part to purchase the former at the winter sale, now so popular, held by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket.

I missed my usual visit to the South of France this year, and lost in consequence the entertainment of the tables and of the club at Nice; and it occurs to me that I omitted in its proper place—I think about the year 1882—to mention the experiences of a friend who was at Nice and saw baccarat played for the first time. He watched with interest the players staking their counters, and some of them declaring a fixed sum by placing a pencil on the table. Suddenly it dawned on him, having no money in his pockets and not very much at his bankers', that he would do the same thing, and exclaimed, 'Why, any fool can play this game! *Garçon, donnez-moi un crayon.*' On its being brought to him, he at once dashed it on the table with the declaration, '*Cent louis au crayon,*' which was courteously acknowledged by the banker. The tableau he had backed won, and a hundred louis was paid to the pencil; but on my friend leaving down the money and the pencil a second time and winning, the gentleman on board whose yacht he was living thought it time to interfere, and persuaded him to leave the table with his cheaply earned three hundred louis. We also paid a visit one night to the Palais Marie Christine, a beautiful

villa with a marble staircase and gorgeous rooms dazzlingly illuminated. Here also was a club easy of access to almost anyone with a visiting card and a little money, and baccarat was being played for very large stakes. I merely mention this, because a year after, a gentleman I know, who was a very heavy player, took the bank at this very club, and although he held and dealt the cards the whole time, he was cheated out of 22,000*l.*; at least so the police sent word to inform him the next morning, after they had set their seals on the doors of the club. My friend then learnt that a detective in evening dress had been in the card room the night before, and had seen him cheated, but had not given him one word of warning, and when he had heard what had happened and asked their advice as to what steps he should take, as a cheque he had given for 10,000*l.* might still be stopped, they merely shrugged their shoulders and told him that was his business, not theirs. Not knowing therefore whom to accuse, he made up his mind to put up with the whole loss, seeing it would be almost an impossibility to recover his money. He is rather shy now abroad when playing with strangers.

1890

THE first portion of the racing season of 1890 has been remarkable for the in and out running of the two- and three-year-olds in weight for age races. The high-priced Simonian, who, however, never can be a first-class horse, won for Colonel North his first Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln Spring, defeating Macuncas—who looked all over a winner, but who could not stay and declined to finish—by a length and a half. The Rejected, who carries his neck stretched out as if he had the kitchen poker down his throat, due to an accident when a foal I believe, easily won the Lincolnshire Handicap from Shimmer and Lord George, neither of whom got the mile under full pressure; but as the winner was giving them 1 st. 10 lb. and 1 st. 8 lb., and a great deal of weight to every other runner with the exception of Laureate, the performance was a meritorious one, and a good stake was landed by a shrewd division. Macuncas made amends for the Brocklesby disappointment by securing the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool, but the field behind him was a very moderate one, Sir Frederick Roberts being palpably backward. Right Away, a charming little Wisdom horse, gave his opponents no rest in the Bickerstaffe Stakes, and caused his name to be mentioned for the Two Thousand and Derby, in neither of which races

was he able to compete owing to a bruised foot, which was very hard lines for Mr. Low, who believed his horse the superior of Sainfoin. Father Confessor was a great tip for the Liverpool Spring Cup, but owing to not having fed well, which has since been ascertained to be a habit of his when away from home, the owner and stable connections did not back him freely. Nevertheless, he won by three lengths, and his subsequent performances show how much he had in hand that day, and what an immense amount of improvement his trainer Morton had wrought in him since his purchase at auction last December.

At Epsom the Duke of Beaufort, who had not won a single race during the whole of the previous year, though having a great number of horses in training at Manton, brought off the double event by winning the Metropolitan with Parlington, who was virtually unbacked, and the City and Suburban with Rêve d'Or, who started second favourite to the shifty Pioneer; but the winner was lucky to beat the outsider Vasistas, who might have won if he could have obtained an opening earlier in the race. His Grace's horses had probably been out of form in consequence of fever having been severe in the stable, but the effects had now passed away. At the First Spring Meeting the beautiful Heaume made mincemeat of a very moderate field in the Hastings Plate, and was at once sent to France to meet his engagements there; Le Nord, who had finished a neck in front of him in a trial, being reserved to try conclusions with the English horses on the morrow in the Two Thousand, which was generally regarded in the light of a match between him and the favourite Surefoot,

and so it proved in the struggle, but at the Bushes it was apparent that Surefoot had the race in hand, and he won easily by a length and a half from the French horse, who, however, beat the others a long way. Blue Green, who must have been short of work, was third, and it was noted that the backward St. Serf showed good speed.

The winner was at once established an even-money chance for the Derby, and looking back at the extraordinary pace he galloped over the Rowley Mile, winning at the Bushes, as did Signorina the Middle Park Plate last year when Le Nord was again unfortunate enough to follow her home, his backers —myself included—ought to have had very serious doubts as to his ability to stay a mile and a half. Semolina won the One Thousand Guineas Stakes from her stable companion Memoir, who would have won many a length but for the declaration their noble owner made to win with the mare of his own breeding. At Chester, Tyrant, a very good-looking son of Beauclerc, who had cantered away with a little Welter Handicap at Newmarket, followed up that victory by winning the Cup, poor Vasistas attempting to give him 21 lb. To these Tyrant quickly added in succession the Great Cheshire Stakes, and in the colours of Mr. Singer, who had purchased him for 3,500 guineas I believe, the Great Northern Handicap at York, the Doncaster Spring Handicap, and the Gold Vase at Ascot, his running career being checked in the Cumberland Plate, where in a false start all the horses but one ran the course, Tyrant finishing first, half a length in front of Barmecide; but on the Stewards ordering the horses to go back

to the post the weight was too much for him to carry again, and tiring to nothing he suffered his first defeat this year.

On the Wednesday of the Second Spring Meeting good odds were laid on Le Nord for the Newmarket Stakes, but once again he demonstrated his inability to stay, and finished a bad third to Memoir and Blue Green, the former of which pair looked like winning all the way till she came back to Blue Green in the last few strides, and only got home by a short head. The result of this race caused backers to plunge on the Duke of Westminster's beautiful colt the following day when the numbers went up for the Payne Stakes, and although Morion was reckoned the most dangerous opponent, few were prepared for the decided superiority Lord Hartington's horse showed in the race, at no part of which did Blue Green look like beating him.

Meanwhile 7 to 4 was being freely laid on Surefoot for the Derby, in which race Morion was not engaged, unluckily for his noble owner as has since been plainly demonstrated. No meeting could have been a greater success than the Manchester Whitsuntide one, good fields being the order of the day. Bumptious smothered his opponents in the Breeders' Foal Stakes, and scored a very popular victory after his defeat by the symmetrical Peter Flower at Newmarket. To the last the interest was maintained in the Manchester Cup, Vasistas becoming a better favourite as the numbers were hoisted; but he could not go the pace, and at the distance was well beaten by Father Confessor, who looked all over a winner till Cannon 'dropped from the clouds' apparently, on

L'Abbesse de Jouarre, having obtained an opening on the inside through the retirement of Houndsditch, who ran well enough to suggest his success in the next handicap he took part in. Though the mare was an outsider the victory was well received, and Lord Randolph Churchill was warmly congratulated. The result of the Whitsuntide Plate, worth over 3,000*l.* to the winner, was a blow to backers, as Orvieto, who came out with a tremendous reputation, was made a hot favourite, and after looking all over a winner, stopped as if he had been shot, and was beaten a neck by Révérend, a hard-looking son of Energy. The favourite did not run to within 16 lb. of his form, and probably hit one of his joints in the last four strides, as he turns his off fore foot very much out, which may interfere with him on the Derby day next year.

Passing on to Epsom, the Derby turned out perhaps the greatest fiasco ever known. Good odds were always betted on Surefoot, who enjoyed the confidence of his trainer and owner, although he had 'never been tried to stay the course.' From the beginning of the race the pace was wretched, and when Sainfoin came down the hill with a clear lead, backers looked in vain for Surefoot to join him. With Liddiard restricted to waiting orders, he could not get the favourite to leave Rathbeal or prevent him from biting at Robinson's leg, and when he did set him going it was manifest that he never could catch the leader, Sainfoin, who, in the slowest-run Derby I ever saw, won cleverly from Le Nord, who, suited by the wretched pace, came with one run for speed and managed to beat the despised Orwell by a

neck for second place, the favourite, in turn, losing his backer's place-money only by a head. The winner is certainly not the type of a Derby horse: he has a very plain head, and is what is termed 'split up,' or bad to follow. Nevertheless, no one could grudge Sir James Miller his victory after his plucky purchase of the horse for 6,000 guineas from the joint owners, John Porter and Sir Robert Jardine, and I can well understand the latter, after looking over the horse at Sandown on the day he cantered in for the Esher Stakes (the first time he had seen Sainfoin since he was a yearling), making up his mind that he was not a Derby horse, and deciding to sell him. Liddiard was not to be blamed for obeying orders, but a more experienced jockey would have disregarded them and have taken Surefoot to the front, when he began to play the tricks already mentioned; and he might have been successful in such a slow-run race, as the result of the horse's performances at Newmarket, Ascot, and Leicester teach us that he is only a brilliant miler.

The result of the Oaks showed that the Duke of Portland acted wisely in not declaring to win with Semolina, as backers were afraid he might do, and with Watts choosing to ride Memoir, the One Thousand winner had to make a pace for her. The beautiful Signorina was made a strong favourite, in spite of the fact that she showed a lack of muscle, and when Semolina had shot her bolt at the Bell, Watts took Memoir to the front, G. Barrett on Signorina challenging the Duke's filly a few strides further on, but was easily shaken off, and Memoir placed another important race to the Duke's credit, Ponza who had

been slightly interfered with, finishing two lengths behind the favourite. A week after the Oaks Signorina again made her appearance in the Electric Stakes at Sandown, and failed by a head to give away only 6 lb. to the sturdy Lactantius. This was certainly not the form her admirers confidently looked for on what, perhaps, is her best course.

On the first day of Ascot Surefoot was expected to retrieve his laurels in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and he was right in front till within a quarter of a mile of home, when he was hopelessly beaten by Blue Green, on whom G. Barrett had been told to give the Two Thousand winner no rest; and Blue Green being left in front his backers began to count their gains, till Alloway crept up to him, when either the weight told or he declined to finish, enabling Mr. Houldsworth's big backward colt to score his maiden victory by half a length, which would have been materially increased if the distance had been a hundred yards further. A great pot was made of The Deemster for the Coventry Stakes, but in a ding-dong finish he was only able to beat Siphonia by a head, the moderate Grace Emily finishing within three lengths of the pair. Then came the Gold Vase, and Golden Maze, purchased by the Prince of Wales for 3,500*l.*, was made favourite, but she could not quite stay, and Tyrant, running his race on gamely to the end, cleverly defeated L'Abbesse de Jouarre. On Wednesday Surefoot, this time well within his distance, made hacks of his moderate opponents in the Thirty-second Biennial, and Morion proved that the Hunt Cup was the certainty it looked for him on the appearance of the weights by winning it three

lengths from Philomel, though the latter's performance was a meritorious one as she was conceding the winner 15 lb. The mare was brought out the next day for the Gold Cup, and looked like winning, till Gold, who was apparently beaten, came again after having made strong running, and beat her by half a length. Orvieto showed his Manchester defeat was a fluke by winning the New Stakes anyhow, and a very interesting race was witnessed for the All-Aged Stakes, in which Juggler failed to concede Mephisto 3 lb., and was beaten by half a length; but Cannon could not persuade Juggler to do his best. For the Rous Memorial St. Serf showed what improvement he was making, although he only got home by a head from Martagon—the favourite, Laureate, evidently not relishing the hard ground, as he was beaten easily in the race.

It was rather hard on Philomel to pull her out a third time, but she went to the front for the Alexandra Plate, and was installed a slightly better favourite than Netheravon, who, favoured by his maiden allowance, made all the running and won very easily from the mare, whose previous efforts told their tale, for she died away to nothing when Cannon asked her to go up to the leader.

When the weights came out for the Manchester Cup I remarked to a friend of mine that the race was a certainty for Amphion, thrown in as he was with 8 st. 6 lb. His owner, however, did not accept with him: it was generally reported that his connections thought he might not stay the course, and this kept backers aloof from him when the numbers went up for the Hardwicke Stakes. With Hayraddin,

purchased to make running for the Derby winner, a fair pace was secured, and when Sainfoin shook off Surefoot at the distance he looked like a winner, till Cannon brought up Amphion and won the race in a second, so quickly did he smother his opponent. The little knowledge to be gained at the Ascot Meeting was that Blue Green and Alloway stayed fairly well, and that if Surefoot were really trained, Saïnfoin was his superior over a long course, though it must be borne in mind that the Hardwicke Stakes was the third race the Two Thousand winner had taken part in during the week. Favourable mention, too, must be made of St. Serf, who was letting down and lengthening (if such a term may be applied) into a very good-looking horse, and had shown good speed in all his races. The four best two-year-olds of the season so far as could then be judged—Orvieto, The Deemster, Peter Flower, and Bumptious—all scored victories, and the latter's second win in the Queen's Stand Plate gained over such speedy animals as Noble Chieftain, Mephisto, and Maxim, was a smart performance.

For the first time two July Meetings were in the programme of races to come this year, and the time-honoured July Stakes was won by a great, strong, good-looking colt called Beauharnais, one of M. Lefevre's breeding, but he only got home cleverly from the very backward, unfurnished Henry VIII., who I hope some day will turn out a good horse for his owner, Mr. Rose, whose great liberality in presenting the Jockey Club with three thousand pounds to be run for in three different long races, has been much appreciated by everyone who takes a real interest in the Turf. To show how easily public form

may be upset, I must make mention of the Kempton Park Grand Two-year-old Stakes run the following week, which on all sides was regarded as a match between Siphonia and The Deemster, the filly having 7 lb. the best of the weights as compared with the Ascot running. Captain Machell was, however, confident that The Deemster had made improvement enough to concede this, so that an exciting race was looked forward to, and one actually took place between the two; but they were joined by another animal, the flaxen-maned Fuse, who had only been able to finish second to the moderate Lady Jacobite at Sandown three weeks before, and she beat the pair by a head, amidst tremendous cheering from the Ring, who had won 200*l.* for every 10*l.* they had risked, Siphonia being a similar distance in front of her Ascot conqueror. Now comes the explanation: Fuse had jumped off on the wrong leg at Sandown, and her jockey had never had time in the race to get her into her proper stride. This is one of the many incidents that the poor backer has to contend against.

While paying a passing tribute to the excellent programme at the Leicester Summer Meeting, it may be mentioned that the rich Portland Stakes was won by Orvieto, who beat Peter Flower by half a length, the latter not having been favoured by the start; and in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, Surefoot dashed to the front, and never giving his opponents any chance, won by two lengths from Memoir, who in turn was five lengths in front of Alloway, a horse not at all suited to the course. It is a moot point whether Surefoot could have won any further; at the same time Memoir would never have got any nearer to him unless he had

come back to her. By the success of this colt the substantial sum of 7,750*l.* was placed to Mr. Merry's credit, far more than most Derbies have been worth.

The Second July meeting went off very fairly, but I do not think its addition is popular. Most of the sport was decidedly of the plating order, and out of the twenty-six races set for decision, no fewer than nine were selling races or races in which horses could be entered to be sold, and as one of the races cost the Jockey Club nothing—the handicap to which Mr. Rose added 1,000*l.* (and a great success it was moreover)—more than one-third of the programme was dedicated to races in which animals could be sold—a curious way of improving the breed of horses! The truth of the matter is that the whole of the Jockey Club programmes want the most careful revision. Some of the old-fashioned races are ridiculous, and end in walks over, or in two wretched animals going to the post; and although it is sincerely to be hoped that Newmarket will always hold its own, nay, more than that, will ever be looked on as the finest place in the world to race at and the spot where the best races are to be seen, it is a great pity that the Jockey Club do not march more with the times and take a leaf out of the book of Mr. Hwfa Williams and other energetic inventors of new races, which have added so greatly to the success of now favourite meetings.

In the Liverpool Cup, Father Confessor and L'Abbesse de Jouarre fought out their Manchester battle over again, and, with 4 lb. allowed for his defeat there, the former scored a decisive victory in the hands of Cannon. On the Tuesday of Goodwood,

Orion, the son of two Derby winners, Bend Or and Shotover, credited the Duke of Westminster with what used to be called 'the rich Ham Stakes,' worth 750*l.*, a race which cannot compare with the colossal sums given at Manchester, Leicester, and Sandown. The Stewards' Cup was a match all the way between Marvel and Galloping Queen, nothing being able to get near them, and the colt won. Again did St. Serf show us his great speed by cantering away with the Sussex Stakes, the best of his opponents, Ponza, finishing last. Wretched animals contested the once popular Goodwood Stakes, which was won by the hurdle-racer, Papyrus, a good-looking son of Marden. Flodden Field, who shows too much speed to stay, carried too many guns, or perhaps I should rather say, 'too much Cannon,' for Haute Saône in the Halnaker Stakes. On Thursday, Orion had Siphonia, on whom they laid three to one, settled at the beginning of the lawn in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and proved that he must have been either a much better horse than Porter supposed, or else that Mr. Douglas Baird's mare is faint-hearted. Philomel won the Goodwood Cup by two lengths, all out, from Golden Maze, and in the following selling race Colonel North again prevented the Prince of Wales' colours from being successful, by beating Nandine with Mareschal. A very good-looking horse of Lord Bradford's, called Cuttlestone, won the Rous Memorial in a canter, the favourite, Adieu, reckoned at home the superior of Orion, running like a wooden horse. If a fault is to be found with the winner, he is a trifle long. On Friday, Memoir won the Nassau Stakes from The Star as easily as St. Serf did the Sussex

Stakes, and was giving the second 6 lb. more than the horse did, but still no line can be safely drawn between the pair. The good-looking Cleator won the Molecomb Stakes for Mr. Lowther, but showed that six furlongs is rather further than he cares to travel; and a magnificent race took place for the Chesterfield Cup between Father Confessor and Edgardo, the former, being slightly hampered by Silver Spur, just having time to make a dead heat of it; but that there was not much in it was shown by the decider, in which Cannon had to do all he knew to win by a head; and too much praise cannot be bestowed on little R. Chaloner, who rode with the greatest coolness and skill against such a consummate master of the art. An excellent meeting concluded with the upsetting of the odds entrusted to Beauharnais in the Findon Stakes, as he was beaten on the post by the game and staying Martenhurst.

A fortnight before the Leger, to the consternation of Memoir's backers, news came from head-quarters to say the mare had hit her leg and was absent from exercise. Though the bookmakers took no especial liberties with her, she retreated to ten to one in the betting. This gave the admirers of Heaume, Sainfoin, and Queen's Birthday additional confidence, and on the day of the race the price shortened against the former, and he became a strong first favourite. Porter had expressed great confidence in Right-Away till he arrived at Doncaster and had had a gallop on the course, when he pulled up decidedly 'dicky' and beat a retreat to twenty to one. Nevertheless an exciting race was anticipated. Notwithstanding Memoir had done some few gallops before the day of the race,

her chance was looked on as hopeless by many of the clever division, who would not have Blue Green because he went shiftily in his gallops at home, regarded Sainfoin as a moderate horse, and did not believe in Surefoot getting the course. Heaume therefore was considered a certainty if he could stay 'home,' and the northern division were confident Queen's Birthday would finish in the first three, if he did not win outright.

The actual race was a sad disappointment to those who had expected to see an interesting struggle between four or five horses. The leading jockeys, not content with keeping their places at the bend for home, all rode for the inside berth; the consequence was that Heaume was struck into and cut, Queen's Birthday interfered with, Blue Green on the rails half turned round, and Loates on St. Serf, who was pulling double behind these horses, was knocked right out of the saddle across Tom Cannon's thigh, who fairly put him back into his saddle again. Meanwhile, Watts on Memoir seized his opportunity and sent his mare to the front, and resisting a late challenge of G. Barrett's, who had managed to set Blue Green going again, passed the post a clever winner by two lengths. Gonsalvo, who came with a rush at the finish, defeated his stable companion, the tiring Sainfoin, by two lengths, thus losing the latter's backers a ton of place money, and got to within a length of Blue Green. It was a good performance of the winner's after the stoppage in her work, and showed she did not require the old-fashioned Leger preparation that admirers of John Scott always insist is necessary for the great race on the Town Moor; but

she certainly did not fill the eye as a well-trained animal, and, as one good judge remarked, looked as if she had been dragged through a horsepond. The victory was a popular one, and many (including myself), who had taken five to one about the mare at Goodwood, could not get out of their money, and were in the happy position of standing by to see the race and *having* to win. I did my best to get out of mine, but only succeeded in laying half of it off.

On the first day of the meeting, Orvieto administered an ugly blow to layers of odds, as, after having looked all over a winner a hundred yards from home, he died away to nothing and allowed the strongly built Haute Saône to beat him easily at the finish. The winner ought to be hard to beat in the One Thousand and Oaks of 1891, as she stays well and appears game to the backbone. L'Abbesse de Jouarre demonstrated her ability to win on all courses by getting home first in the Portland Plate. The victory was hardly earned, a short head being the verdict; but she carried 9 st. To my mind, the only thing worth recording in Friday's programme was the marvellous nursing of Ponza by Tom Cannon in the Park Hill Stakes, in which race he was just enabled to get his mount home a short head in front of the slow Star, and the winner looked more like lying down and taking a rest when she pulled up, than returning to the scale a winner. An old-fashioned plunge was safely landed in the Prince of Wales' Nursery, and Tyrant merely showed that he was in the form everyone knew him to possess by winning the Cup in a canter from Padua and Barmecide, the forward position of the latter in a

muddling-run race inducing the connections of the stable to imagine that he had a good chance for the Cesarewitch. A capital meeting wound up with the success of Cuttlestone in the Wentworth Stakes, in which he gave the moderate St. Kilda a stone and beat her by a head—form that hardly came up to the expectations of those that saw him win so easily at Goodwood, and who believed he was capable of great improvement. Nevertheless he is an extremely good-looking colt, though a trifle long behind the saddle, and a credit to the young sire Retreat.

On the following Sunday, Alicante, a magnificent filly by Hermit out of Madeira, won the Prix Royal Oak over a mile and seven furlongs so easily that she at once became a prominent favourite for the Cesarewitch, for which race Gonsalvo, on the strength of his St. Leger running, held the pride of place in the quotations. Manchester September Meeting took place in glorious weather, good fields contesting every race, and on Saturday an enormous crowd assembled to witness the issue of the Lancashire Plate, worth over 9,000*l.* to the winner. Amphion started a warm favourite in spite of the opposition of the Duke of Portland's pair, Memoir and St. Serf, of the two good public two-year-old performers, Orion and Orvieto, and of the highly tried filly by Foxhall out of the speedy Chopette, to say nothing of the Ascot Cup winner, Gold, and Martagon. In this race again a lamentable scrimmage took place at the fatal bend for home, in which Cannon had the reins dragged out of his grasp and went a hundred yards without having hold of them; but, riding with consummate coolness, he gradually overhauled the leaders, Mar-

tagon and the Chopette filly (the latter being made far too much use of on such a severe course as seven furlongs for two-year-olds against older horses), and won gallantly amidst tremendous cheering by a length and a half from Martagon, who had a clear course throughout the race, and showed his best form. Memoir could never go the pace, and St. Serf was knocked over, thus twice suffering in two very important races from collisions that I cannot help feeling ought to have been at once taken notice of and investigated by the stewards of the Doncaster and Manchester meetings, and, failing them, by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. General Byrne, the owner of the winner, was warmly congratulated alike by winners and losers, and I wish he had more horses in training, and that there were more men like him on the Turf.

At the first October meeting, Queen's Birthday won the second 'Rose' Handicap in a canter, showing that his true form had not been displayed in the St. Leger; and Gouverneur, a magnificent chestnut son of the defunct Energy, won the Rous Memorial so easily from the improved and game little mare Cereza, that he must at once be set down as one of the best of his year. On Sunday again did Alicante show her superiority over the French three-year-olds by winning the Prix d'Octobre in a canter, and at length those who did not believe in her staying powers were forced to admit they were wrong, and that whatever beat her would win the Cesarewitch, for which race she became a hot favourite.

Kempton Park October Meeting began on the Friday before the Cesarewitch, and again demon-

strated either the uncertainty of the straight five furlongs there, or the remarkable in-and-out running of the two-year-olds this year, as Blavatsky, who just ten days before had only managed to finish a good third to Ramelton Lassie and Conifer in the First Nursery Plate at Newmarket, receiving 3 lb. and 16 lb. from each of them respectively, here credited Lord Calthorpe with a stake worth nearly six thousand pounds, by winning the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes from twenty other runners, of whom the good looking Valauris and Guardian were her immediate attendants home, being beaten a neck and a head from the winner. To show how moderate the winner is, she was beaten three lengths by Grace Emily the following week in the Prendergast Stakes, Haute Saône winning the race in a canter. On the Wednesday of the Cesarewitch week Gouverneur followed up his Rous Memorial victory, and won the Middle Park Plate very cleverly from Siphonia, who was two lengths in front of Orion. The latter looked bad and had been coughing. Again Orvieto failed to stay, but he was giving weight to everything in the race.

The next day a field of twenty-two faced the starter for the Cesarewitch, and as little as 5 to 2 was taken about Alicante. As soon as the horses came in sight it was apparent that the pace was extremely good, so much so, that before reaching the T.Y.C. post, the jockeys of Royal Star, Vasistas, Fallow Chat, Barmecide, and other fancied ones were seen hard at work on their horses. At the Bushes, Gonsalvo on the far side of the course, the Irish horse Victoricus, and Judith were the leading trio, Alicante going well behind them, and Sheen pulling

double behind her. A few strides further on Luke sent Alicante to the front, and Webb on Sheen at once challenged them. For a few strides a sharp struggle ensued, but Sheen quickly got the best of the mare, and, going gallantly on, passed the post a winner by two lengths, thus accomplishing what no other animal has ever done in the race. To my mind it was a magnificent performance, and although people sneered at the quality of the field behind him, I believe that, fit and well, Sheen would have held his own with the giants of the past quarter of a century, not even excepting the mighty Isonomy. The victory was popular, but few people besides Prince Soltykoff's friends believed in the possibility of his horse being able to carry the weight (9 st. 2 lb.) successfully home, and only a few days before the race there was a doubt about his running, which was only dispelled when the welcome rain fell in torrents on the Tuesday. The acceptance of 6,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* a few minutes after the decision of the race by a prominent French owner about the second, landed her a hot favourite for the Cambridgeshire, a price however that she did not remain at.

Next week the Autumn Meeting at Sandown was brought off in delightful weather, and having been invited by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to stay with him for it at Gunnersbury, the pleasure was enhanced by the lovely drive home in the evening along the banks of the Thames, a charming picture presenting itself in the many autumnal tints of the trees lit up in glowing colours by the rays of the setting sun. Is there any landscape in the world dearer to an Englishman's heart than the Valley of the Thames?

The interesting race of the first day was reduced to a match between Juggler and Dog Rose, the mounts of Cannon and Watts. The last time the pair met was at Goodwood, when, ridden by the same jockeys, Dog Rose in receipt of five pounds defeated Juggler by three-quarters of a length. Here they met at even weights, which would give Juggler the advantage of two pounds. Never did horses run more correctly, and the betting was as close as the actual race. Dog Rose made all the running till challenged close at home by Juggler, who got the best of him in the last few strides and won by a neck, both the jockeys riding superbly, getting every ounce out of their horses without abusing them with whip or spur.

The mention of this meeting at Sandown reminds me of the Sandringham Cup, which originated with General Owen Williams, his idea being to ask a certain number of owners who were also breeders to subscribe to it; but in his wish to exclude those who only bred for sale he made the mistake of calling it a private sweepstakes. Although in framing the conditions of the race the General and Mr. Hwfa Williams kept well within the letter of the Jockey Club law, they hardly acted up to the spirit of the law. One's idea of a private sweepstakes is that three or four intimate friends, all owners of horses discussing racing after dinner, should suddenly propose to put down a sum apiece to test the merits of their future two-year-olds in a friendly contest. No doubt this was the view the Stewards of the Jockey Club took, when they communicated their decision to Mr. Hwfa Williams that they

could not allow the race to take place, and as under Rule 44 they may forbid 'any' race, there was nothing more to be said; but I am glad to see that the race has been re-advertised, the words 'private sweepstakes' being omitted, and that the race has filled well. It is an important advertisement for any race meeting that the Prince of Wales should have given permission for a race to be run there under the name of the Sandringham Gold Cup, and not a little of the extreme popularity that Sandown has gained is due to his Royal Highness's frequent presence there, and the manifest interest which he always takes in the proceedings. Almost simultaneously with the discussion that arose as to the legality of the Sandringham Gold Cup under its original conditions, a motion by the Stewards of the Jockey Club appeared in the Sheet Calendar to add to Rule 122, which runs, 'Extra weights shall not be incurred in respect of matches or private sweepstakes,' the words '*limited to three subscribers.*' This addition was fortunately negatived by the Club, apparently after some discussion, as if it had been carried it would have prohibited four friends from making a friendly match or private sweepstakes, at any rate with valuable animals, with which they would not care to run the risk of incurring a penalty in some future important engagement. For my part, I sigh for the days gone by when many matches were made at Newmarket, when immense interest was attached to them, the best jockeys secured, and if the weights were cleverly adjusted, you might back your fancy by laying the slightest shade of odds which the Ring shouted to take—as their perquisite!

On the first day of the Houghton week, long odds were laid on Gouverneur in the Criterion Stakes, opposed as he was by three moderate animals, the best of whom was Gay Minstrel. He easily accomplished his task by three lengths, but he hung to the right, and my curiosity being aroused, I asked Watts who rode him the cause of it. 'Well, he hung away from Barrett's whip,' was the reply. I said nothing, but thought what a good judge the horse was! All day long, betting took place on the big event to be decided on the morrow. Alicante maintained her place in the market closely pressed by Morion, about whom the report was rife that he had only been trained for one race that year—viz. the Hunt Cup, and had had a special preparation for this event. Another story told was that the gentleman who races under the assumed name of 'Mr. Fairie' had offered six thousand pounds for Victoricus who had only finished a bare couple of lengths behind Alicante in the Cesarewitch, and that the offer had been refused. Wonderful to relate, the story was perfectly true! Tostig was very firm in the market, and his connections deemed defeat impossible, stating that the result of his trial was putting in Snaplock at about 7 st. On the day of the race people did not seem eager to back him, and alleged as the reason that Mr. Baird, the part-owner, had gone to Worcester to ride there. They were far out in their calculations as regards that fact, for whatever amount of weight Tostig might have had in hand, nothing would have kept 'Mr. Abington' at Newmarket to witness the race if he had the chance of riding a winner elsewhere. He lives for

riding, and would travel any distance, pay any sum of money, to enable him to ride a winner. Speaking from my own knowledge, he has often lost large sums by riding winners, paying out of his own pocket the surplus money that the owner has been obliged to give to get his animal back after winning a selling race, and probably no gentleman rider has ridden so often against professionals as he has. Perhaps the best race he ever rode in was the one set for decision immediately after the victory of his horse Father Confessor in the Liverpool Summer Cup this year. On the uncertain Mirabeau he contrived to make a dead-heat with the favourite Orange Peel who had Webb for his pilot, and in the deciding heat the latter had to do all he knew to shake off Mr. Abington's challenge and win by a short head on the post. In the last ten years Mr. Arthur Coventry is the best gentleman rider on the flat I have seen, possibly the best of any year, and now that he has relinquished riding, and taken to starting—a worthy successor of Lord Marcus Beresford, good as the latter was—'Mr. Abington' heads the list of gentlemen riders, not only in winning mounts, as he has a large fortune at his command, but in ability.

Apologising to my readers for this digression, I return to the Cambridgeshire. F. Barrett, through Mr. Leopold Rothschild's influence, who made no secret of the certainty he thought the race was for Alicante, had wasted hard to ride the mare, and looked none the worse for it. The flag fell to an admirable start, Rinovata being the only unlucky one, and the field of horses came streaming over the T.Y.C. at a terrific pace, Tostig and Alicante racing

in front side by side. When the Bushes had been passed, it was apparent that the former was tiring, and Alicante was left in front; but consternation arose amongst her backers when Barrett was seen to take his whip up to resist the challenge of a chestnut horse with a white jacket and dark cap on the far side of the course. For a moment, there were yells of 'Westminster wins!' which quickly changed to 'Belmont wins!' and it was actually the latter horse that came stealing up, all to no purpose however, as he only got within two lengths of the French mare, and that distance divided them when they passed the post, Tostig being a very bad third. Morion could never go the pace and was putting in some strong work after the race was over. Another instance of 'let well alone.' Marsh tried to improve him with strong gallops, and no doubt they had a contrary effect. A large sum of money was taken out of the Ring by the winner's success, which however does not all go across the Channel, as in the instance of Ténébreuse, &c. Mr. R. Fry, the largest bookmaker we have now, told me he had laid 40,000*l.* against Alicante, and lost about 4,000*l.* on the race. If the second had won, Captain Machell and his followers would have thrown in for a large stake, but it is gratifying to know that they were all up to 'the transformation scene' on him for a place, and after the ill luck that has attended his stable this year, perhaps he hardly believed in the good fortune of landing such a coup. The winner is a magnificent chestnut mare, not in the least like her dam Madeira, but having the beautiful shoulders and forehand that her sire Hermit was so happy in transmitting to his

progeny. M. Ephrussi threw in for a good stake—not that he lost over the Cesarewitch, as having the good fortune to be entertained at dinner by Prince Soltykoff the night before that race, the latter told him he expected Sheen to run a great horse on the morrow, which piece of information resulted in his taking 1,000 to 30 twice about the winner. It was a pity that the Dewhurst Plate, an important race, should have been set for decision the last race of the day, but I understand that will be altered another year. It was only natural that Corstorphine, after her good third to Amphion in the Lancashire Plate, should be installed favourite, but she only got home cleverly from Siphonia, in whom Cannon by his delicate handling has been trying to restore the confidence lost in her punishing finish with The Deemster at Ascot. Thursday's racing was only notable for the game manner in which Haute Saône outstayed Mephisto in the All Aged Stakes, and for St. Serf making amends for his two former serious disappointments at Doncaster and Manchester by winning the Free Handicap from Martagon, who here wiped out his Cambridgeshire performance, in which race he never showed, and was amongst the last lot. This race, the Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire were all good handicaps, and I congratulate Major Egerton on the marked improvement he has evinced in his work as compared to last year.

Interest in the racing was maintained to the end of the Houghton Meeting, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Rose, when on the Friday, Sheen and Amphion went out to do battle for his Thousand Pound Plate. They were opposed by Oddfellow, Galway, and

Fallow Chat, with Lusignan started to make running for Sheen. Away he went when the flag dropped, closely followed by his stable companion, and when he had shot his bolt half a mile from home, and Sheen had taken up the running, so well had he done his task that Amphion had not an effort left in him, and Cannon, ceasing a hopeless pursuit, left Webb on Sheen to come home alone by himself. The verdict was three lengths, which might have been increased. This victory has set the seal on Sheen's fame, and he and the Ascot Cup winner, Gold, have now retired to the stud. Never in my recollection has a Houghton week been decided in such brilliant weather.

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